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THE WAYFARER

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THE harbor lights were out; all the world of sea and sky and barren rock was black. It was Saturday, — long after night, the first snow flying in the dark. Half a gale from the north ran whimpering through the rigging, by turns wrathful and plaintive, — a restless wind: it would not leave the night at ease. The trader Good Samaritan lay at anchor in Poor Man's Harbor on the Newfoundland coast: this on her last voyage of that season for the shore fish. We had given the schooner her Saturday night bath; she was white and trim in every part: the fish stowed, the decks swabbed, the litter of goods in the cabin restored to the hooks and shelves. The crew was in the forecastle, — a lolling, snoozy lot, now desperately yawning for lack of diversion. Tumm, the clerk, had survived the moods of brooding and light irony, and was still wide awake, musing quietly in the seclusion of a cloud of tobacco smoke. By all the signs, the inevitable was at hand; and presently, as we had foreseen, the pregnant silence fell.

With one blast, — a swishing exhalation breaking from the depths of his gigantic chest, in its passage fluttering his unkempt mustache, — Tumm dissipated the enveloping cloud; and having thus emerged from seclusion he moved his glance from eye to eye until the crew sat in uneasy expectancy.

"If a lad's mother tells un he 've got a soul," he began, "it don't do no wonderful harm; but if a man finds it out for hisself" —

The pause was for effect; so, too, the pointed finger, the lifted nostrils, the deep, inclusive glance.

— "It plays the devil!"

The ship's boy, a cadaverous, pasty, red-eyed, drooping-jawed youngster from the Cove o' First Cousins, gasped in a painful way. He came closer to the forecastle table, — a fascinated rabbit.

"Billy Ill," said Tumm, "you better turn in."

"I is n't sleepy, sir."

"I 'low you better *had*," Tumm warned. "It ain't fit for such as you t' hear."

The boy's voice dropped to an awed whisper. "I wants t' hear," he said.

"Hear?"

"Ay, sir. I wants t' hear about souls, — an' the devil."

Tumm sighed. "Ah, well, lad," said he, "I 'low you was born t' be troubled by fears. God help us all!"

We waited.

"He come," Tumm began, "from Jug Cove, — bein'," he added, indulgently, after a significant pause, "born there, — an' that by sheer ill luck of a windy night in the fall o' the year, when the ol' woman o' Tart Harbor, which used t' be handy thereabouts, was workin' double watches at Whale Run t' save the life of a trader's wife o' the name o' Tiddle. I 'low," he continued, "that 't is the only excuse a man *could* have for hailin' from Jug Cove; for," he elucidated, "'t is a mean place t' the westward o' Fog Island, a bit below the Black Gravestones, where the Soldier o' the Cross was picked up by Satan's Tail in the nor'easter o' last fall. You

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opens the Cove when you rounds Greedy Head o' the Hen-an'-Chickens an' lays a course for Gentleman Tickle t' other side o' the Bay. 'T is there that Jug Cove lies; an' whatever," he proceeded, being now well underway, with all sail drawing in a snoring breeze, "'t is where the poor devil had the ill luck t' hail from. We was drove there in the Quick as Wink in the southerly gale o' the Year o' the Big Shore Catch; an' we lied three dirty days in the lee o' the Pillar o' Cloud, waitin' for civil weather; for we was fished t' the scrupper-holes, an' had no heart t' shake hands with the sea that was runnin'. 'T is a mean place t' be wind-bound, — this Jug Cove: tight an' dismal as chokee, with walls o' black rock, an' as nasty a front yard o' sea as ever I knowed.

"'Ecod!' thinks I, 'I'll just take a run ashore t' see how bad a mess really *was* made o' Jug Cove.'

"Which bein' done, I crossed courses for the first time with Abraham Botch, — Botch by name, an' botch, accordin' t' my poor lights, by nature: Abraham Botch, God help un! o' Jug Cove. 'T was a foggy day, — a cold, wet time: ecod! the day felt like the corpse of a drowned cook. The moss was soggy; the cliffs an' rocks was all a-drip; the spruce was soaked t' the skin, — the earth all wet-tish an' sticky an' cold. The southerly gale ramped over the sea; an' the sea got so mad at the wind that it fair frothed at the mouth. I 'low the sea was tired o' foolin', an' wanted t' go t' sleep; but the wind kep' teasin' it, — kep' slappin' an' pokin' an' pushin', — till the sea could n't stand it no more, an' just got mad. Off shore, in the front yard o' Jug Cove, 't was all white with breakin' rocks, — as dirty a sea for fishin' punts as a man could sail in nightmares. From the Pillar o' Cloud I could see, down below, the seventeen houses o' Jug Cove, an' the sweet little Quick as Wink; the water was black, an' the hills was black, but the ship an' the mean little houses was gray in the mist. T' sea they was nothin', — just fog an' breakers an' black waves. T' landward, likewise, — black hills in the mist. A dirty sea an' a lean shore!

"'Tumm,' thinks I, 't is more by luck than good conduct that you was n't born here. You'd thank God, Tumm,' thinks I, 'if you did n't feel so dismal scurvy about bein' the Teacher's pet.'

"An' then —

"'Good-even,' says Abraham Botch.

"There he lied, — on the blue, spongy caribou-moss, at the edge o' the cliff, with the black-an'-white sea below, an' the mist in the sky an' on the hills t' leeward. Ecod! but he was lean an' ragged: this fellow sprawlin' there, with his face t' the sky an' his legs an' leaky boots scattered over the moss. Skinny legs he had, an' a chest as thin as paper; but aloft he carried more sail 'n the law allows, — sky-scraper, star-gazer, an', ay! even the curse-o'-God-over-all. That was Botch, — mostly head, an' a sight more forehead than face, God help un! He'd a long, girlish face, a bit thin at the cheeks an' skimped at the chin; an' they was n't beard enough anywheres t' start a bird's nest. Ah, but the eyes o' that botch! Them round, deep eyes, with the still waters an' clean shores! I 'low I can't tell you no more, — but only this: that they was somehow like the sea, blue an' deep an' full o' change an' sadness. Ay, there lied Botch in the fog-drip, — poor Botch o' Jug Cove: eyes in his head; his dirty, lean body clothed in patched moleskin an' rotten leather.

"An' —

"'Good-even, yourself,' says I.

"'My name's Botch,' says he. 'Is n't you from the Quick as Wink?'

"'I is,' says I; 'an' they calls me Tumm.'

"'That's a very queer name,' says he.

"'Oh, no!' says I. 'They is n't nothin' queer about the name o' Tumm.'

"He laughed a bit, — an' rubbed his feet together: just like a tickled youngster. 'Ay,' says he; 'that's a wonderful queer name. Hark!' says he. 'You just listen, an' I'll *show* you. Tumm,' says he,

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'Tumm, Tumm, Tumm. . . . Tumm, Tumm, Tumm. . . . Tumm'—

"'Don't,' says I, for it give me the fidgets. 'Don't say it so often.'

"'Why not?' says he.

"'I don't like it,' says I.

"'Tumm,' says he, with a little cackle, 'Tumm, Tumm, Tumm'—

"'Don't you do that no more,' says I. 'I won't have it. When you says it that way, I 'low I don't know whether my name is Tumm or Tump. 'T is a very queer name. I wisht,' says I, 'that I'd been called Smith.'

"'T would n't make no difference,' says he. 'All names is queer if you stops t' think. Every word you ever spoke is queer. Everything is queer. It's *all* queer — once you stops t' think about it.'

"'Then I don't think I'll stop,' says I, 'for I don't *like* things t' be queer.'

"Then Botch had a little spell o' thinkin'."

Tumm leaned over the forecastle table.

"Now," said he, forefinger lifted, "accordin' t' my lights, it ain't nice t' see *any* man thinkin': for a real man ain't got no call t' think, an' can't afford the time on the coast o' Newf'un'land, where they's too much fog an' wind an' rock t' 'low it. For me, I 'd rather see a man in a 'leptic fit: for fits is more or less natural an' can't be helped. But Botch! When Botch *thunk* — when he got hard at it — 't would give you the shivers. He sort o' drawed away — got into nothin'. They was n't no sea nor shore for Botch no more; they was n't no earth, no heavens. He got rid o' all that, as though it hindered the work he was at, an' did n't matter, anyhow. They was n't nothin' left o' things but Botch — an' the nothin' about un. Botch *in* nothin'. Accordin' t' my lights, 't is a sinful thing t' do; an' when I first seed Botch at it, I 'lowed he was lackin' in religious opinions. 'T was just as if his soul had pulled down the blinds, an' locked the front door, an' gone out for a walk, without leavin' word when 't would be home. An', accordin' t' my lights, it ain't right, nor wise, for a man's soul t' do no such thing. A man's soul ain't got no common sense; it ain't got no caution, no manners, no nothin' that it needs in a wicked world like this. When it gets loose, 't is liable t' wander far, an' get lost, an' miss its supper. Accordin' t' my lights, it ought t' be kep' in, an' fed an' washed regular, an' put t' bed at nine o'clock. But Botch! well, there lied his body in the wet, like an unloved child, while his soul went cavortin' over the Milky Way.

"He come to all of a sudden. 'Tumm' says he, 'you is.'

"'Ay,' says I, 'Tumm I is. 'T is the name I was born with.'

"'You don't find me,' says he. 'I says you *is*.'

"'Is what?'

"'Just — *is!*'

"With that, I took un. 'T was all t' oncet. He was tellin' me that I *was*. Well, I *is*. Damme! 't was n't anything I did n't *know* if I'd stopped t' think. But they was n't nobody ever called my notice to it afore, an' I'd been too busy about the fish t' mind it. So I was sort o' — s'prised. It don't matter, look you! t' *be;* but 't is mixin' t' the mind an' fearsome t' stop t' *think* about it. An' it come t' me all t' oncet; an' I was s'prised, an' I was scared.

"'Now, Tumm,' says he, with his finger p'intin', 'where was you?'

"'Fishin' off the Shark's Fin,' says I. 'We just come up loaded, an' '—

"'You don't find me,' says he. 'I says, where was you afore you was is?'

"'Is you gone mad?' says I.

"'Not at all, Tumm,' says he. 'Not at all! 'T is a plain question. You *is*, is n't you? 'Well, then you must have been *was*. Now, then, Tumm, where *was* you?'

"'Afore I was born?'

"'Ay — afore you was is.'

"'God knows!' says I. 'I 'low *I* don't. An' look you, Botch,' says I, 'this talk ain't right. You is n't a infidel, is you?'

"'Oh, no!' says he.

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"'Then,' says I, for I was mad, 'where in hell did you think up all this ghostly tomfoolery?'

"'On the grounds,' says he.

"'On the grounds?' Lads," said Tumm to the crew, his voice falling, "*you* knows what that means, does n't you?"

The Jug Cove fishing-grounds lie off Break-heart Head. They are beset with peril and all the mysteries of the earth. They are fished from little punts, which the men of Jug Cove cleverly make with their own hands, every man his own punt, having been taught to this by their fathers, who learned of the fathers before them, out of the knowledge which ancient contention with the wiles of the wind and of the sea had disclosed. The timber is from the wilderness, taken at leisure; the iron and hemp are from the far-off southern world, which is to the men of the place like a grandmother's tale, loved and incredible. Off the Head the sea is spread with rock and shallow. It is a sea of wondrously changing colors, — blue, red as blood, gray, black with the night. It is a sea of changing moods: of swift, unprovoked wrath; of unsought and surprising gentlenesses. It is not to be understood. There is no mastery of it to be won. It gives no accounting to men. It has no feeling. The shore is bare and stolid. Black cliffs rise from the water; they are forever white at the base with the fret of the sea. Inland, the blue-black hills lift their heads; they are unknown to the folk — hills of fear, remote and cruel. Seaward fogs and winds are bred; the misty distances are vast and mysterious, wherein are the great cliffs of the world's edge. Winds and fogs and ice are loose and passionate upon the waters. Overhead is the high, wide sky, its appalling immensity revealed from the rim to the rim. Clouds, white and black, crimson and gold, fluffy, torn to shreds, wing restlessly from nowhere to nowhere. It is a vast, silent, restless place. At night its infinite spaces are alight with the dread marvel of stars. The universe is voiceless and indifferent. It has no purpose — save to follow its inscrutable will. Sea and wind are aimless. The land is dumb, self-centred; it has neither message nor care for its children. And from dawn to dark the punts of Jug Cove float in the midst of these terrors.

"Eh?" Tumm resumed. "*You* knows what it is, lads. 'T is bad enough t' think in company, when a man can peep into a human eye an' steady his old hulk; but t' think alone — an' at the fishin'! I 'low Botch ought to have knowed better; for they 's too many men gone t' the madhouse t' Saint John's already from this here coast along o' thinkin'. But Botch thinked at will. 'Tumm,' says he, 'I done a power o' thinkin' in my life — out there on the grounds, between Break-heart Head an' the Tombstone, that breakin' rock t' the east'ard. I've thunk o' wind an' sea, o' sky an' soil, o' tears an' laughter an' crooked backs, o' love an' death, rags an' robbery, of all the things of earth an' in the hearts o' men; an' I don't know nothin'! My God! after all, I don't know nothin'! The more I've thunk, the less I've knowed. 'T is all come down t' this, now, Tumm: that I *is*. An' if I *is*, I *was* an' *will be*. But sometimes I misdoubt the *was;* an' if I loses my grip on the *was*, Tumm, my God! what'll become o' the *will be?* Can you tell me that, Tumm? Is I got t' come down t' the *is?* Can't I build nothin' on that? Can't I go no further than the *is?* An' will I lose even that? Is I got t' come down t' knowin' nothin' at all?'

"'Look you! Botch,' says I, 'don't you know the price o' fish?'

"'No,' says he. 'But it ain't nothin' t' know. It ain't worth knowin'. It — it — it don't matter!'

"'I 'low,' says I, 'your wife don't think likewise. You got a wife, is n't you?'

"'Ay,' says he.

"'An' a kid?'

"'I don't know,' says he.

"'You *what!*' says I.

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"'I don't know,' says he. 'She was engaged at it when I come up on the Head. They was a lot o' women in the house, an' a wonderful lot o' fuss an' muss. You 'd be *s'prised*, Tumm,' says he, 't' know how much fuss a thing like this can *make*. So,' says he, 'I 'lowed I'd come up on the Pillar o' Cloud an' think a spell in peace.'

"'An' what?' says I.

"'Have a little spurt at thinkin'.'

"'O' she?'

"'Oh, no, Tumm,' says he; '*that* ain't nothin' t' *think* about. But,' says he, 'I s'pose I might as well go down now, an' see what's happened. I hopes 't is a boy,' says he, 'for somehow girls don't seem t' have much show.'

"An' with that," drawled Tumm, "down the Pillar o' Cloud goes Abraham Botch."

He paused to laugh; and 't was a soft, sad little laugh — dwelling upon things long past.

"An' by and by," he continued, "I took the goat-path t' the waterside; an' I went aboard the Quick as Wink in a fog o' dreams an' questions. The crew was weighin' anchor, then; an' 't was good for the soul t' feel the deck-planks underfoot, an' t' hear the clank o' solid iron, an' t' join the work-song o' men that had muscles an' bowels. 'Skipper Zeb,' says I, when we had the old craft coaxed out o' the tickle, 'leave me have a spell at the wheel. For the love o' man,' says I, 'let me get a grip of it! I wants t' get hold o' something with my hands — something real an' solid; something I knows about; something that *means* something!' For all this talk o' the *is* an' *was*, an' all these thoughts o' the *why*, an' all the cry-baby 'My Gods!' o' Abraham Botch, an' the mystery o' the wee new soul, had made me dizzy in the head an' a bit sick at the stomach. So I took the wheel, an' felt the leap an' quiver o' the ship, an' got my eye screwed on the old Giant's Thumb, loomin' out o' the east'ard fog, an' kep' her willful head up, an' wheedled her along in the white tumble, with the spray o' the sea cool an' wet on my face; an' I was better t' oncet. The Boilin'-Pot Shallows was dead ahead; below the fog I could see the manes o' the big white-horses flung t' the gale. An' I 'lowed that oncet I got the Quick as Wink in them waters, deep with fish as she was, I 'd have enough of a real man's troubles t' sink the woes o' the soul out o' all remembrance.

"'I won't care a squid,' thinks I, 'for the *why* nor the *wherefore* o' nothin'!'

"'N neither I did."

The skipper of the Good Samaritan yawned. "Is n't they nothin' about fish in this here yarn?" he asked.

"Nor tradin'," snapped Tumm.

"Nothin' about love?"

"Botch never *knowed* about love."

"If you 'll 'scuse me," said the skipper, "I 'll turn in. I got enough."

But the clammy, red-eyed lad from the Cove o' First Cousins hitched closer to the table, and put his chin in his hands. He was now in a shower of yellow light from the forecastle lamp. His nostrils were working; his eyes were wide and restless and hot. He had bitten at a chapped underlip until the blood came.

"About that *will be*," he whispered timidly. "Did Botch never say, — *where?*"

"You better turn in," Tumm answered.

"But I wants t' know!"

Tumm averted his face. "Ill," he commanded quietly, "you better turn in."

The boy was obedient.

"In March, 'long about two year after," Tumm resumed, "I shipped for the ice aboard the Neptune. We got a scattered swile [seal] off the Horse Islands; but ol' Cap'n Lane 'lowed the killin' was so mean that he 'd move t' sea an' come up with the ice on the outside, for the wind had been in the nor'west for a likely spell. We cotched the body o' ice t' the nor'east o' the Funks; an' the swiles was sure there, — hoods an' harps an' white-coats an' all. They was three Saint John's steamers there, an' they 'd been killin'

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for a day an' a half; so the ol' man turned our crew loose on the ice without waitin' t' wink, though 't was afternoon, with a wicked gray look t' the sky in the west, which was where the wind was jumpin' from. An' we had a red time, — ay, now, believe me: a soppy red time of it among the swiles that day! They was men from Green Bay, an' Bonavist', an' the Exploits, an' the South Coast, an' a swarm o' Irish from Saint John's; they was so many men on the pack, ecod! that you could n't call their names. An' we killed an' sculped till dusk. An' then the weather broke with snow; an' afore we knowed it we was lost from the ships in the cloud an' wind, — three hundred men, ecod! smothered an' blinded by snow: howlin' for salvation like souls in a frozen hell.

"'Tumm,' thinks I, 'you better get aboard o' something the sea won't break over. This pack,' thinks I, 'will certain go abroad when the big wind gets at it.'

"So I got aboard a bit of a berg; an' when I found the lee side I sot down in the dark an' thunk hard about different things, — sunshine an' supper an' the like o' that; for they was n't no use thinkin' about what was goin' for'ard on the pack near by. An' there, on the side o' the little berg, sits I till mornin'; an' in the mornin', out o' the blizzard t' win'ward, along comes Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove, marooned on a flat pan o' ice. 'T was comin' down the wind, — clippin' it toward my overgrown lump of a craft like a racin' yacht. When I sighted Botch, roundin' a point o' the berg, I 'lowed I'd have no more 'n twenty minutes t' yarn with un afore he was out o' hail an' sight in the snow t' leeward. He was squatted on his haunches, with his chin on his knees, white with thin ice, an' fringed an' decked with icicles; an' it 'peared t' me, from the way he was took up with the nothin' about un, that he was still thinkin'. The pack was gone abroad, then, — scattered t' the four winds: they was n't another pan t' be seed on the black water. An' the sea was runnin' high — a fussy wind-lop over a swell that broke in big whitecaps, which went swishin' away with the wind. A scattered sea broke over Botch's pan; 't would fall aboard, an' break, an' curl past un, risin' to his waist. But the poor devil did n't seem t' take much notice. He'd shake the water off, an' cough it out of his throat; an' then he'd go on takin' observations in the nothin' dead ahead.

"'Ahoy, Botch!' sings I.

"He knowed me t' oncet. 'Tumm!' he sings out. 'Well, well! That *you?*'

"'The same,' says I. 'You got a bad berth there, Botch. I wish you was aboard the berg with me.'

"'Oh,' says he, 'the pan 'll *do.* I gets a bit choked with spray when I opens my mouth; but they is n't no good reason why I should n't keep it shut. A man ought t' breathe through his nose, anyhow. That's what it's *for.*'

"'T was a bad day, — a late dawn in a hellish temper. They was n't much of it t' see, — just a space o' troubled water, an' the big, unfeelin' cloud. An', God! how cold it was. The wind was thick with dry snow, an' it come whirlin' out o' the west as if it wanted t' do damage, an' meant t' have its way. 'T would grab the crests o' the seas an' fling un off like handfuls o' white dust. An' in the midst o' this was poor Botch o' Jug Cove!

"'This wind,' says I, 'will work up a wonderful big sea, Botch. You'll be swep' off afore nightfall.'

"'No,' says he; 'for by good luck, Tumm, I'm froze tight t' the pan.'

"'But the seas 'll drown you.'

"'I don't know,' says he. 'I keeps breakin' the ice 'round my neck,' says he, 'an' if I can on'y keep my neck clear an' limber I'll be able t' duck most o' the big seas.'

"It was n't nice t' see the gentle wretch squattin' there on his haunches. It made me feel bad. I wisht he was home t' Jug Cove thinkin' of his soul.

"'Botch,' says I, 'I *wisht* you was somewheres else!'

"'Now, don't you trouble about that, Tumm,' says he. 'Please don't! The ice

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is all on the outside. I'm perfeckly comfortable inside.'

"He took it all so gracious that somehow or other I begun t' forget that he was froze t' the pan an' bound out t' sea. He was 'longside, now; an' I seed un smile. So I sort o' got his feelin'; an' I did n't fret for un no more.

"'An', Tumm,' says he, 'I've had a wonderful grand night. I'll never forget it so long as I lives.'

"'A what?' says I. 'Was n't you cold?'

"'I — I — I don't know,' says he, puzzled. 'I was too busy t' notice much.'

"'Is n't you hungry?'

"'Why, Tumm,' says he, in s'prise, 'I believes I is, now that you mentions it. I believes I'd *like* a biscuit.'

"'I wisht I had one t' shy,' says I.

"'Don't you be troubled,' says he. 'My arms is stuck. I could n't cotch it, anyhow.'

"'Anyhow,' says I, 'I wisht I had one.'

"'A grand night!' says he. 'For I got a idea, Tumm. They was n't nothin' t' disturb me all night long. I been all alone — an' I been quiet. An' I got a idea. I've gone an' found out, Tumm,' says he, 'a law o' life! Look you! Tumm,' says he, 'what you aboard that berg for? 'T is because you had sense enough t' get there. An' why is n't I aboard that berg? 'T is because I did n't have none o' the on'y kind o' sense that was needed in the mess last night. You'll be picked up by the fleet,' says he, 'when the weather clears; an' I'm bound out t' sea on a speck o' flat ice. This coast ain't kind,' says he. 'No coast is kind. Men lives because they're able for it; not because they're coaxed to. An' the on'y kind o' men this coast lets live an' breed is the kind she wants. The kind o' men this coast puts up with ain't weak, an' they ain't timid, an' they don't think. Them kind dies, — just the way I 'low *I* got t' die. They don't live, Tumm, an' they don't breed.'

"'What about you?' says I.

"'About me?' says he.

"'Ay, — that day on the Pillar o' Cloud.'

"'Oh!' says he. 'You mean about *she*. Well, it did n't come t' nothin', Tumm. The women folk was n't able t' find me, an' they did n't know which I wanted sove, the mother or the child; so, somehow or other, both went an' died afore I got there. But that is n't got nothin' t' do with *this*.'

"He was drifted a few fathoms past. Just then a big sea fell atop of un. He ducked real skillful, an' come out of it smilin', if sputterin'.

"'Now, Tumm,' says he, 'if we was t' the s'uthard, where they says 't is warm an' different, an' lives is n't lived the same, maybe you'd be on the pan o' ice, an' I'd be aboard the berg; maybe you'd be like t' starve, an' I'd get so much as forty cents a day the year round. They's a great waste in life,' says he, 'I don't know why; but there 't is. An' I 'low I'm gone t' waste on this here coast. I been born out o' place; that's all. But they's a place somewheres for such as me — somewheres for the likes o' me. T' the s'uth'ard, now, maybe, they'd *be* a place; t' the s'uth'ard maybe the folk would want t' know about the things I thinks out — ay, maybe they'd even *pay* for the labor I'm put to! But *here*, you lives, an' I dies. Don't you see, Tumm? 'T is the law! 'T is why a New-f'un'lander ain't a nigger. More 'n that, 't is why a dog 's a dog on land an' a swile in the water; 't is why a dog haves legs an' a swile haves flippers. Don't you see? 'T is the law!'

"'I don't quite find you,' says I.

"Poor Botch shook his head. 'They is n't enough words in langwitch,' says he, 't' 'splain things. Men ought t' get t' work an' make more.'

"'But tell me,' says I.

"Then, by Botch's regular ill luck, under he went; an' it took un quite a spell t' cough his voice into workin' order.

"'Excuse me,' says he. 'I'm sorry. It come too suddent t' be ducked.'

"'Sure!' says I. '*I* don't mind.'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'it all comes down t' this: *The thing that lives is the kind o' thing that's best fit t' live in the place it*

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lives in. That's a law o' life! An' nobody but *me*, Tumm,' says he, 'ever knowed it afore!'

"'It don't amount t' nothin',' says I.

"''T is a law o' life!'

"'But it don't *mean* nothin'.'

"'Tumm,' says he, discouraged, 'I can't talk t' you no more. I'm too busy. I 'lowed when I seed you there on the berg that you'd tell somebody what I thunk out last night if you got clear o' this mess. An' I *wanted* everybody t' know. I did so *want* un t' know — an' t' know that Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove did the thinkin' all by hisself! But you don't seem able. An', anyhow,' says he, 'I'm too busy t' talk no more. They's a deal more hangin' on that law 'n I told you. The beasts o' the field is born under it, an' the trees o' the forest, an' all that lives. They's a bigger law behind; an' I got t' think that out afore the sea works up. I'm sorry, Tumm; but if you don't mind, I'll just go on thinkin'. You *won't* mind, will you, Tumm? I would n't like you t' feel bad.'

"'Lord, no!' says I. '*I* won't mind.'

"'Thank you, Tumm,' says he. 'For I'm greatly took by thinkin'.'

"An' so Botch sputtered an' thunk an' kep' his neck limber 'till he drifted out o' sight in the snow."

But that was not the last of the Jug Cove philosopher.

"Next time I seed Botch," Tumm resumed, "we was both shipped by chance for the Labrador from Twillingate. 'T was aboard the dirty little Three Sisters, — a thirty-ton, fore-an'-aft green-fish catcher, skippered by Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle. An' poor Botch did n't look healthful. He was blue an' wan an' wonderful thin. An' he did n't look at all *right*. Poor Botch — ah, poor old Botch! They was n't no more o' them fuddlin' questions; they was n't no more o' that cocksure, tickled little cackle. Them big, deep eyes o' his, which used t' be clean an' fearless an' sad an' nice, was all misty an' red, like a nasty sunset, an' most unpleasant *shifty*. I 'lowed I'd take a look in, an' sort o' fathom what was up; but they was too quick for me — they got away every time; an' I never seed more 'n a shadow. An' he kep' lookin' over his shoulder, an' cockin' his ears, an' givin' suddent starts, like a poor wee child on a dark road. They was n't no more o' that sinful gettin' into nothin' — no more o' that puttin' away o' the rock an' sea an' the great big sky. I 'lowed, by the Lord! that he could n't *do* it no more. All them big things had un scared t' death. He did n't dast forget they was there. He could n't get into nothin' no more. An' so I knowed he would n't be happy aboard the Three Sisters with that devil of a Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle for skipper.

"'Botch,' says I, when we was off Mother Burke, 'how is you, b'y?'

"'Oh, farin' along,' says he.

"'Ay,' says I; 'but how *is* you, b'y?

"'Farin' along,' says he.

"'It ain't a answer,' says I. 'I'm askin' a plain question, Botch.'

"'Well, Tumm,' says he, the 'fac' is, Tumm, I'm — sort o' — jus' — farin' along.'

"We crossed the Straits of a moonlight night. The wind was fair an' light. Mad Bill was t' the wheel: for he 'lowed he was n't goin' t' have no chances took with a Lally Line steamer, havin' been sunk oncet by the same. 'T was a kind an' peaceful night. I've never knowed the world t' be more t' rest an' kinder t' the sons o' men. The wind was from the s'uth'ard, a point or two east: a soft wind an' sort o' dawdlin' careless an' happy toward the Labrador. The sea was sound asleep; an' the schooner cuddled up, an' dreamed, an' snored, an' sighed, an' rolled along, as easy as a ship could be. Moonlight was over all the world — so soft an' sweet an' playful an' white; it said, 'Hush!' an', 'Go t' sleep!' All the stars that ever shone was wide awake an' winkin'. A playful crew — them little stars! Wink! wink! 'Go t' sleep!' says they. ''T is our watch,' says they. '*We'll* take care o' *you*.' An' t' win'ward — far

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off — black an' low — was Cape Norman o' Newf'un'land. Newf'un'land! Ah, we're all mad with love o' she! 'Good-night!' says she. 'Fair v'y'ge,' says she; 'an' may you come home loaded!' Sleep? Ay; men could sleep that night. They was n't no fear at sea. Sleep? Ay; they was n't no fear in all the moonlit world.

"An' then up from the forecastle comes Botch o' Jug Cove.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'you is n't turned in.'

"'No, Botch,' says I. 'It is n't my watch; but I 'lowed I'd lie here on this cod-trap an' wink back at the stars.'

"'I can't sleep,' says he. 'Oh, Tumm, I *can't!*'

"''T is a wonderful fine night,' says I.

"'Ay,' says he; 'but' —

"'But what?' says I.

"'You never can tell,' says he.

"'Never can tell what?'

"'What's goin' t' happen.'

"I took one look — just one look into them shiverin' eyes — an' shook my head. 'Do you 'low,' says I, 'that we can hit that berg off the port bow?'

"'You never can tell,' says he.

"'Good Lord!' says I. 'With Mad Bill Likely o' Yellow Tail Tickle at the wheel? Botch,' says I, 'you're gone mad. What's *come* along o' you? Where's the *is* an' the *was* an' the *will be?* What's come o' that law o' life?'

"'Hist!' says he.

"'Not me!' says I. 'I'll hush for no man. What's come o' the law o' life? What's come o' all the thinkin'?'

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I don't think no more. An' the laws o' life,' says he, 'is foolishness. The fac' is, Tumm,' says he, 'things look wonderful different t' me now. I is n't the same as I used t' be in them old days.'

"'You is n't had a fever, Botch?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, 'I got religion.'

"'Oh!' says I. 'What kind?'

"'Vi'lent,' says he.

"'I see,' says I.

"'I is n't converted just this minute,' says he. 'I 'low you might say, an' be near the truth, that I'm a damned backslider. But I *been* converted, an' I may be again. Fac' is, Tumm,' says he, 'when I gets up in the mornin' I never knows which I'm in, a state o' grace or a state o' sin. It usual takes till after breakfast t' find out.'

"'Botch, b'y,' says I, for it made me feel awful bad, 'don't you go an' trouble about that.'

"'You don't know about hell,' says he.

"'I *does* know about hell,' says I. 'My mother told me.'

"'Ay,' says he; 'she told you. But you does n't *know*.'

"'Botch,' says I, ''t would s'prise me if she left anything out.'

"He was n't happy — Botch was n't. He begun t' kick his heels, an' scratch his whisps o' beard, an' chaw his finger-nails. It made me feel bad. I did n't like t' see Botch took that way. I'd rather see un crawl into nuthin' an' think, ecod! than chaw his nails an' look like a scared idjit from the madhouse t' Saint John's.

"'You got a soul, Tumm?' says he.

"'I knows that,' says I.

"'How?' says he.

"'My mother told me.'

"Botch took a look at the stars. An' so I, too, took a look at the funny little things. An' the stars is so many, an' so wonderful far off, an' so wee an' queer an' perfeckly solemn an' knowin', that I 'lowed I did n't know much about heaven an' hell, after all, an' begun t' feel shaky.

"'I got converted,' says Botch, 'by means of a red-headed parson from the Cove o' the Easterly Winds. *He* knowed everything. They was n't no *why* he was n't able t' answer. "The glory o' God," says he; an' there was an end to it. An' bein' converted of a suddent,' says Botch, 'without givin' much thought t' what might come after, I 'lowed the parson had the rights of it. Anyhow, I was n't in no mood t' set up my word against a real parson in a black coat, with a Book right under his arm. I 'lowed I

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would n't stay very long in a state o' grace if I done *that*. The fac' is, he *told* me so. "Whatever," thinks I, "the glory o' God does well enough, if a man only *will* believe; an' the tears an' crooked backs an' hunger o' this here world," thinks I, "which the parson lays t' Him, fits in very well with the reefs an' easterly gales He made." So I 'lowed I'd better take my religion an' ask no questions; an' the parson said 't was very wise, for I was only an ignorant man, an' I'd reach a state o' sanctification if I kep' on in the straight an' narrow way. So I went no more t' the grounds. For what was the *use* o' goin' there? 'Peared t' me that heaven was my home. What's the use o' botherin' about the fish for the little time we're here? I could n't get my *mind* on the fish. "Heaven is my home," thinks I, "an' I'm tired, an' I wants t' get there, an' I don't want t' trouble about the world." 'T was an immortal soul I had t' look out for. So I did n't think no more about laws o' life. 'T is a sin t' pry into the mysteries o' God; an' 't is a sinful waste o' time, anyhow, t' moon about the heads, thinkin' about laws o' life when you got a immortal soul on your hands. I wanted t' save that soul! *An' I wants t' save it now!*'

"'Well,' says I, 'ain't it sove?'

"'No,' says he; 'for I could n't help thinkin'. An' when I thunk, Tumm, — whenever I fell from grace an' thunk real hard, — I could n't believe some o' the things the red-headed parson said I *had* t' believe if I wanted t' save my soul from hell.'

"'Botch,' says I, 'leave your soul be.'

"'I can't,' says he. 'I can't! I got a immortal soul, Tumm. What's t' become o' that there soul?'

"'Don't you trouble it,' says I. 'Leave it be. 'T is too tender t' trifle with. An', anyhow,' says I, 'a man's belly is all he can handle without strainin'.'

"'But 't is *mine* — *my* soul!'

"'Leave it be,' says I. 'It'll get t' heaven.'

"Then Botch gritted his teeth, an' clenched his hands, an' lifted his fists t' heaven. There he stood, Botch o' Jug Cove, on the for'ard deck o' the Three Sisters, which was built by the hands o' men, slippin' across the Straits t' the Labrador, in the light o' the old, old moon — there stood Botch like a man in tarture!

"'I is n't sure, Tumm,' says he, 'that I wants t' go t' heaven. For I'd be all the time foolin' about the gates o' hell, peepin' in,' says he; 'an' if the devils suffered in the fire — if they moaned an' begged for the mercy o' God — I'd be wantin' t' go in, Tumm, with a jug o' water an' a pa'm-leaf fan!'

"'You'd get pretty well singed, Botch,' says I.

"'I'd *want* t' be singed!' says he.

"'Well, Botch,' says I, 'I don't know where you'd best lay your course for, heaven or hell. But I knows, my b'y,' says I, 'that you better give your soul a rest, or you'll be sorry.'

"'I can't,' says he.

"'It'll get t' one place or t'other,' says I, 'if you on'y bides your time.'

"'How do you know?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'any parson'll *tell* you so!'

"'But how do *you* know?' says he.

"'Damme, Botch!' says I; 'my mother told me so.'

"'That's it!' says he.

"'What's it?'

"'Your mother,' says he. ''T is all hearsay with you an' me. But I wants t' know for myself. Heaven or hell, damnation or salvation, God or nothin'!' says he. 'I would n't care if I on'y *knowed*. But I don't know, an' can't find out. I'm tired o' hearsay an' guessin', Tumm. I wants t' know. Dear God of all men,' says he, with his fists in the air, '*I wants t' know!*'

"'Easy,' says I. 'Easy there! Don't you say no more. 'T is mixin' t' the mind. So,' says I, 'I 'low I'll turn in for the night.'

"Down I goes. But I did n't turn in. I could n't, — not just then. I raked around

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in the bottom o' my old nunny-bag for the Bible my dear mother put there when first I sot out for the Labrador in the Fear of the Lord. 'I wants a message,' thinks I; 'an' I wants it bad, an' I wants it almighty quick!' An' I spread the Book on the forecastle table, an' I put my finger down on the page, an' I got all my nerves t'gether, — *an' I looked!* Then I closed the Book. They was n't much of a message; it *done*, t' be sure, but 't was n't much: for that there yarn o' Jonah an' the whale is harsh readin' for us poor fishermen. But I closed the Book, an' wrapped it up again in my mother's cotton, an' put it back in the bottom o' my nunny-bag, an' sighed, an' went on deck. An' I cotched poor Botch by the throat; an', 'Botch,' says I, 'don't you never say no more about souls t' me. Men,' says I, 'is all hangin' on off a lee shore in a big gale from the open; an' they is n't no mercy in that wind. I got my anchor down,' says I. 'My fathers forged it, hook an' chain, an' *they* weathered it out, without fear or favor. 'T is the on'y anchor I got, anyhow, an' I don't want it t' part. For if it do, the broken bones o' my soul will lie slimy an' rotten on the reefs t' leeward through all eternity. You leave me be,' says I. 'Don't you never say soul t' me no more!'

"I 'low," Tumm sighed, while he picked at a knot in the table with his clasp-knife, "that if I could 'a' done more 'n just what mother teached me, I'd sure have prayed for poor Abraham Botch that night!"

He sighed again.

"We fished the Farm Yard," Tumm continued, "an' Indian Harbor, an' beat south into Domino Run; but we did n't get no chance t' use a pound o' salt for all that. They did n't seem t' be no sign o' fish anywheres on the s'uth'ard or middle coast o' the Labrador. We run here, an' we beat there, an' we fluttered around like a half-shot gull; but we did n't come up with no fish. Down went the trap, an' up she come: not even a lumpfish or a lobster t' grace the labor. Winds in the east, lop on the sea, fog in the sky, ice in the water, colds on the chest, boils on the wrists; but mar' a fish in the hold! It drove Mad Bill Likely stark. 'Lads,' says he, 'the fish is north o' Mugford. I'm goin' down,' says he, 'if we haves t' winter at Chidley on swile-fat an' seaweed. For,' says he, 'Butt o' Twillingate, which owns this craft, an' has outfitted every man o' this crew, is on his last legs, an' I'd rather face the Lord in a black shroud o' sin than tie up t' the old man's wharf with a empty hold. For the Lord is used to it,' says he, 'an' would n't mind; but Old Man Butt would *cry*.' So we 'lowed we'd stand by, whatever come of it; an' down north we went, late in the season, with a rippin' wind astern. An' we found the fish 'long about Kidalick; an' we went at it, night an' day, an' loaded in a fortnight. 'An', now, lads,' says Mad Bill Likely, when the decks was awash, 'you can all go t' sleep, an' be jiggered t' you!' An' down I dropped on the last stack o' green cod, an' slep' for more hours than I dast tell you.

"Then we started south.

"'Tumm,' says Botch, when we was well underway, 'we're deep. We're awful deep.'

"'But it ain't salt,' says I; ''t is fish.'

"'Ay,' says he; 'but 't is all the same t' the schooner. We'll have wind, an' she'll complain.'

"We coaxed her from harbor t' harbor so far as Indian Tickle. Then we got a fair wind, an' Mad Bill Likely 'lowed he'd make a run for it t' the northern ports o' the French Shore. We was well out an' doin' well when the wind switched t' the sou'east. 'T was a beat, then; an' the poor old Three Sisters did n't like it, an' got tired, an' wanted t' give up. By dawn the seas was comin' over the bow at will. The old girl simply could n't keep her head up. She'd dive, an' nose in, an' get smothered; an' she shook her head so pitiful that Mad Bill Likely 'lowed he'd ease her for'ard, an' see how she'd like it. 'T was broad day when he sent me

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an' Abraham Botch o' Jug Cove out t' stow the stays'l. They was n't no fog on the face o' the sea; but the sky was gray an' troubled, an' the sea was a wrathful black-an'-white, an' the rain, whippin' past, stung what it touched, an' froze t' the deck an' riggin'. I knowed she 'd put her nose into the big white seas, an' I knowed Botch an' me would go under, an' I knowed the foothold was slippery with ice; so I called the fac's t' Botch's attention, an' asked un not t' think too much.

"'I've give that up,' says he.

"'Well,' says I, 'you might get another attackt.'

"'No fear,' says he; ''t is foolishness t' think. It don't come t' nothin'.'

"'But you *might*,' says I.

"'Not in a moment o' grace,' says he. 'An', Tumm,' says he, 'at this instant, my condition,' says he, 'is one o' salvation.'

"'Then,' says I, 'you follow me, an' we 'll do a tidy job with that there stays'l.'

"An' out on the jib-boom we went. We 'd pretty near finished the job when the Three Sisters stuck her nose into a thundering sea. When she shook that off, I yelled t' Botch t' look out for two more. If he heard, he did n't say so; he was too busy spittin' salt water. We was still there when the second sea broke. But when the third fell, an' my eyes was shut, an' I was grippin' the boom for dear life, I felt a clutch on my ankle; an' the next thing I knowed I was draggin' in the water, with a grip on the bobstay, an' something tuggin' at my leg like a whale on a fishline. I knowed 't was Botch, without lookin', for it could n't be nothin' else. An' when I looked, I seed un lyin' in the foam at the schooner's bow, bobbin' under an' up. His head was on a pillow o' froth, an' his legs was swingin' in a green, bubblish swirl beyond.

"'Hold fast!' I yelled.

"The hiss an' swish o' the seas was hellish. Botch spat water an' spoke; but I could n't hear. I 'lowed, though, that 't was whether I could keep my grip a bit longer.

"'Hold fast!' says I.

"He nodded a most agreeable thank-you. 'I wants t' think a minute,' says he.

"'Take both hands!' says I.

"On deck they had n't missed us yet. The rain was thick an' sharp-edged; an' the schooner's bow was forever in a mist o' spray.

"'Tumm!' says Botch.

"'Hold fast!' says I.

"He 'd hauled his head out o' the froth. They was n't no trouble in his eyes no more. His eyes was clear an' deep, — with a little laugh lyin' far down in the depths.

"'Tumm,' says he, 'I' —

"'I don't hear,' says I.

"'I can't wait no longer,' says he. 'I wants t' know. An' I'm so near, now,' says he, 'that I 'low I'll just find out.'

"'Hold fast, you fool!' says I.

"I swear by the God that made me," Tumm declared, "that he was smilin', the last I seed of his face in the foam! He wanted t' know, — an' he found out! But I was n't quite so curious," Tumm added, "an' I hauled my hulk out o' the water, an' climbed aboard. An' I run aft; but they was n't nothin' t' be seed but the big, black sea, an' the froth o' the schooner's wake and o' the wild white-horses."

The story was ended.

A tense silence was broken by a gentle snore from the skipper of the *Good Samaritan*. I turned. The head of the lad from the Cove o' First Cousins protruded from his bunk. It was withdrawn on the instant. But I had caught sight of the drooping eyes and of the wide, flaring nostrils.

"See that, sir?" Tumm asked, with a backward nod toward the boy's bunk.

I nodded.

"Same old thing," he laughed sadly. "Goes on t' the end o' the world."

We all know that.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHERNER SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

BY "NICHOLAS WORTH"

IV

TO "THE BITTER NORTH"

THE mill not only ran, but by this time it had, under my brother's good management, been enlarged. I could have gone to Harvard College without my grandfather's aid. In fact, I did not receive his aid, because of an event that he had not reckoned so near at hand as it was; but I should surely not have gone but for his suggestion.

It seemed wonderful to me then, and it seems even more wonderful now, that my grandfather should have selected Harvard College. "My heavens, man!" said Tom Warren, when he heard of it, "the very hotbed of unbelief and old abolitionism!"

But my grandfather's mind moved in a large orbit. He could have known nothing about Harvard College. He had not been to any college himself, and he was not a man of liberal education, — perhaps I should say of formal education. But he had, within his own lifetime, seen the circle of national thought and discussion become narrower and narrower, and finally come to be a mere point, and that point was slavery; and then the horrors of war came on. His reasoning was that men had become narrower because they had seen but one side of the controversy. He wished me to look at the country and at life from a point of view as far removed as possible from the one I had hitherto had. His idea, more or less vague, was that such an experience would broaden my vision. His large common sense was shown in many another judgment that he made. Moreover, he did not even know the bitterness and the suspicion that the war had aroused. He regarded it merely as a huge mistake; for the main current of his thought had taken its course before it came on.

It was only a week later when a messenger brought the news that he was dead. Old Ephraim must tell the story.

"I com' out er de li'l room, same as I do ev'ry mornin'; an' I mek a li'l fire in de fireplace, an' I whets de razzor an' gits de warm water ready. Den I look roun' at de big bed, and ol' mars' lay dere jes' as still as a chile. Mighty quare. He don' usual sleep dat a way dis time er de mornin'. Den I stole close ter de bed, an' 'fore God! What did I see?

"Miss Mandy, she knock sof' on de do' an' she say, 'Unc' Ephum, is father 'sleep yit?'

"When she see me lookin' at him in de bed, den she say, 'Father!'

"But ol' mars' never answer.

"'Dead' — she says.

"'Ol' mars'er done gone home,' I says, — 'done gone home, sleepin' jes' lak a chile in de big bed, an' lef' his ol' sarvant behin'.'"

When he was buried in the garden the next day, and the company had come back from the grave, old Ephraim remained standing in an attitude of prayer. I went back, took the old man by the arm, and led him into the house. "Ol' mars' done gone an' lef' his ol' sarvant behin'." My aunt had him drink a glass that she had herself prepared for him; and he sat long in my grandfather's room, saying to himself, "Did n't say nothin', — jes' went ter sleep same as a chile. Ol' mars'er's gone."

My widowed aunt, — widowed by war,

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— who had kept my grandfather's house, soon went to make her home elsewhere. When the estate was settled up by my brother, there was little of value left. My aunt inherited the house, but it had gone far toward decay. In fact, the whole plantation had outlived its natural life. The organization, such as it was, hung together till the master died. Then it fell to pieces. But my grandfather had left a piece of land to Ephraim; and, when my aunt went away, the old man went to live in the old house of his old master, to care for it.

The last year of my college life in the South was not eventful. I find it difficult to recall any incidents worthy of mention. In fact, that whole period was remote from the life of the time and from my own life afterwards. I learned to read Latin and Greek somewhat more easily, I think, than the average college boy of that day or of this. But that is all that I learned from the college work proper. This instruction might have been given anywhere, at any time during the last thousand years or more. It had as little to do with modern thought, and as little to do with the time and country that I lived in, as instruction given by teachers in the Middle Ages. It was only the literary society that touched modern or American life at all. We debated patriotic subjects, and we learned, in a way, the ready use of speech. I have never been quite sure, however, whether this strenuous debating exercise did harm or good. I fear it did harm to more boys than it helped.

For the Southern youth of that time in particular had what I shall call the oratorical habit of mind. He thought in rotund, even grandiose, phrases. Rousing speech was more to be desired than accuracy of statement. An exaggerated manner and a tendency to sweeping generalizations were the results. You can now trace this quality in the mind and in the speech of the great majority of Southern men, especially men in public life. We call it the undue development of their emotional nature. It is also the result of a lack of any exact training, — of a system that was mediæval. Every man that I can recall who was with me at college, and who escaped the oratorical habit of mind, studied afterwards at some other institution. Some of them went abroad, — a half dozen, perhaps. All the rest are to this day fluent and inaccurate, given to fine periods and loose generalizations.

It was definitely decided that I should go to Harvard College, but there was some criticism of such a decision among my friends. My mother had a silent misgiving: it would probably put an end to her hope that I would yet enter the pulpit; but it was not clear what my career would be. Tom Warren and the young fellows that I knew in town looked upon it as a wild scheme, tinged with a sort of treason. My aunt Margaret had this feeling, too. "Far away from your kinspeople and from everybody that knows you," she would say; "what's the use in going so far?" Among my academic acquaintances the natural thing to do would have been to go to a German university; for the movement in that direction was then just coming into fashion.

The "Old Place" had already ceased to have much interest for most of the family. Uncle Ephraim and his wife, Aunt Martha, lived in the old "big house," now sadly gone to decay, and they kept the "new" part of the house for the white folks, if they should ever come to use it. With them lived a very light mulatto girl, who was a sort of adopted daughter of Aunt Martha. The other negroes on the place lived as they had lived in my grandfather's lifetime, — in the cabins. Uncle Ephraim, old as he was, showed a masterful spirit. The place had lost a white master and had gained a black one. The negroes worked parts of the old plantation "on shares," and they found Ephraim a hard taskmaster. The old man was thrifty, — they called him stingy. By this thrift, and by the depreciation in the value of the land, he gradually bought most of the plantation. The neighbor-

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hood decayed. It seemed as if my grandfather had been for years the only prop to its falling value. The city was extending itself in that direction, but chiefly by additions to its colored population. It was on the "Egypt" side of town, given over to negro residents. In the fall the young men of the city used to go there to shoot quail; but few other white people now visited the place.

Just before I went to Harvard I paid Uncle Ephraim a visit. Aunt Martha prepared an elaborate dinner for me, and she and Uncle Ephraim served it in the parlor, in the "new" house, talking incessantly of old times. All this side of my experience, too, was as remote from contemporary life as if I had lived a generation earlier. These old people called me "Mars' Nick." They were family slaves yet, — to me. Who the negroes in town were, or what they did, it did not occur to me to inquire or to observe. Nobody seemed to inquire or to observe. My mother had had much trouble in securing good servants, — that was all that was heard about the whole colored population, except in political circles; and I did not yet move in political circles.

I did not know the history of my own country, except in a set of grandiose political phrases; I did not know its economic or social condition; I had not read a dozen books of American literature. Poe was the only one of our poets who was regarded seriously in my circle of acquaintance. I had read widely and loosely about in English literature; and I knew the Greek writers better than I knew the American writers. If I had come out of a monastery, I should hardly have been a greater stranger to American life than I was the day I went to Cambridge. But my grandfather's suggestion had caused me to think of my ignorance of our own history. I had already begun to realize that there was something colossal and elemental in that old man, who was a link between me and an epoch that closed before I was born. Somehow I owed the suggestion to him that I had now had experience enough with the mediæval world. It was, then, such studies as history and economics to which I should now give my time.

I found it hard to feel at home at Harvard. In fact, I did not feel at home. Everybody with whom I had to do was polite, — it seemed to me studiously and self-consciously polite; but I made no real acquaintances. My speech was noticeably Southern, — perhaps that was a barrier. Naturally shy, too, I was not tactful, I dare say, in making advances. Whatever was the matter, I encountered a reserve that was discouraging. Often it seemed to me that I was regarded with suspicion, — certainly only with polite toleration.

Some time before this there had been a Southern loafer at Harvard, a young dandy who made himself conspicuous by his manner and his dress. He brought letters with him to several persons of social prominence, and he had done the scandalous thing of making love to half a dozen young women during the winter. He had not paid his debts, either, — in a word, he had left a bad reputation. I heard the story of his conduct, and I was — or I imagined that I was — a victim of the suspicion that he had aroused about Southern students.

But it was this fellow's career that at last brought me my best friend. At the table where I ate I had met a young New Englander, whose frank and hearty manner I greatly admired. We had something more than a formal acquaintance; but he, too, when we were alone, showed what seemed to me a studied reserve.

One day in my absence (I heard this story only after we had left college) the conversation at the table turned on me. Somebody recalled the self-conscious young fellow who had brought all Southerners under suspicion; and somebody else maintained that Southerners were all alike. I was a quieter sort of fellow, they agreed, — but wait and see. I'd make a fool of myself yet. Then my friend, Cooley, came to my rescue. "I tell

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you, boys, he's the real thing, — genuine. You do the man an injustice, — a nice fellow. He speaks his Southern lingo, but he's square."

I noticed that Cooley came nearer to me. There was never a human being who suffered an injustice within his reach to whom he did not come near. We soon became really acquainted. He asked me to dine at his home in Boston on Sunday and to meet his mother. By his good offices I became better acquainted with many men, and at the beginning of my second year (I was a senior then) I was elected to one of the most desirable college clubs. My gift of oratory, too, had won me on one or two occasions some little distinction. Thus, during my second year, I was as much at home as during the greater part of my first year I had been a merely tolerated stranger. My grandfather had been right. He had seen wisely, by that large intuition which great minds have to guide them, that a man who lived under a blanket of provincialism was not likely to breathe freely.

V

THE COLONEL AND THE GHOST

The Cooleys, who were my most influential friends in Boston, were Unitarians; and through them I met some of the leaders of that religious society. There must have been something in my temperament or in my manner at that period of my life to suggest a preacher; for they, too, without any active encouragement by me, conceived the notion that I might take the pulpit as my career. I was grateful to these people for demonstrating to me that men and women may be "good," may even be religious, without accepting the old orthodox creeds; for during all my Southern life I had been assured that this could not be, and the matter had till now worried me much. And I showed my gratitude, I hope. No doubt this was the reason why the notion got current among my Boston friends that I might go into the pulpit.

One day I was told by an influential Unitarian preacher that a society in Kansas wanted a pastor. If I would consent to go, he would heartily commend me. I would find that a good place to begin work, he was sure. I was surprised, almost shocked. I had not seriously entertained the idea of becoming a preacher. What would my mother think if I became a Unitarian? But a larger question came up. If not this, what? To "give my life to the service of my country" — how, pray? My country showed no eagerness for my service. I had supposed that, of course, I should return to my Southern home. But what would there be to do there? My brother had become a more and more capable manager of the mill. I had no fondness for the law, and except through the law there seemed to be no chance to enter public life. Worse yet, if I were frank, and freely made known my opinions, I should not find political favor in my state. During the weeks that I pondered on the situation, the more or less definite outlook in Kansas began to seem at least less absurd.

Finally I said that I would go and see the people, if I could go with a perfectly frank understanding. They were to know that I had not fully made up my mind to become a preacher; but I should like to consider the subject "on the ground." My advisers — or their advisers — did not quite like this noncommittal mood; but in reply they said, with some humor, that they also would remain noncommittal.

Surely it was an extraordinary errand. I wrote to my mother and brother that I should spend a month or two in the West before I went home; and I started to Kansas. It was a pleasant prairie town to which I went. The society was a small one, but it was active. It showed a mood of boastfulness. It was very self-conscious, and sometimes belligerent. The most active members were women, and they seemed to me to keep their minds in

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an improper state of exposure. They read "advanced" books, books of more or less aggressive controversy; and they read more than they digested. Their conversation sounded like extracts from books on the freedom of thought and the freedom of most other things. It was a raw intellectual society.

In certain moods one enjoys this attitude toward life; but it soon became tiresome to me. The only part of the mind that seemed active was its nerves. Repose? There was no repose in Kansas then. It was a clash of moods, of temperaments, of backgrounds; everything was seen in a shimmer. The parents of these Kansans had left New England and gone to Ohio and Illinois to get more room for their minds and bodies. This generation had gone on to Kansas to get still more room for mind and body; and they were nervous lest somebody should suspect that they were not "free." I stayed there a fortnight. Then I visited two of the great growing cities of the Middle West. Then I went home, and the dream of the Unitarian pulpit, if it had been a dream, vanished. In a little while, in the midst of Southern Methodist and Episcopalian circles, it became an unthinkable enterprise.

As the summer wore away, the old question became a serious one,—how I should serve my country. The editor of the principal newspaper at the state capital invited me to write for him; and I did. But, since he was a censor of the opinions of all who wrote, and since also it did not seem to enter his mind to pay for my contributions, I could not do this work with great enthusiasm.

One day there came to see my brother a man who owned a cotton mill in one of the towns in the state that had begun an era of prosperity and boastfulness. He told me that they had the best public school system in the South. They had just built new schoolhouses; they were going to have a high school; they hoped even to persuade the trustees of one of the religious colleges to move the college there. "We're in for the best of everything." Why should n't I go home with him and look over the ground? It might be that I was the very man they were in need of for superintendent.

I went; and for a term I taught in the "graded school," as they called it. It both interested me and bored me, and I did not yet know whether I had found merely a job or a career. At the end of the first term the man who had served as superintendent of the schools of the town had proved a failure. He resigned, and I was elected to the place. And now my work began in earnest.

I knew nothing about pedagogy, and I trusted my common sense to guide me. The schools were not bad; the people had a great enthusiasm about them,—that is, those who believed in public schools at all, for there was a strong minority party of the churches,—and the teachers were very willing. "The old land is waking up," I said; and I went about my work with satisfaction. The books and the teaching still seemed to me too remote from everyday life; and I compiled two little books that winter, which a local printer brought out. One was a short history of the state, hardly more than a primer. There was then no history of the state suitable to use in the schools. The other was a primer about the products and industries. Both of them were received by the teachers and by the children with delight; and many persons complimented me. Here was a superintendent, they said, worth having: when he did n't find good tools, he made them.

The negro schools were by no means so good as the schools for white children. The teachers were not so capable, the houses were not so good, nor was the amount spent on them proportionately so great as that spent on the white schools. I took up the problem of the education of the black children, also, with great earnestness. At least once a week I visited their schools. I worked out a plan of what I conceived to be the best training for these people. I made it practical.

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Most of them came from ill-kept cabins. I told them to keep their homes clean; I told them to keep their bodies clean; I forbade them to come in neglected clothes. I engaged a clever young negro to explain the whole process of planting cotton and growing it and spinning it. He traced the cotton from the seed when it was planted in the field to the back of the Chinaman who wore it as a garment. Some of the negroes of the town severely criticised me for not teaching their children "book-larnin'" to the exclusion of everything else.

Up to this time I had not thought very seriously about the education of the blacks. That they must be trained was, of course, self-evident. To make their schools as good as they could be made seemed an obvious duty. I surely had no theories or delusions about the negro. I applied only common sense and common fairness to the problem. When I heard of the criticism by the negroes of the practical studies that I had introduced into their schools, I called a meeting one night at one of the schoolhouses. It was packed with black men and women. I explained to them — but not at all as a defense of myself — what I was trying to do for their children. I told them that I meant to have their schools as good, in every way, as the schools for white children. My "cotton professor," as he was called, delivered his lecture to them, with lantern slides, and criticism was turned to gratitude. And so the winter wore on, and I had come to regard my work as "giving my life to the public service" in a very helpful way. For the time I was content, and there were numerous evidences of the pride that many of the people took in my work.

But at the close of the school year, what a surprise awaited me! In the meeting of the school-board, one of its members, old Colonel Stover, who was not thoroughly convinced that there was a constitutional warrant for free schools anyhow, and who regarded the education of the blacks as a revolutionary and perhaps even criminal performance, moved that the board elect a superintendent for the next school year, and he put in nomination a broken-down old preacher who delivered lectures on "Christian Literature" and "Education without Christ a Sacrilege" at church fairs and such places. This winter he had made a new lecture on "To Educate the Negro is to bring him into Competition with the White Man: Is our Civilization to be Anglo-Saxon or African?"

A part of the board were astounded. Was Mr. Worth not a satisfactory superintendent? They had heard nothing but praise of him. The schools surely were well conducted. Was it not unjust to dismiss a competent man? All this the colonel listened to in silence, and with patience. After every man whom he suspected of friendliness to me had spoken, he arose. "Are you all done, gentlemen? If you are, I will briefly explain my motion."

He expressed great personal regard for me, — the sly and "eloquent" old colonel, — the profoundest admiration for my "learning and zeal." (You would have thought him my beloved guardian.) But our sacred duty to our firesides, — ay, to our very religion, — the sanctity of our homes and the purity of our faith, and our reverence for our brave and noble heroes, — were we to be unmindful of these? He was loth to criticise a young man of learning and zeal — and of a good family, too; and he had hoped that his motion would prevail without discussion. Some of the gentlemen surely knew the grave reasons for his action. He disliked to make public "charges," and he insisted that what he said should not be repeated. Then he arraigned me, "not in anger, but in deep sorrow," —

(1) *In the name of our holy religion.* I was not a communicant of any church, and I had on one occasion expressed, in the presence of a pious lady, doubt about the divinity of our Blessed Lord.

(2) *In the name of our Anglo-Saxon civilization.* I would teach "the nigger" just as well as I would teach the white

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child: I had held public meetings of negroes, and promised as much. I had promised better schoolhouses and more money. I had been taught in a Northern college where (if he was rightly informed) negro students and white students were on an equality; and I had imbibed ideas subversive of our civilization.

(3) *In the name of our history and our honored dead.* I had written in a book, which was put into the hands of our children, sentiments disrespectful to the Confederacy, for which so many gave their lives. (The sentence to which he referred was one that explained the threat of the governor of the state to secede from the Confederacy — a plain historical fact.)

Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings was less formidable than the colonel's impeachment of me. Against the Church, and the Anglo-Saxon, and the ex-Confederate, and the pious lady, and our Honored Dead, nothing could prevail. I was dismissed — for a failure to reëlect me was, of course, a dismissal; and I had no appeal.

Thus I made my acquaintance real with three elemental forces about me, the existence of which I had hardly known till now. They were the Church, the race question, and the hands of dead men; and they together made the ghost called Public Opinion. Any Colonel, by skillfully invoking these, could then stop any man in a normal, independent career. Many a Southern man has been banished from the land that he loved and would proudly have served by this simple process of invoking these forces against him. You will find such men in almost every state in the Union, — men with the same burning patriotism that we dedicated ourselves to at college, winning success at every calling, and hoping in quiet hours of self-communion that a chance may yet come for them to show the genuineness of their boyhood ambition. The backwardness of the Southern people is to a great degree the result of this forced emigration of many of its young men who would otherwise have been leaders of the people and builders of a broader sentiment.

My dismissal was not published in the newspapers. To withhold news about public business at the request of the dominant Colonels was a familiar custom. But, of course, it was talked about all over the town. Little else was talked about by men or by women. In a few days the news would go by word of mouth all over the state; but it would not be published ("made public," they called it) till the silent censorship was raised.

Early the next day I received this telegram from my sister: —

"Mother died suddenly at seven o'clock this morning."

I thanked God at least for this — that she had not heard of it.

VI

THE GENTLE DAUGHTERS OF THE DEAD

A group of men about my own age, in the little capital city, who felt impatience at the inertia of life about them, had come together and called themselves the Sunrise Club. They met to discuss practical ways to quicken the life of the community, at first in a very modest fashion. They made a plan to have the streets kept cleaner. They had old public pumps in the town repaired. They managed to have the rusty iron fence about the capitol painted. They had no thought that they should ever play an important part in the life of the state. But they soon began to talk of larger subjects than little plans for improving the appearance of the town. Though there had been thirty men on the roll of the club, within a year the number of those who were active had dwindled to five. Five men, however, are enough to work a revolution, — as they proved.

After my dismissal as school superintendent had been much talked about, and a good deal of indignation had been expressed in many parts of the state — (always privately, for nothing was published in the newspapers against Colonel

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Stover's wish,—I was elected a member of the Sunrise Club and invited to explain at its next meeting my plan of public school education for each race. I had no "plan." I had simply worked at the task that had come in the course of my duties, and I had tried to apply earnestness and common sense to it.

The atmosphere of the club was congenial, and I told the whole story of my work and of my dismissal. When I said that the Church, our Honored Dead, and the Negro were used to make a ghost of Public Opinion, — this analysis of the conditions about us had the effect of a bugle call. That evening we decided to draw up a plan for the proper education of all the people. We at least got our own minds clear, and we had many meetings to discuss plans of action. We decided to bend our efforts first to the establishment by the state of a technical and agricultural school, where boys should be taught trades and be trained to till the soil with intelligence.

The state Superintendent of Public Instruction was a better man than most men who held that office in the Southern states in those days; and we aroused his interest in our plan. He had little power to help us except by talking. (Talking was the only way by which any one then thought of helping any plan in the South!) But he did talk much, and in his next report he recommended the establishment of such a school. No attention was paid to the recommendation by the public or by the legislature.

The superintendent, however, had procured from the legislature a small fund to pay for the holding of teachers' institutes; and this work was to be begun that fall. He had only a vague idea of what teachers' institutes were or ought to be. But they were at that time the fashion in the public-school world; and, if they had teachers' institutes in other states, we must have them, too. The general notion was that the teachers must be stirred up to better methods and greater zeal. We had but one spoon to stir anything, and that was oratory. The superintendent, then, wanted two traveling educational orators, each to receive one thousand dollars for a year's work and an allowance of five hundred dollars to pay railroad and stage fares. He offered me one of the appointments. My own education was now about to begin.

I spent much of that summer at the capital. One day when I called at my kinspeoples', the Densons, where I was not now so much at home as I had been in my boyhood, I found the spacious house full of ladies. The maid told me that it was a meeting of the "Daughters," — the Daughters of the Confederacy. I heard a voice in oratorical action. I soon recognized it as Colonel Stover's. As I listened for a few minutes, I reflected that here was a group of the best young women of the town listening reverently to the bawling of that old colonel, who was explaining to them, in an artificial tone, "the heroic conduct of the President (Jefferson Davis), in his forced retirement from Richmond." Up to this time that journey had not been regarded as a dignified or heroic journey; nor had Mr. Davis generally been regarded in the South as an heroic figure. He had a hard task, which he performed not well, even if not ill; certainly not heroically. But he had now lately died, and the Daughters of the Confederacy were to erect a monument to him at the capital.

I went away from the Densons' that afternoon without permitting my presence to be known. But that evening I called again. I found my aunt and my cousin alone, and we talked much about the Confederacy and the part that the state had played in "that foolish enterprise," — my father's phrase ever stuck in my memory. When I said that General Lee was the one great Southern character revealed by the war, and that Mr. Davis was a sort of mock-heroic figure, my cousin's eyes became moist and her voice tremulous, and she begged me to desist. I was "drifting far away from

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our people," she feared. It was a pity that I had ever gone off — "to the North."

I begged her pardon and made peace. But I discovered that many things I had done, or was supposed to have done, had offended her. She had heard that I had held "negro meetings," that I wished to educate the negro and "to put him above the white man," and that I had scoffed at religion. All these things she had tried long to believe were slanders. But my outspoken opinion of Mr. Davis, while her emotions were yet stirred by Colonel Stover's eloquence, confirmed her fears. "Dear cousin," she said, as I bade her good-night, "do not desert us, your own people."

The Confederacy, — the horrid tragedy of it and the myths that were already growing over it, its heroes, its Colonels, its Daughters — all these were of little concern to me compared with this new revelation that I could not be frank with the women that I most loved. To my mother I had been willing to be silent, at least on one subject; for I owed an affectionate respect to any error that she might cherish. Nor was this hard to give. We had all life in common but this small section of it. Even an implied untruth — an untruth of silence — to her was hardly a tax on my frankness or honesty of mind. Our affection covered more than all conceivable differences of opinion. But this could not be so in my relations with anybody else, without open falsehood. To my aunt and to my cousin, and to all good women like them, I must either be offensive or I must be silent on our history, on the real condition of the Southern people, on the negro, on the church, — on almost all subjects of serious concern. I must suppress myself and live a lie, or I must offend them.

I now understood still better why so many men have gone away from the South. I should have gone myself, I think, but for the engagement that I had made to "stir up" the teachers that winter; for now even Kansas seemed attractive. One could at least talk frankly there about anything under heaven; even to all women. It seemed a world much awry. Where I found freedom I found rawness. Where I found grace I found a servitude of opinion. Surely there must somewhere be freedom with intellectual decorum.

There was in that very capital city (the little town was always called a city) a very great freedom of opinion and of discussion among men. Few men cared what opinion you held about any subject. In men's society a liberty was granted that was never allowed at the fireside or in public. I could talk in private as I pleased with Colonel Stover himself about Jefferson Davis or about educating the negro. He was tolerant of all private opinions, privately expressed among men only. But the moment that an objectionable opinion was publicly expressed, or expressed to women or to negroes, that was another matter. Then it touched our sacred dead, our hearthstones, etc. In this fashion most men led a sort of double life; and to most of them there did not seem to be any contradiction or insincerity in such a life. It was the shadow of the Past that dominated them. They were afraid to move out of it. Their state of mind was like the state of mind of peasants in devout Romish countries. The wickedest serf would never dream of disrespect to the patron saint of his town or province.

But the suppression of one's self, the arrest of one's growth, the intellectual loneliness, and the personal inconvenience of living under conditions like these, — this was not the worst of it. For a man, even in the ardor of youthful freedom, can adjust himself to society, as, for example, one could adjust one's self to society in Russia, and find many pleasures left outside the zone of necessary silence. Surely there were many pleasures left for me, much as I disliked to have any zone of silence. There could be no sweeter grace of womanhood than the gentle, well-bred characters of my aunt and my cousin. There was good companionship, too, with

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such men as my fellows of the Sunrise Club. Even Colonel Stover and men like him had a social charm that I have since found in few kinds of men.

We could all have contented ourselves and smothered our spirit of revolt, as indeed many men of naturally independent and frank temperaments learned to do, but for a fact of much larger significance than one's own personal intellectual comfort. For these men, who ruled by the ghost called Public Opinion, held back the country almost in the same economic and social state in which slavery had left it. There was no hope for the future under their domination. The people who least suspected it were the most completely suppressed. The very land suffered.

Again it came back to Cotton, for Cotton was the chief source of wealth. The land was becoming poorer under a system of tillage that grew worse. The negro was the principal laborer in producing cotton, and, without training as farmer and as man, he was becoming a less efficient laborer. They practically forbade his training. The pitiful short-staple yield of impoverished acres was sold for the starving price of low grades because it was not skillfully nor promptly gathered from the fields; it was wastefully handled; it was sold to pay mortgages on itself. Life could rise no higher till efficiency and thrift came in. There would be no broadening of thought, because only old thoughts were acceptable; no change would come in society, because society's chief concern was to tolerate no change. The whole community would stand still, or gradually decay. If, then, we were ambitious for our country, if we were willing really to give ourselves to its service, we could not reconcile ourselves to the rule of dead men's hands.

All this was made the clearer to me by my brother and by the results of his management of the little mill. It had twice been enlarged. Machinery was put in to make a better product and a more profitable one. A village had grown up about it. There at least were prosperity, orderliness, cleanliness, growth. He had not troubled himself to think out an economic or a social philosophy. He held to the old altars in religion. He concerned himself little about the history of our country. He left the race troubles for other men to worry about. He was disgusted with the conduct of political affairs, for he regarded it as insincere. But he was occupied from one week's end to the next with the practical problems of the management of the mill. He had found his vocation, and his life ran smoothly.

I sometimes thought that he was the wisest man of us all. If every man had a definite task like his, and did it well, as he did, most of the results that I hoped for would quickly come. Was not this the way — perhaps the only way, after all — to change the old base of life? But there were few men like him. The problem was to make many like him, — to wake them up. And surely there must be some swifter method than the method of waiting generation after generation, till a few examples of thrift and growth should be universally imitated.

I was greatly cheered, too, by my old Boston friend, Cooley. His mother owned shares in a cotton mill in New England, and the company was studying the problem of building a Southern mill. Cooley naturally sought my advice; he made me a visit; he saw the efficiency of my brother and the advantage of the site of our mill. (The river gave much more power than was used.) The result was — to my great happiness — that the New England company decided to build a large mill at our mill village. As a little while before I had been in half a mood to go to Kansas, so now I was tempted to follow my brother's example and to become a man of practical affairs. I so expressed myself one night to Cooley and my brother and my sister.

"You will do no such thing," they said in chorus. "You will find your work — work for which well-trained men are few

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— in the educational building up of the state." They showed a degree of pride in me and of high expectation that surprised and gratified me. My half-serious threat to abandon my educational career was resented by all three of them in many conversations afterwards.

I was especially touched by my sister's view of the subject. She was young, — just come into fresh young womanhood, robust in mind and body. I had not yet accustomed myself to think of her as a woman; and, close as we had come to one another during this summer since our mother's death, I kept the same sort of reticence about religion toward her that I had kept toward my mother. She was sure that I would bring a new epoch into our educational life. She was a devout Methodist, and the most useful and active member of the little church in the village. She took a pious interest in the religious welfare of the mill people. She gave a large part of her income to the work of the church; and she was the most beloved person in the community, as she deserved to be. The affection that my brother showered on her, I often thought, revealed one of the most beautiful human relations that I ever saw.

My brother was married that autumn to a young woman who made for him a very happy home. She had much in common with my cousin and my sister, — a superficial cultivation, but a great depth of character. She accepted the prejudices that she was born to, regarding them as great principles; but she bore the burdens of a devoted life with a graceful cheerfulness that puts philosophy and learning to shame.

And during the winter, while I was traveling on my educational errand, the news came of my sister's engagement to my old schoolfellow, Tom Warren, now an attorney of promise, and already of some prominence at the capital. This surprised me, when they asked my approval; and I was not quite pleased. Tom was one of the men of the future, — I was sure of that. But I feared that he would too easily go the nearest road to an easy success. He seemed to lack a certain independence of character which a man of his ability ought to have. He was one of the members of the Sunrise Club who never came to a meeting, and was subsequently dropped. But, if he seemed all things to all men, I reflected that he was a lawyer by nature as well as by training. I had a secret fear, but whether it had a reasonable basis I could not determine. There was one difficulty that the marriage would present to my sister. He had been born in an Episcopalian family, and had always attended that church; she was a determined Methodist. No doubt, however, she would prove equal to an adjustment of that difficulty.

To come back to my own story: before the cotton began to ripen I went on my educational itinerary. I was to visit the counties in one part of the state, and my associate was to visit the others. He had had a year or two of experience as a teacher, and he had studied "Methods," or some such subject, in one of the normal schools of an adjacent state. I then knew him very slightly. His big body and ruddy face, and his contagious cheerfulness, no one could forget who had ever once encountered them. He was greatly liked by his friends. His name was William McWilliams; his intimates called him Billy; his semi-intimates Professor Billy; and the rest of the world Professor McWilliams, because for the preceding year he had lectured on pedagogics in the principal towns of the state; and it became a polite people to call a teacher of teaching Professor, since they could hardly call him Colonel.

Professor Billy and I talked over our extraordinary duties. He was equal to anything, as Voltaire said of Habakkuk. The rousing of a commonwealth from the intellectual inertia of a century, — it did not occur to Professor Billy that this was a hard task. He never found a hard task in his life; for he instinctively refused to recognize difficulties when we

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met them. His unconquerable cheerfulness, his "cloudless, boundless human view," and his unselfish love of his fellows (with a sympathy and a humor like Lincoln's), made him own brother of all genuine souls.

VII

THE SLEEPING PEOPLE

There were in those times statistics of schools, of school-attendance, of school expenditure, of illiteracy, and of all such things, as there are now; but Heaven help the man who accepts these as a good measure of social or intellectual conditions. I once read a letter that told more than all these reports. It was written by a Southern planter to his business correspondent in Boston in the forties, asking him to send by boat "ten kegs of nails, a dozen bolts of cloth, and a well-conditioned teacher" for his children. The teacher lay in his mind along with cloth and nails.

And Professor Billy picked up a story that told more than all the school reports. Some one asked a country woman how many children she had.

"Five, — two married, two dead, and one a-teaching school."

From my boyhood I had heard our public men praise our people as the most contented and upright under heaven, home-loving and God-fearing. But I encountered communities from which all the best young men had gone, and nobody could blame them; and many who were left had homes ill worth loving. Slatternly women, illfed, idle men, agriculture as crude as Moses knew, — a starving population, body, mind, and soul, on as rich a soil as we have.

"'Pears dey gwine ter eddicate everbody, yaller dogs an' all," said one countryman to another. "Presen'ly dey'll 'spec' me and you to git book-larnin', John, an' read de papers."

"I'd lak to know who gwine ter wuk an' haul wood in dem days," said John. "Yes; an' atter you larn to read, dat ain't all. It costs you a heap o' money den. Yer got to buy a paper; an' did you know dat a daily paper costs six dollars a year? Atter dey larn you to read, dey don' give you de paper, nor no books nuther."

The public men and the preachers — and these were the only two kinds of teachers that many of these country people had, — had kept them content with their lot. The politicians told them that they were the happiest and most fortunate people on earth. "In some other states the people are taxed beyond endurance," they said. "We have light taxes. What we make, we keep." This doctrine, repeated generation after generation, made tax-paying seem a crime; and it was the harder, for this reason, to levy taxes for schools or for any other purpose. The preachers told them that a man's condition in this life was of little consequence. The main thing was that he should be ready for the life to come. Both public policy and church policy had been used for an indefinite period to make this hard lot of rural poverty and stagnation appear as the normal condition of mankind. Since few of these country folk traveled, and since they knew not how people elsewhere lived, their bondage was complete.

My itinerary had been made out months before, and advertised in the counties where I was to go. My first county was far toward the mountains. I was to organize an institute at the courthouse on Monday at noon. The public school teachers assembled, — the whites only, for our work had nothing to do with the schools for negroes, — and I lectured to them for four days on methods of teaching. Most of them were women, and most of them intelligent women. But few were educated. In the rural counties I seldom found one that had been trained. Many of them had an aptitude for teaching, and most of them were ambitious. There were, of course, some who were utterly hopeless.

But as the months passed, and I met

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hundreds of these underpaid teachers of these backwoods schools, I had an increasing respect for them. They were the neglected women of the state, doing their best to find an intellectual life themselves and eager to do their duty to the children. For the first weeks of an experience of this kind the humorous and the pathetic incidents impressed themselves on my mind, and they were frequent enough to keep one's emotions stirred. But in a little while the humor and the pathos ceased to attract, for the earnestness of these women overshadowed everything else. The men among them were their inferiors. They were less capable. The class of young fellows who were too weak to succeed at other callings undertook to teach.

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, I lectured and we talked; for after every lecture an hour was spent, sometimes two hours, in asking and answering questions. I went at the business of instructing them in a very direct, homely way. The teaching was on too low a level to require great technical skill. I laid emphasis on the purely practical tasks of the schoolroom, — neatness, orderliness, and the fundamental virtues which most of these children lacked.

On Friday the public were admitted to the meeting,— indeed, the meeting on that day was held for the public. I made a speech, stirring them up to an appreciation of education. Often a local citizen of note, a judge or a lawyer or an editor, sometimes a preacher, would address the crowd. Some of these did so because of their real interest in the subject, some because it was expected that they would speak on any occasion that commanded their approval. The speeches that we all made were hortatory. The fundamental fact was that the mass of these people did not care to educate their children. Compulsory education was unheard of among them, and they would have resented a suggestion of it, because it would "abridge personal liberty." Even if we had had schools enough, and schools good enough, the task would have remained to persuade many of the people to send their children. The first task, then, was to convince them that schools — public schools — were desirable, and were worth paying taxes to maintain. We could not make much headway till the sovereign people should really desire schools.

The most effective facts that I found to tell were bits of personal history. The simple personal appeal seemed to me to be stronger than any other. A young man by working as a farm laborer could make from $12 to $15 a month. Even if he became a clerk in a village store, he could not earn more after he had paid his board. But a young man who had learned a good trade could make twice or thrice as much, and work at almost any place he pleased. I told them such facts as these. A man who worked his farm in the ordinary way made so much per acre (in fact, he made nothing but his own poor "keep"); but Mr. Smith, in such-and-such a county, by a proper succession of crops, or by making his own fertilizer, had made twice as much per acre. Now, since these things were true, what we needed was a school where young men might be taught trades and all the new methods of agriculture, a school to which any earnest boy might go free of charge. We shall see what came of a repetition of this argument a thousand times. with the aptest illustrations that I could find.

Professor Billy laid his greatest emphasis on the need of a great free college for young women. This appealed particularly to every woman who heard him. Many men thought it going quite far enough to talk about free schools for all the children in the state, and that to propose a free college for women was going too far. In the first place they had never associated education with women,— except, of course, the daughters of the rich, who needed to be "educated" to go into society, and young women who meant to earn their living by teaching. These must be educated; but they must pay for it. And their objection was against spending

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public money for educating anybody further than the country free school would go.

The direct study of the people in this fashion is, I believe, the most instructive experience that any man may have in a democracy. It enables him to correct the social theories that he has read of or constructed for himself. It gives him a test to try all sociological plans by, a body of positive knowledge that develops his common sense and balances his judgment. Of course, it is essential that a man, to profit by such an experience, should himself be or become a part of the people, so that their points of view may become his; and he must have a broad sympathy. I had so many interesting experiences that my love of my fellows became deeper, and I came to believe more and more firmly in the people. They were good enough to take me into their confidence. Parents consulted me about their children, and young persons asked my advice even about their love affairs.

The story of "Bud" Markham, for instance, is interesting. Bud was the son of a mountain farmer who kept a little mill. His corn grew on such steep hillsides that a wag of the neighborhood declared that he shot the grains from a shotgun when he planted his field. Old Man Markham, of course, wished Bud to help him run the mill, as Bud, now a lad of twenty-one, had done since he was twelve. But Bud had set his mind on going to one of the little colleges that led a starved existence half a hundred miles away. The old man could not understand for the life of him what more Bud wished to learn. He could already read. He could keep accounts. What else need a man know, unless he meant to be a preacher? — and Bud had never "professed" religion; — or a doctor? — and there were already two doctors in the neighborhood, and no need of another.

Bud could not give a very clear answer to these questions, and he sought my help to construct a stronger argument against his father. You may think that an easy task; but, if you had known Old Man Markham and the positive quality of his mind, you, too, would have been put to your wits' end. I did the best I could to help Bud. He told his mother that I had been kind to him, and the mother, too, sought me, — drove ten miles to see me before I should go on to my next appointment. And she told me another part of Bud's story. She said that the whole explanation of his ambition was his wish to marry Janey Yates. Janey Yates was the pretty schoolteacher, who had been to the "Sem'nary;" and she would not marry Bud unless he was educated. Mrs. Markham surreptitiously took Bud's side of the controversy with his father. She had saved twenty-five dollars, which she would give him to pay his expense at college, and she would connive at his running away. "To be shore," she said, "he's come o' age, an' he kin do as he please. But he's allers been a obejient son."

Bud ran — or went — away. I heard nothing more about him for a long time. But — for I can't tell everybody's story in these short reminiscences — ten years later he was a successful electrical engineer in a busy town in Texas. Ten years later still, he had become a street-railway "magnate" in that same town, then a busy city; and he had married, — but not Janey Yates.

I have met in more than a dozen cities, since my educational oratorical itinerary of that winter, successful men who reminded me that they saw me first at a schoolhouse or a courthouse somewhere on that journey. There are many Bud Markhams. I became the more interested in them because I had yet no plan for my own life. Sometimes I would think of the future, how I should find a career; for this "rousing" missionary work would soon end. Besides, though it was a life that a man might lead for a time during his youth, no stomach that had once had good food could long survive such daily injury as was done mine during my travels.

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These folk of unmixed English stock could not cook; but they held fast to a primitive and violent religion, all expecting to go to heaven. What, therefore, did earthly poverty matter? They were determined not to pay more taxes. They were suspicious of all proposed changes; and to have a school, or a good school, would be a violent change. They were "the happiest and most fortunate people on the globe." Why should they not be content?

The people, — the people of these fertile states, — a vast multitude, far apart as they dwell from one another; pioneers yet (for the land is unsettled and their life is primitive and hard), but holding fast to the notion that they are a part of a long-settled life; fixed in their ways; unthinking and standing still; a grim multitude, though made up of jovial individuals; credulous of all old formulas and sayings, whether true or false, and incredulous of any new thing however obvious; sprawling in the sun of this happy climate; hungry without knowing it, and unaware of their own discomfort; ignorant of the world about them and of what invention, ingenuity, industry, and prosperity have brought to their fellows, and too proud or too weak to care to learn these things, — I have looked them in the face from a hundred schools and courthouses, and I have had my passionate efforts to help them received as a passing amusement, — a stolid mystery these country people are in the mass. The years have rolled over them as a wind blows over brown stubble, — they are the same after it has gone as before it came.

After all, what are the active forces in a democracy? They must be the pressure of population, the consequent coming of roads, of industries, of activities, the jostle of necessity. Not exhortation, surely, even of the most eloquent kind. I thought of the little mill that turned always, and of my brother's busy life, dealing with real things. That was the way to solve the problem. And would educational exhortation ever do it?

VIII

THE UNSLEEPING GHOST AGAIN

All the while it became clearer that Cotton is King, but few people so regarded it; for the farmers still led a life of servitude to the merchants in the towns. There was nothing royal in its culture. The crop was mortgaged for "provisions" and fertilizers before it was grown; and all provisions and nearly all fertilizers ought, of course, to have been produced by the farmers themselves. The wastefulness of such a thriftless and hopeless life now seems incredible; and the servitude of it brought despair. I sometimes thought that of all work done by men anywhere in the world the work of the small cotton-farmer at this period — white man and black man alike — was the worst done. To talk about educating their children to men who would not keep their cotton fields clean of grass, who would not even pick clean, who in the spring would mortgage the crop they had just planted, for salt, bacon, and meal, when they might have had better bacon and meal, and many other things as well, by their own slight labor, — that did seem a hopeless task. But once in three or four months I met Professor Billy, and then new light shone on the world.

"Yes," he'd say, "I suppose it's pretty bad." Then he'd tell a story of an old woman who suffered incessantly from toothache, but congratulated herself that she never had had a headache in her life. "You can cure the toothache," he would say; "but an old woman with bad headaches, — she's past mending. Presently the toothache will get worse. Then it'll get better."

And he held fast to the cure that would be wrought by a really good school for the country girls. "When the woman's ambition is aroused, she'll shame the man into better ways." He made epigrams that illuminated all the dark problems of social life. "When you educate a man you educate one. When you educate

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a woman you educate half a dozen or a dozen,— her and all her children. The educated man may go away. The educated woman will remain."

We had a meeting of the Sunrise Club when Professor Billy and I were at the capital preparing our reports of our first year's work. A committee presented a revised and better matured plan for a state agricultural and mechanical school, to present to the forthcoming legislature. Professor Billy persuaded us in an hour to substitute for an agricultural and mechanical school a state school for girls. We easily changed our minds; for he was a man who carried about with him the power to work a popular revolution.

So far as we could find out, nobody in authority had seriously thought of such a school for women. There were "female seminaries" in the state, most of them church schools, which would, of course, oppose such a plan. The state university would not approve it, for it needed all the money that the legislature could be persuaded to appropriate for higher education; and few men were willing to appropriate any money for the higher education of either men or women. All these things we found out with discouraging certainty as soon as the petition which the club proposed to present to the next legislature was made public. The newspapers, especially the church papers, which had much more influence than the "secular press," vigorously opposed it. There was even a note of fanaticism in their opposition. Of course, when the legislature met, the petition quickly found silence in a committee-room.

The brief vacation that came after my year as a "rousing bishop" brought many events in my family life. My cousin Margaret had that year been the chief officer of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the state, and she had spent her energy in begging money to erect a monument to Jefferson Davis, to the exclusion of everything else that might have engaged her mind or heart; she had become a heroine in what I chose to call the Realm of Dead Men's Hands. The legislature that paid no heed to the petition for a college for women appropriated money to aid the Ladies' Memorial Fund; and with this money the monument was put up. Oratory in praise of my cousin rolled along the corridors of the State House, and "encomiums" illuminated the newspapers. "Chivalry," "beauty," "heroism," "the peerless," "the sacred dead," "the loyal Southland," were the A B C of the epidemic vocabulary. I spent less time at the home of my kinspeople, the Densons, than I had thought to spend; for, since my cousin had become so conspicuous a heroine, she seemed to me to be a sort of public personage. The politicians and the preachers were her companions. I recall how she praised the eloquent prayer that a young clergyman made at the opening of a state meeting of the Daughters. "A prayer for the dead?" I imprudently asked. Before I could atone for the thoughtless speech, she was in tears.

It was not this form of activity that had impelled my sister to abnormally energetic endeavors. She had been a ministering angel to the factory folk until a deep grief seized her. She did not herself explain the cause of it till many years afterwards; but in a little while we discovered it. Rather, events brought it to light. In her pious, reticent way, after a visit that Uncle Ephraim and Aunt Martha had made to my brother's, she wrote Tom Warren a note saying that she could never marry him. She told us what she had done, without comment. But she became increasingly sad and spent much time alone, even to the gradual neglect of her mothers' meetings and the like that she had encouraged among the factory women. "All these things are now going so well," she said, "that I don't need to give so much time to them."

The mill became more and more prosperous. My brother had built still another and larger mill out of the profits of the small ones; and this, with the "Yankee mill," had of course made the village

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a little manufacturing town. My Boston friend, Cooley, did not often come South. The mill was managed well, and his mother's share in it needed little attention from him.

This brief vacation had thus been somewhat discouraging. My plan for an agricultural school had been supplanted by Professor Billy's plan for a school for women, and that had failed; and the Denson house, and even my old home, — which had of course become my brother's, — were less cheerful than they had ever been. My sister's melancholy disturbed me, but my brother was sure that it would soon pass. I made a visit to the "Old Place" — older and more dilapidated than ever. Uncle Ephraim was becoming feebler, and Aunt Martha was almost bedridden. Jane, her adopted mulatto daughter, with a child still fairer than she, was a dutiful attendant on them. But this family group, it was plain, could not hold together much longer. Uncle Ephraim's only son, "Doc," was a source of trouble to the old man. He had always been "a bad nigger." Most of his life, since he had grown up, had been spent in the city near by, or in some other city. His habits were bad, and the old man had several times, in his rigid righteousness, driven him from home. "Doc" had now come back again, after a long absence. "I'se j'in'd de church," he told his old mother; but he was a lazy member of the household. His chief occupation was in caring for the quail dogs that Tom Warren and other sportsmen in the city kept at Uncle Ephraim's. Whenever they came out for a day's shooting Doc was made richer by a few dollars, and he felt that he had again had a glimpse of the sporting world.

A still stronger reason for Doc's long stay at home was Jane's presence there. He assured her that his one aim in life, now that he had become pious, was to marry her and to settle down to happy domesticity. But Doc was not to her liking; and, as often as he made advances, she made a quarrel. Aunt Martha confided these family secrets to me, as she felt bound to do (good old soul), and she got some relief from her troubles by telling them. She had tried to persuade Jane to believe Doc and his promises of good behavior; but, even if she might have had a chance to succeed, Uncle Ephraim took it away by his stern unbelief in Doc's reformation. The old man tolerated him "on trial," with little hope.

On the day when I went to the Old Place to see the old man, and in a mood to recall my grandfather the more vividly and to live over the last interview I had had with him, I found that Doc had been gone from home for a week; the old couple were much worried. Aunt Martha had tried to persuade Uncle Ephraim to send some one to the city to see if Doc could be found, — she meant in barrooms of "Egypt," though she did not say so. But the old man was resolute.

A heavy rain came on, which fell harder as night approached. I had not talked with Uncle Ephraim about the old times as I had meant to talk; and I decided to stay all night. The parlor in the "new house" (it was now about seventy years old) had never been occupied since my grandfather died. It was there that his coffin had rested, and the old negro couple regarded it as a sacred place. They had put a bed in the room, with the expectation that some of the white folks might at some time use it. The house did not yet belong to Uncle Ephraim, but to my aunt. Nobody wanted it, and nobody would buy it. The old servants felt that they were keeping it in trust for the white folks. Since it was a wet night, with a late summer coolness, a fire was kindled in the "parlor." Aunt Martha and Jane had served my supper there, had had their own supper in their kitchen as usual, and the old couple and I were seated about the fire, talking of old times. Jane was in the kitchen.

A smothered cry for help came through the damp air. We found Jane lying on the kitchen floor, blood streaming from her face. She had been hit on the head

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and face with a heavy, rough stick, or something like it, and there was a great gash on her cheek and chin. She soon recovered from the effect of the blows, and the wound in her face was more bloody than dangerous. All that she would say was, "It was him, — Doc." But Doc was never seen again at the Old Place. The next day he was arrested in the city for a drunken fight. Then he disappeared forever.

I was about to start on my next oratorical educational visitations when a surprising thing happened. The old professor of history at the state university had died during the summer, and the executive committee of the Board of Trustees elected me to fill the place. This was a dignified appointment; and, since I had chosen — or drifted into — an educational career, there was every reason why I should be pleased. But the pleasure that it gave me was not keen. I could not help feeling regret that I was not to spend another year among the country-folk. I had become fond of my missionary work. In spite of the apparent hopelessness of the task of arousing them, I had come to have an increasing faith in their ultimate awakening.

A man never sincerely and humbly came close to the people in our democracy without acquiring high hope in them. At first many things discomfort him. They are rough. They are stiff. They are silent. They are immovable, stupid, — a mere mass. Dead men's hands rest on them. But, at last, gradually, and in strange and unexpected ways, hopeful and even beautiful traits show themselves. You see the young mate. You see the old die. You find the same joys and sorrows that other folk feel. Your area of kinship with them widens. They had suffered an arrested development, — that was all. They were cut off from the world, not by untraveled distances only, but by the untraveled thought that slavery had imposed.

To go among them was to go into a neglected, far-off woodland, where the undergrowth is dense. You can hardly make your way. Wretched, stunted, and twisted forms shut out sunlight that would have made many beautiful things grow. Fallen trees have deflected growing ones. All the cruelties of untamed nature have had full play. But after a while you see what could be made of such a lowland forest by even a little culture and a little care; and you plan many an enticing task in bringing it to orderliness and health. If I have learned toleration, charity, patience, I learned them in this human low ground of tangled growths; and his life in it made Professor Billy the most hopeful and inspiring personality that I have ever known, a helpful and cheerful brother to all that is human.

But my missionary work could at best last only a year longer, and it was an unorganized sort of work. Nobody could think of it as a career. The chair of history at the university was a place of permanent usefulness; and, of course, I accepted it, — all the more willingly because it was, I believe, at that time the only chair of history in any Southern college. Southern lads who could read some Latin and a little Greek knew nothing accurately about the history even of their own country. Already, too, legend and odd distortions of facts were firmly fixed, even in the minds of educated men, about many important political events in our own history.

I set about my work with pride and eagerness. At the very start I had one unexpected adventure. The religious sects saw to it, in those years, that the faculty of the university was evenly "balanced" among them. The Methodists must be represented, but they must not have more professors than the Baptists, or the Episcopalians; and so on. I was supposed to represent the Methodists. When I discovered this expectation, I thought of resigning; but the good president told me that all would be well if I maintained a decorous silence. "Go to the Methodist church once in a while,"

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said he. "It is enough that you come of a Methodist family, if you will be discreet."

I did not like this seeming to be what I was not. But my associates ridiculed my state of mind. "These old tyrannies are passing, — are already passed, if we are silent," they said. "In a few years we shall have no more of them. Do not rudely disturb a dying notion, — that's all you need do."

What an eager, raw, almost aboriginal life I found among the students! They had the same patriotic ambitions that I had had at college, but less well expressed, less well organized. There was a quality of arrogance in them very like that which I had come to know at the Graham School. The sons of gentlemen of distinction assumed that they were patriotism incarnate. The raw youths who came from the rural counties on free scholarships had to adjust themselves to this arrogance. And yet it was a pretty good democracy, for youth is naturally democratic. I thought that I saw in these boys the hope of the future. All Professor Billy's articles of faith applied to them, except that they would be the fathers, instead of the mothers, of families.

The year went well. Two of my associates were men at once of learning and of good companionship, — except that they had a tinge of despair. They had been trained in Germany, and they had acquired intellectual habits that were not congenial to their present surroundings. They locked up out of sight some of their books. They assumed an air of conformity that was a sham. They had an academic maladjustment to the life about them, and they were afraid; and a man who is afraid is never quite honest. I used to laugh at their fears; for I had never had a thought of tempering my conduct or my teaching to any shorn lamb. Nor did I. I had the satisfaction, too, of seeing every youth in my classes welcome the truth, even when it knocked the props from errors that he had harbored.

But the end of the academic year brought a greater surprise then the beginning. The trustees were in session, in full board, during the Commencement week. It was a large body of distinguished Colonels and men of prominence, — one from every senatorial election district. Their meetings were usually perfunctory. But this year, it turned out, they really had something to do.

My old friend, Colonel Stover, was a member of the board, and he was there. His friend, Judge Thorne, also was present. Judge Thorne had retired from the bench, — that is, he had not been reëlected, — and he had given his time to compiling a so-called history of the state's troops in the Civil War. His compilation — chiefly of the rolls of regiments, interspersed with fulsome praise of their commanders — had been printed at the public expense; but I dare say that not a man in the state had read it. Everybody had praised it and — forgotten it. But the judge had nevertheless come into a flattering reputation as an historian.

It was he who arose in the midst of the session and moved that the board proceed to the election of a professor of history. The good president of the university suddenly recalled — he had not before thought of it — that I had been elected by the executive committee "pending the meeting of the full board." He arose and spoke most heartily of me and of my work, and nominated me for the place.

Then it was that Judge Thorne arose and nominated a broken-down old Methodist preacher who had helped him in his compilations. "A man of learning and of patriotism," he called him, "who reads our own history as it was enacted by our own heroes." In the judge's mind, "history" meant only the Confederate narrative of the Civil War; and the board was reminded by him of a fact that had been forgotten, — that, when the chair of history was established, the purpose of the board was "to teach our sons the heroism of their fathers." I had used textbooks written "in the North." In fact, I had

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been trained in the North. I taught "our sons" as the sons of the enemy were taught. And there were other objections to me.

After fulsome general compliments to my family, and even to myself "as an individual," Colonel Stover felt impelled by a high sense of public duty to explain certain unfortunate facts. Then followed the same arraignment that the colonel had once before made. He was "very reluctant to speak on the subject at all," and he could speak only "in the confidence of this board," for he would not do the young man a personal injury. Yet "our institutions and traditions must be preserved."

I must record in gratitude, that the president fought bravely for me, and for free teaching as well. He, too, was a Confederate hero, but he was made of good stuff, — a man every inch of him. But he could not win. The colonels and the judges elected the old preacher, and I was again — dismissed, by the simple device of failing of election.

It was nearly midnight. My rooms were in a little detached stone house near the university yard. A dozen of my students were gathered there to tell me good-by, and two of them — great mountain giants they were — were inviting me to a mountain trip with them during the summer. The president came in. His troubled countenance took a pleasant look for a moment from the company about him. But in a moment more the boys withdrew; and then he told me all that had happened. "There is nothing to do," said he — "nothing to say. I am broken-hearted; and, if I were younger, I should be tempted to resign and to go away." Tears gathered in his eyes, he grasped my hand warmly, and almost leaped out of the door.

It was midnight, and I was alone. A yell of joy broke now and then from some student's throat, as he ran across the yard, or a song rose from a group of them who were walking home from some student gathering, this last night of their year. These noises added only to my loneliness. I, too, walked out. The moonlight cast great shadows of the oaks across the road. In an hour my pleasantly planned career had been ended.

I summed up my sorrows that night, — a foolish performance, but a natural one. My old grandfather was gone; that was in the course of nature. But my father had been murdered in his prime; my mother was dead too early, doubtless from her cares during the first years of her widowhood; my sister had missed her happiness, — I would now see what could restore her cheerfulness; perhaps we might travel, she and I; — my cousin Margaret suggested a tender recollection, now only a recollection, for we had gone far apart; even old Ephraim would not last long. The only steadfast things on my horizon were my brother and Professor Billy. They were the only wise men that I had known, after all.

As I was trying to fall asleep, it occurred to me that all these misfortunes had had a common cause; and that cause was visible in the negro. It was his presence that had brought war, stagnation, perversion. And yet the poor negro was himself innocent. It was slavery — a long time after, and in a way that could not have been foreseen or foretold — that had caused my father's murder, my mother's premature death, my cousin's estrangement.

"I will leave it all," — that was my last thought when I fell asleep, as the first shafts of daylight struck my window. Yet I knew when I spoke this resolve that it was a cowardly one. When I awoke, I said, "No, I will remain and fight." How and when I could not foresee. But the day turned my discouragement into resolution.

(*To be continued.*)

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FATHER TAYLOR

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

[This paper shows some evidence of having been a part of a lecture called "The Poet," given by Mr. Emerson in a course called *The Times*, in 1841. A part of it was also used by him in a lecture on Eloquence, in 1867, most of which is found in the volume *Letters and Social Aims*. The sheets relating to Father Taylor — although a double system of numbering shows that they were used in two lectures — were found apart, as if used for a parlor-lecture, with the title "Improvisation — Rev. Edward Taylor."

The story of this renowned preacher's life and labors has been well told by Bishop Haven and Judge Russell in their memorial volume, *Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher*, yet for the benefit of readers of a new generation a short sketch may not be out of place here.

Edward Thomson Taylor, a Virginian of humble parentage, was born near Richmond in 1793. He ran away at the age of seven years and followed the sea until, a privateersman on the Black Hawk, he was captured and held for a long time in British prisons. Shortly before his capture, while in the port of Boston, he strayed into the Bromfield Street Methodist Chapel and experienced conversion. In the prison at Halifax his comrades begged him to pray and preach for them in place of the English chaplain, and he thus found his calling for life. On regaining his freedom he became a peddler, approbated to preach as he traveled. Then for a short time he was a farmer in Saugus; but, filled with zeal for saving souls, and conscious of his power in prayer and preaching, — though at that time he could hardly read, — he became an itinerant preacher. His earnestness and power drew great companies to hear him in the circuits along the coasts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In 1828, some members of the Methodist Church in Boston strove to organize a society for the moral and religious elevation of seamen. This led to the formation of the Boston Port Society, which established a little Seaman's Bethel, and called the young privateersman-preacher to labor for this neglected class. The funds to lease the chapel could not be raised in Boston, but the young pastor went South to plead for it and returned with the money. The Society was non-sectarian from the first.

In 1832 the merchants of Boston were aroused to help the seamen, and adopted the Boston Port Society and built the Seamen's Bethel in North Square, and, soon after, the Suffolk Savings Bank was established in their aid, and also the Mariners' House.

Until the time of Father Taylor's resignation in 1868, three years before his death, the Bethel was the scene of his earnest labor and brilliant success. His loved seamen were the main object of his work, but among the crowds that filled his church were many of the best hearts and heads of Massachusetts in that day. Though a Methodist to the core, his faith was broad enough to accept good and earnest men of other beliefs than his own. The Unitarians were among his chief helpers. Mr. Emerson and he were friends from the days when the younger minister had invited him to preach in his pulpit, close by in Hanover Street; and later, when Unitarians looked askance at him, Father Taylor was his guest when he came to preach in Concord.

Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney relates that Father Taylor once said to Governor Andrew, "Mr. Emerson is one of the sweetest creatures God ever made: there is a screw loose somewhere in the machinery, yet I cannot tell where it is, for I never heard it jar. He must go to heaven when he dies, for if he went to hell the devil would not know what to do with him. But he knows no more of the religion of the New Testament than Balaam's ass did of the principles of Hebrew Grammar." — EDWARD W. EMERSON.]

I DO not know whether any of my audience have known Father Taylor, — but this genius appeared thirty years ago in the humble church, the "Seaman's Bethel" in Boston, a man in every way remarkable, — capable of doing wonders among the neglected class to which he was devoted, — and soon awaked wonder and joy in hearers of every class, — perhaps most in the most intelligent minds.

He preached in Concord in our old

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church in June, 1841, and I then noted how men are always interested in a man, and all the various extremes of our little village society were for once brought together in the church. Black and white, grocer, contractor, lumberman, Methodist, and preacher, joined with the permanent congregation in rare union. Nobody but Webster assembles the same extremes. The speaker instantly shows the reason, in the breadth of his social genius. He is mighty Nature's child, another Robert Burns, trusting entirely to her power, as he has never been deceived by it, and arriving unexpectedly every moment at new and happiest deliverances. How joyfully and manly he spreads himself abroad!

Obviously, he is one of the class of superior men, and every one associates him necessarily with Webster, and, if Fox and Burke were alive, with Fox and Burke. And yet I must say that, judged by any theologic rule and standard, his preaching is a Punch and Judy affair, the preaching quite accidental, and ludicrously copied and caricatured from the old style, as he probably found it in some New Jersey or Connecticut vestries. As well as he can he mimics and exaggerates the parade of method and logic, of text and argument: but after much threatening to exterminate all gainsayers by his syllogisms, and a punctilious and emphatic enumeration of the division of his points, he seldom remembers any of the divisions of his plan after the first, and the slips and gulfs of his logic would involve him in quick confusion, if it were not for the inexhaustible wit by which he dazzles and destroys memory, and conciliates and carries captive the dullest and the keenest hearer.

He is not expert in books, has not read Calvin or Leclerc or Eichhorn, but he is perfectly sure in his generous humanity. He says touching things, plain things, cogent things, grand things, which all men must perforce hear. He says them with hand and head and body and voice; the accompaniment is total, and ever varied. "I am half a hundred years old, and I have never seen an unfortunate day. I have been in all the four quarters of the world, and I never saw any men I could not love. We have sweet conferences and prayer-meetings; we meet every day. There are not hours enough in the day, not days enough in the year for us."

He was about embarking for Europe: he said, "To be sure, I am sorry to leave my own babes, but He who takes care for every whale, and can give him a ton of herrings for a breakfast, will find food for my babes." What affluence! There never was such activity of fancy. How wilful and despotic is his rhetoric! misusing figures, yet bettering them. "No," said he, of virtue, "not the blaze of Diogenes' lamp, added to the noonday sun, would suffice to find it." Everything dances and disappears, — changes, becomes its contrary, — in his sculpturing hands. How he played with the word *Lost* yesterday! The parent had lost his child. *Lost* became found in the twinkling of an eye. So will it always be.

[Mr. Emerson here introduced the following notes from his journal].

Father Taylor in the afternoon "wishing his sons a happy new year," "praying God for his servants of the brine, to favor commerce, to bless the bleached sail, the white foam, and through commerce to Christianize the Universe." "May every deck," he said, "be stamped by the hallowed feet of godly captains, and the first watch and the second watch be watchful for the Divine Light." He thanked God he had not been in Heaven for the last twenty-five years, then indeed he had been a dwarf in grace, but now he had his redeemed souls around him. And so he went on, — this poet of the sailor and of Ann Street, — fusing all the rude hearts of his auditory with the heat of his own love, and making the abstractions of the philosophers accessible and effectual to them also. He is a fine study to the metaphysician or the life philosopher. He is profuse of himself, he never remembers

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the looking-glass. They are foolish who fear that notice will spoil him. They never made him, and such as they cannot unmake him. He is a real man of strong nature, and noblest, richest lines on his countenance. He is a work of the same hand that made Demosthenes, Shakespeare, and Burns, and is guided by instincts diviner than rules. His whole discourse is a string of audacious felicities harmonized by a spirit of joyful love. Everybody is cheered and exalted by him. He is a living man, and explains at once what Whitfield and Fox and Father Moody were to their audiences, by the total infusion of his own soul into his assembly, and consequent absolute dominion over them. How puny, how cowardly, other preachers look by the side of this preaching! He shows us what a man can do. As I sat last Sunday in my country pew, I thought this Sunday I would see two living chapels, Swedenborg's and the Seamen's; and I was not deceived.

Sept. 1835. Edward Taylor came to see us. Dr. Ripley showed him the battlefield. "Why put the monument on this bank?" he asked. "You must write on it, 'Here is the place where the Yankees made the British show the back seam of their stockings.'" He said he had been fishing at Groton, "and the fishes were as snappish as the people, so that he looked to see if the scales were not turned wrong side out, etc."

Nov. 1836. Edward Taylor is a noble work of the Divine cunning, suggesting the wealth of Nature. If he were not so strong I should call him lovely. What cheerfulness in his genius and what consciousness of strength! "My voice is thunder," he said, in telling me how well he was. And what teeth, and eyes, and brow, and aspect! I study him as a jaguar, or an Indian, for his untamed physical perfections. He is a work, a man, not to be predicted, his vision poetic and pathetic, sight of love unequalled. How can he transform all those whiskered, shaggy, untrim tarpaulins into sons of light and hope, by seeing the man within the sailor, seeing them to be sons, lovers, brothers, husbands?

But hopeless it is to make him that he is not; to try to bring him to account to you or to himself for aught of his inspiration. A creature of instinct, his colors are all opaline and dove's-neck-lustres, and can only be seen from a distance. If you see the *ignis-fatuus* in a swamp, and go to the place, the light vanishes; if you retire to the spot whereon you stood, it reappears. So with Taylor's muse. It is a panorama of images from all nature and art whereon the sun and stars shine, — but go up to it, and nothing is there. His instinct, unconscious instinct, is the nucleus or point of view, and this defies science and eludes it.

1849. F. went to Father Taylor's prayer-meeting, and an old salt told his experiences, and how intemperate he had been for many years, "but now, dear brothers, Jesus Christ is my grog-shop." Father Taylor hereupon recommended to his brethren to "be short," and "sit down when they had done."

1863. "You tell me a great deal of what the devil does, and what power he has: when did you hear from Christ last?" he asked of some Calvinist friends.

In his volley of epithets he called God "a charming Spirit." He spoke of men who "sin with ingenuity, sin with genius, sin with all the power they can draw." But you feel this inspiration, and he marches into the untried depths with the security of a grenadier. He will weep and grieve and pray and chide in a tempest of passionate speech, and never break the perfect propriety with a single false note, and, when all is done, you still ask, or I do, "what's Hecuba to him?" Indeed, a fancy of such preternatural activity — a fancy which is a living picture-gallery in perpetual movement — can hardly permit much confinement to facts; and I think all his talk with men of business, which he repeats, all his much visiting and planning for what is practical in his Mariners' House, etc., etc. cannot

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amount to much. I think his guardians and overseers and treasurers must think pretty stubbornly for themselves. Not the smallest dependence is to be put on his statement of facts. Arithmetic is only one of the nimble troop of dancers he keeps. No, this free happy expression of himself, and of the deeps of human nature, and of the sunny facts of life, of things lying massed and grouped in healthy nature, — that is his power, and his teacher. His security breathes in his manners, gestures, tones, and the expressions of his face; he lies all open to men, a man, — and disarms criticism and malignity by perfect frankness. We open our arms, too, and with half-closed eyes enjoy this sunshine. A wondrous beauty swims over the panorama and touches points with an ineffable lustre.

Everything is accidental to him, his place, his education, his church, his seamen, his whole system of religion, a mere confused dust-heap of refuse and leavings of former generations. All has a comic absurdity, *except* the sentiment of the man. He is incapable of accurate thought: he cannot analyze or discriminate: he is a singing, dancing drunkard of his wit. Only he is sure of his sentiment. That is his mother's milk; and that he feels in his bones; that heaves in his lungs, throbs in his heart, walks in his feet, and gladly he yields to the sweet magnetism, and sheds it abroad on the people, in his power. Hence, he is an example — I thought, at that moment, the single example — of an inspiration: for a wisdom not his own, not to be appropriated by him, which he could not recall or even apply, sailed to him on the gale of this sympathetic communication with his auditory. There is his closet, his college, his confessional. He disclosed his secrets there, and received informations there, which his conversation with thousands of men, and his voyages to Egypt, and his journeys in Germany and in Syria, never taught him. His whole work is a sort of day's sailing out upon the sea, not to any voyage, but to take an observation of the sun, and come back again. Again and again, we have the whole wide horizon, — how rare a pleasure! That is the picture, the music, that he makes. His whole genius is in minstrelsy. He calls it religion, Methodism, Christianity, and other names. It is minstrelsy: he is a minstrel. All the rest is costume. For himself, he is no ascetic, no fanatic, in other fortunes might have been a genial companion, perhaps an admirable tragedian, at all events, though apparently of a moderate temperament, he would like the old cocks of the bar room a thousand times better than their austere monitors.

I said of Father Taylor that, if, with that abounding imagination of his, he had only known how to control it, he would have been the greatest of orators. As it is, he is its victim. Every one of this crowd of images that rush before his eyes leads him away from his point, until he quite forgets what he was to prove. What an eloquence he suggests! Ah! could he only guide those grand sea-horses of his with which he rides and caracoles on the waves of the sunny ocean of his thought! But no: he sits and is drawn up and down the ocean-currents by the strong sea-monsters, only on that condition, that he shall not guide.

He is a man with no *proprium* or *peculium*, but all social. Leave him alone, and there is no man, there is no substance, but a relation. His power is a certain mania or low inspiration that repeats for us the tripod and possession of the ancients. I think every hearer feels that something like it were possible to himself, if he could consent to a certain abandonment. One might say, he has sold his mind for his soul (using soul in a semi-animal sense, including animal spirits). Art could not compass this fluency and felicity. His sovereign security results from a certain renunciation and abandonment. He runs for luck, and by readiness to say everything, good and bad, says the best things. Then a new will and understanding organize themselves in this new sphere of no-will and no-under-

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standing, and, as fishermen use a certain discretion within their luck, to find a good fishing ground, or berrywomen to gather quantities of blueberries, so he knows his topics and unwritten briefs, and where the profusion of words and images will likeliest recur.

All of us who have lived on the sea-coast, and who are old enough, have probably heard this grand improvisator, this excellent man, and enjoyed the wealth of his genius and virtues. It is no disparagement to his admirable gifts to say that the ideal orator must have somewhat more. Could we add to this marvellous richness of fancy, to this high and tender humanity, a stern control, — a wider perception of truth, that should use all these fine faculties as instruments, *it* always the master, not the victim of its own powers, — then we have the consummate orator. Such was Demosthenes, a power in the state and in history. Such was Burke; such, in our own times, not to name many too partial examples, was Kossuth.

THEOCRITUS ON AGRADINA

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THE spacious cities hummed with toil:
The monarch reared his towers to the skies;
Men delved the fruitful soil
And studied to be wise.
Along the highway's rocky coil
The mailèd legions rang;
Smiling unheeded mid the moil
The Poet sang.

The glittering cities long are heaps;
The starry towers lie level with the plain;
The desert serpent sleeps
Where soared the marble fane.
The stealthy, bead-eyed lizard creeps
Where gleamed the Tyrant's throne;
That grandeur dark Oblivion steeps,
The song sings on.

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THE YEAR IN FRANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

THE political year in France is marked off, not by the change from President Loubet to President Fallières in February, but by the renewal of the Chamber of Deputies, the predominant house of Parliament, in the May elections. The Constitution of the French Republic provides it with a chief magistrate who follows and must not lead. The internal state of the country, the political temper of the people, the projects of social reform, are counted to the Parliament which has come to an end.

The main interest, both at home and abroad, has been excited by the change in the relations between the republic and the Roman Catholic Church. The inevitable future in the Republic's dealings with its Socialist workmen is more important. The exterior status of the nation has been settled, for the time being, by diplomacy and alliances under outside pressure such as the Third Republic had not yet undergone; it is the story of the Conference at Algeciras.

Apart from the political situation, the French people has kept to a dead level of unbroken prosperity, without any notably great man or work or deed in science, letters and art, commerce and industry, and society, to distinguish this from other recent years. In international finance alone a state of things peculiar to French property-holders has been made evident, going far to lift France to her old leading place among the nations of the world.

President Loubet ended his seven years' term of office in comparative popularity, contrasting with the popular odium of the Dreyfus Affair in which he began. He never drew forth the noisy welcome of the Paris crowd, as his predecessor, Félix Faure, had done; but this was perhaps a matter of physical impressiveness, as Lowell noted in the case of Daniel Webster. By the Constitution, and, for the most part, in the popular idea, President Loubet was not "responsible" for the obnoxious measures of ministers whom Parliament kept in power. On the other hand, his unvarying simplicity and good-nature, and his absolute punctuality in all the parade duties of his office, won for him the respect of all classes. He was seated beside the young King of Spain, returning from the Théâtre Français, on the night of May 31, 1905, when an anarchist bomb fell within a few inches of the carriage. The coolness of King and President excited general enthusiasm; the bomb-thrower escaped and was never discovered. In October the President returned the King's visit in Madrid, and went on to Lisbon, the King of Portugal making a return visit in Paris in November. This closed the sovereign pomps which gave note to the presidency of a lifelong republican. They began with tremendous popular demonstrations on the occasion of official visits of the Tsar and the Kings of England and Italy. The people took them as the consecration of international alliances, showing that France is not alone in the world. They have also been a sign and an effective agent of a continuous development of France as a cosmopolitan pleasure-ground,—a factor too often neglected in the estimate of her actual position in the world.

In his exercise of the presidential office M. Loubet followed with admirable scrupulousness that interpretation of the scant constitution of the French Republic for which he had voted in the beginning of his political career. It is contained in the order of the day presented by Gambetta and voted unanimously by the members

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of Parliament of the Republican left, May 17, 1877, in the heat of their conflict with President MacMahon: "The preponderance of the power of Parliament exercised by ministers responsible to Parliament is the first condition of that government of the country by the country which it is the aim of our constitutional laws to establish."

This interpretation was said to be at issue in the election of a successor to President Loubet. The election of president of the republic is not left to universal suffrage; it is the result of a majority vote of the two houses of Parliament sitting as one national assembly. The choice, therefore, is limited to parliamentary rivals.

The unsuccessful candidate, M. Doumer, brought with him the reputation of having will and ideas of his own and readiness to use office to enforce them. M. Fallières was taken as a guarantee that there would be no attempt at personal government on the part of the President, and no conflict with a parliamentary majority during his term of office. It should be said that the public career of M. Fallières, in the routine of French politics, made him a peculiarly fit candidate for the presidency of the Republic. Like M. Loubet, he had been a member of Parliament since 1876, — the first year of the adoption of the republican constitution, — he had been in eight ministries, once even for a short time as prime minister, and he succeeded M. Loubet as president of the Senate when the latter was named President of the Republic. On the contrary, the election of M. Doumer to the presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, in January, 1905, was the beginning of the downfall of the Combes administration, and a blow to the extreme Radical Socialists who were in control of the majority; and, as candidate for the presidency of the Republic, M. Doumer was notoriously pushed by "dissidents" from the Radical Socialist *Bloc* and dissatisfied members of the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet.

It is not idle to insist on this floating backward and forward among French Radicals, as the problems of the coming Parliament are likely to force them to decide whether they are finally to recede toward the Moderates and French property-holders or to take the plunge toward Collectivism. The strange inversion of political rôles is shown by the fact that M. Fallières, a *bourgeois* at one remove from the peasantry and a persistent member of ministries "concentrated" from Moderates and Radicals, should represent the exclusive and ostracizing Radical Socialist *Bloc;* and that M. Doumer, the self-educated trade-workman and member of the first purely Radical ministry of the republic (with Léon Bourgeois, 1895), and the chief originator of the Income Tax project, so obnoxious to property-holders, should suffer defeat as a suspected leader of the Radicals back toward the *bourgeois* Moderates and away from the Socialists.

The decision of the majority of Senate and Deputies has now been ratified (May, 1906) by a majority of the voters in a majority of the electoral districts of France, in their choice of members of the new Parliament; and this is as near as the system of voting adopted in France can come to that which Gambetta recognized as "the decision of the master of us all, — universal suffrage." It is the adoption by a majority of the French citizens who care to vote (there are abstentions of more than twenty per cent) of another of his formulas as the fundamental constitution of the Republic, — "Parliamentary omnipotence."

The further acceptance by the French people of its representatives in Parliament as holding proxies in blank for their constituents seems also to have been consecrated by the late elections. In 1902 only 120 of the 591 deputies elected had expressed themselves in their party platforms as favorable to the immediate separation of Church and State, — "the most important, the gravest, the most delicate of all the reforms realized in thirty-five

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years," as described by M. Thomson, Minister of Marine. Now the deputies who, at the end of a session of the legislature, took it on themselves to run through so radical a reform have been reëlected.

In the United States questions of this gravity have never been left to the ordinary legislative bodies, but belong evidently to the constitution-making power; that is, they require an appeal to the people itself. This would have been still more necessary, as the new French law withdraws the right of trial by jury from the clergy in certain criminal prosecutions, just as the previous Religious Associations laws, after suppressing Catholic schools and communities, and declaring the reversion of their property to the State, exclude their former members from certain ordinary rights of citizens, such as the keeping of schools and teaching. For us such rights undoubtedly fall among those "retained by the people," and "not delegated to the United States by the Constitution," as explicitly stated in the Articles of Amendment adopted immediately after the Constitution itself (I, VI, IX, X); and the same is true of the separate state constitutions. But such is the transmitted prejudice against Roman Catholics whenever there is talk of political liberty, that these considerations have weighed little with the English, and even with a large portion of the American, liberal press in its general approbation of a law professing to "separate" Church and State in France. Some of the principles at stake come up again in connection with the present violent lurch of the Republic toward Collectivism, where their application may not seem so anodyne.

For the present, in fairness to French parliamentary action, it must be remembered that the two republics exist under fundamentally different régimes. The United States may be called a "limited representative government," whose governmental power, both legislative and executive, is limited by constitutions interposed not only between minorities and the majority of voters, but even between the whole of the citizens and the representatives whom they have themselves elected. The French Republic, developing in accordance with the logical and routine temper of the people from the initial principle enforced by Gambetta, is approximating to absolute government by a majority of members of Parliament, whose power to legislate is practically unlimited by a constitution, save only in matters concerning the form of government. The exercise of the legislative and executive powers is unchecked by any independent judiciary; the executive administration judges without appeal the complaints of citizens concerning its own measures, and it is responsible exclusively to the parliamentary majority that creates it. The possibility of change in the majority of deputies every four years by new elections, or in the meantime by the floating of groups and the incessant criticism of a free and intensely personal press, hardly seems sufficient to bring the French Republic within the American ideal of *constitutional* government. On the other hand, the American system of leaving whole regions of human activity — religion, the spontaneous association of citizens, education in great part, and family relations almost altogether — without state control seems to Frenchmen a lack of government bordering on anarchy.

The inherited use of such words as "State," "political liberty," and the like, also differs widely, so that it is not easy for the citizens of the two republics to know when they understand each other. Among our late visitors M. Paul Strauss, a French senator and an authority on Paris municipal philanthropy, is struck with admiring wonder at the "delegation" of its powers made by the city of New York to private associations and institutions of charity. Professor Langlois of the Sorbonne blames the American habit of young men working their way through college, as a piece of "university pauperism," to be remedied by the "State" as our civilization becomes completer. In the debates on the Separation

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Law all parties seemed to confound religious liberty, or the freedom of citizens from interference with their religion on the part of government, with religious toleration, which supposes that the State has the right to tolerate or not to tolerate the religions of its citizens, even when their practices violate no common law. American constitutions simply remove the whole question from the law-making power (Amendment I); and American writers who use the term "religious toleration" in connection with our government cannot be alive to the meaning attached to it in countries of other traditions. It should also be noted that the formula "separation of Church and State" answers to no existing reality in the United States, while its meaning in England, where an "established" church exists, must be different from the operation which has been carried out in France, with merely subsidized churches.

In the language used by M. Ferdinand Buisson, one of the deputies who has most influenced the teaching and religious policy of the French Republic, the "liberty" which it is the duty of the State to safeguard for its citizens seems to comprise the "emancipation of the mind" from everything which is not in accordance with science, and primarily from superstition, in which he obviously comprises belief in revealed or supernatural religion: such superstition may be tolerated by the State in adults (religious liberty?); but emancipating from it is consistent with the neutrality of the State in education, the "State" being an emancipator by rights. Indeed, the right of the parent to control the education of the child is commonly denied by Radicals and Socialists, as being based on "the confusion of the liberty of professing any doctrine, which is the absolute right of adults, with the office of teaching the young, which is in no wise an individual right, but a delegation of the State's sovereignty."[1] The State is also called the natural protector of the child's right to freedom of thought as against its parents.

To those who are willing to pass over as unimportant such an evolution of the idea of liberty under a democracy on the ground that it constrains chiefly Roman Catholics, who are only getting now as good as they gave in past centuries, it is worth remarking that the idea will also govern the French democracy in its inevitable struggle toward the socialist ideal. After the church debates a first skirmish took place, during the last session of Parliament, in the effort to combine, by force of law, the proposed workmen's pensions from the State with the existing benefits from spontaneous friendly societies (December 12, 1905). The situation of such societies had already furnished Abbé Lemire, a priest-deputy elected by workmen, with an argument that separation of Church and State except in name is impossible in France. "We have, in fact, in our country a singular idea of the office of the State. It seems that nothing can be done without the State taking part in it; even the mutual aid societies, after demanding and obtaining their liberty, turned back to the State and asked for subsidies." This idea of the omnipresent State, inherited from centuries of absolute government, is accompanied, in minds which have swallowed *en bloc* the revolutions of a century, by a deeper principle, openly avowed by Mazzini: liberty, where a social ideal is to be realized, is a means; when it does not work toward the end, it is dispensed with.

Such examples of the French political mind may help to the understanding of a year which has profoundly modified, whatever may be the event, the entire social constitution of the people. The religious troubles, even if they should fulfill the worst predictions of those opposed to the Republic, have for most Americans little more than historical interest. It is not the same with the swift, sure, almost physical onrush of French democracy toward socialism.

[1] Note of M. Jules Thomas, University professor, to last edition of Renouvier's *Manuel Républicain de l' Homme et du Citoyen*, p. 146.

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The "separation of the churches and the State" (the French formula refers to the four religions hitherto subsidized by the State, — Catholic, Lutheran, Reformed or Calvinist, and Jewish) was taken over by Prime Minister Rouvier from his predecessor, M. Combes; and M. Rouvier remained chief of the executive power long enough to see the project become law and to fall on its first application.[1] The parliamentary discussion lasted in the Chamber of Deputies from the presenting of the Committee report on the 4th of March to the voting of the bill as amended July 3, at eleven o'clock at night; and in the Senate from November 10 to the 5th of December, the official date of the law as finally promulgated.

From a very average level of debate and oratory, as compared with the historic days of the French Parliament, only one debater of power arose, in the person of a Socialist deputy, M. Aristide Briand, who drew up the committee report; and in the administration which took the place of the Rouvier government he was charged, as Minister of Public Worship, with the application of the law. The project was essentially modified during the debates, but M. Briand as official reporter and defender of the law showed a sincere desire to make it possible for Catholics to accept the situation which was being forced on them without their counsel or consent. At the same time he, and his party still more, disclosed a lack of personal acquaintance with the minds and habits of Catholics who practice their religion, which goes far to explain the unexpected troubles arising in the application of the law.

The question of the Concordat was considered settled before the Separation Law came up. It had been supposed to be a bilateral contract between the French State and the Pope, but the Combes government had broken off all communication or possibility of negotiation with the other party. The French clergy were consulted neither on the breaking off of the Concordat nor on the proposed new status of their Church; and the few Catholic members of the parliamentary committee were in a hopeless minority, besides being of doubtful competence. In the parliamentary majority which finally voted the law there was, of course, not one Catholic member. All this has to be taken into account in any appreciation of the working of the Separation Law. On the 28th of March the five French cardinals, who were without official competence before Parliament, presented the complaints of Catholics in a platonic letter addressed to the President of the Republic, whom the Constitution left equally incompetent in the matter.

The first complaint against the proposed law expresses what has now become the chief grievance in its application. "Not only liberty is not granted to Catholics, but there is imposed on them a new organization which is in formal contradiction with the principles of the Catholic religion."

The denial of liberty refers to the restriction of church work to a minimum of public worship and to the minute police supervision of the utterances and actions of the clergy, without defense before a jury, and of the parish accounts, extending to a yearly auditing of the books by state officials. To this first complaint M. Camille Pelletan of the Combes Ministry has replied with a summary definition of religious liberty like a lapidary inscription. "What do the Catholics want, anyway? Are they not *free to perform all the ceremonies of their religion?*"

The "new organization" of churches refers to the *associations cultuelles* (public worship associations) in the hands of lay trustees, which are to take the place of the old parochial organization within the year, under penalty of loss of church buildings and property to the State. These associations are to be without power to

[1] January 25, 1905 – March 7, 1906: for the beginnings of the Rouvier administration see Mr. Sanborn's article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1905.

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receive legacies or to amass property, nor can they occupy themselves with schools or charities or other religious works or propaganda of any kind outside of church and cemetery. Associations for such particular purposes may indeed be formed under the Associations Laws, but these also exclude the convents and religious orders which form so essential a part of the Catholic Church, where it exists freely, as in the United States. In their literal application it should seem that these laws would present obstacles to the free propaganda even of the McAll, Salvation Army, and other Protestant missions in France. With Catholics the troubles feared are like those which occurred in certain of our states on the application of the trustee system, when parishes sided with an insubordinate priest against the bishop. M. Briand protested against any intention of trying to weaken the Catholic Church by favoring such local schisms, and even modified the text of the law to meet the objection. He has not succeeded in satisfying Catholics; and the Pope, in his Encyclical Letter published after the promulgation of the law, formally condemns the theory of lay associations, while reserving a decision as to whether French Catholics, to avoid greater evils, may admit them in practice. The disputes between trustees and priest or priest and bishop are to be decided by the State and not by the Church; and there is already at least one example where members of a parish have reorganized it under the new law and retained an excommunicated priest in defiance of their bishop (Lot-et-Garonne).

M. Briand very frankly declared the reasons for this new organization of parishes by force of state law: "It will henceforth be impossible for the resources of the Church to be used in electioneering business or political work without priests and associations exposing themselves to grave and disagreeable consequences. Our bill takes very precise measures in this matter, — the association will be dissolved if it goes in for politics." The thirty-first article of the law muzzles the clergy still more closely: offenses against public functionaries, committed in a place of public worship by a minister of worship, are withdrawn from trial by jury, which the common law prescribes, and subjected to the police tribunal; and another article extends this to speech or writing against the execution of laws or legal acts of public authority; the penalties are heavy fines and imprisonment. M. de Castelnau remarked that priests would be punished more severely under the *régime* of Separation than under the Concordat, and that just when they were reduced to the status of simple citizens they were refused the benefit of the common law. M. Briand, while expressing his regret, declared that the article seemed necessary, and "necessary it will remain so long as we are not assured that the priest will not abuse that exceptional moral authority which gives particular force to his words; the interest of public order demands special procedure and penalties."

These additional articles were voted by a majority of 330 deputies against 259; the entire law was voted by 341 against 233, — numbers fairly representing the majority of the Radical Socialist *Bloc*. The Opposition was made up of Moderate Republicans, who did not think the time ripe for Separation; and of members of the various groups of the Right, all swearing by the name of Catholic, although with the exception of perhaps twenty, all were politicians at the service of causes — Monarchist, Imperialist, Nationalist — which have no necessary connection with religion or the Church. The general elections of May have shown to the point of demonstration that a Catholic or clerical political party presenting the slightest danger to the Republic does not and did not exist.

The debates in the Senate, where the majority was 181 against 102, brought out a single noteworthy speech, — that of ex-Prime-Minister Méline, who is responsible for the economic policy of

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France, and is not a Catholic. He ventured on a prophecy which should be realized under the present Parliament:

"You are the dupes of many illusions. The public worship associations (new parish organizations) inspire you with little distrust on account of the precautions you have taken. As for me, I believe that they will become a general staff for a Catholic party. We shall not see such a party spring up all at once. But wait four years longer, — then you will see."

An outsider can only note a fundamental fact which is deeper than all politics. Roman Catholics in France, that is, those who practice their religion and are not merely Catholics in name, by family descent and social conventionality, must be a minority of the population, and, among men, very few in number. One of the year's books — *Anti-Clericalism*, by M. Emile Faguet of the French Academy — presents this crude fact in a rather more favorable light; but fact it is. Whatever may have been the reason, clergy and laymen under the Concordat have gone steadily down in religious efficiency ever since the force of the Catholic Revival after the Revolution was spent. This can hardly be the fault of the Republic; but the republican breaking up of the mould in which the Church had become fossilized may easily prove the first step in a resurrection to new life, all the more so because of the accompaniment of seeming persecution.

In this anti-clerical legislation the deputies elected in 1902 had taken up the greater part of their four years; it was absolutely necessary to do something, before the end, for the social reforms which the members of the majority had promised their constituents.

Here was, is, and will be, the really important issue before the French Parliament, if only from the growth of the Socialist vote in number and in determination with each successive election. One leader of genuine Socialists, the first to organize them as a political party, the veteran and unvarying Jules Guesde, who now returns to Parliament and leadership, has had the courage to explain at many times and in many ways that real crisis which is in French society itself and not in merely political differences. Compared with it, he has consistently asserted, the struggle against the Church and even the effort to save the Republic, if indeed it has ever needed saving, are insignificant and unessential. This crisis no mere political *régime* can avert; it has not even an economic origin. It is purely social, indwelling in French society as a collectivity of individuals spontaneously living together quite apart from the political community organized into a state. It is the vital conflict — the struggle for life — between the "working classes," by which is meant all human beings of whatever kind whose daily life depends on wages or salaries earned by their labor, and the *bourgeois*, who are all those living on property which they hold.

It is not a question of revolution against reaction; the factory system and other organizations of capital, which have resulted in the segregation of the labor class, had no existence at the time of the French Revolution. Whatever may be the cause, the agitations which the French Republic has now to face have not political liberty for their object, but the regulation of private property by the State, and eventually Collectivism against property-holding as it now exists. To come down to round numbers, which are not farther out of the way than round numbers usually are, one quarter of the French people may be considered passively ripe for the socialist gospel, more, apparently, than the number of those ready to interest themselves in the Roman Catholic religion; 4,000,000 individuals are already more or less actively turned toward the new light; and, apart from politics and voting, at least a half million of genuine "workmen" have come to full consciousness of socialism, have united themselves in working groups, and, as in all real religions which sweep the world progressively, have the terrible activity of

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first believers. Some of these we shall find, before our year's review is over, inconveniencing so extreme a Radical Socialist minister as M. Clemenceau.

It has been the puzzle of late elections how the property-holding *bourgeois*, who after all assure the Radical success, have not yet taken fright at the Socialist advance which comes from it. It was such a fright that smashed the Second French Republic of 1848, and turned the country toward the Second Empire. Doubtless there is a general feeling that Gambetta's plan will avert a catastrophe: "There is no Social Question, — there are social questions which have to be dealt with one by one, as they come up." This is the policy which the Radical Socialists, who are by no means Collectivists, have hitherto imposed on Radicals on one side and Socialists on the other, — those who under their lead have made up the majority *Bloc*. The result has been what seems to impatient Socialists an intolerable deal of anti-clericalism, — which was the particular reason of existence of the Radical party, — and one half-pennyworth of anti-capitalism. M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader who held the balance of votes in constituting the majority of Prime Minister Combes during three years of the late Parliament, delivered his ultimatum as soon as the new elections sent up seventy-five simon-pure Collectivists to the Chamber of Deputies (in his journal, *L'Humanité*, May 20, 1906):—

"There is no more time to be lost. This time we must give the finishing blow to the Reaction, to all parties of the past, to Clericalism and Cæsarism. After clearing the battleground of all its litter, the Proletariat must be able to say to the face of the Republican Democracy, the Radical Democracy which at last is master of public power: 'What are you going to do for workmen? What reforms, what guarantees, are you going to give them? How are you going to help French society out of the deep crisis in which it struggles? How, by what organization of Property and Labor, will you put an end to the exploiting of men, to the war of classes let loose by the Capitalist form of property?'"

Such words are not the mere rhetoric of a Parliamentary dictator who has just suffered a year's eclipse in the retrograde combinations given to the Radical majority by Prime Minister Rouvier. Almost physiologically, certainly socially, the millions of French workmen stand over against property-holders in a way to which there is nothing comparable in the Northern and Western United States, with all their labor difficulties. They form a separate class in society, because French property-holders form an exclusive caste. It was the middle classes, the property-holding *bourgeois* and the peasant proprietors bound up with them, who profited by the great Revolution, against the privileged classes of that day, — royalty, clergy, and nobles. During the century which has elapsed the triumphant *bourgeois* have steadily persisted in throwing around themselves a practically impenetrable wall of legal and social privilege in their turn. And now there is a spontaneous upheaval of the excluded, unprivileged, inferior class.

The workmen have caught up from the life around them aspirations to social conditions which circumstances forbid them to hope to attain. The legal difficulties of marriage protect parents and children in the transmission of property, which the workmen have not. The minute, endless expenses and complicated forms of justice between man and man are also for those who have, and not for those who have not. The freedom of higher education, of which the Republic has been so lavish, reaches this lower multitude only to aggravate a discontent which the universal spread of primary education would of itself be sufficient to stir up. The monopoly of university degrees extends to all professions beyond trade, and all demand property in the one who would enter them. One of the events of the year has been the disclosure of the progress of explicit, active, anti-Militarist

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Collectivism among the primary school teachers of the French State.

It would be a sad blunder to imagine that all this is the result of skillful political agitation. To use a metaphor which is ungracious, but exact and in the scientific mood of the day, the French labor class is made up of abnormal cells of the body politic as it is now constituted, — that is, of cells for which the body makes no adequate provision, — and they are coalescing in a growth of their own. They are, however, not pathological phenomena. In our day it is impossible to keep a permanent mudsill in society, or to reconstitute it as in our Southern states.

It is curious that seventy years ago De Tocqueville should have compared a like social division of the French people with the prejudice of whites against negroes in the United States. Since then the dividing line has changed, with the result that certain members of the collectivity called France are set permanently in their habitual thoughts and feelings over against the others. All chance independence of money, all social rising of petty tradesmen and educated peasantry, the unyielding *bourgeoisie* steadily assimilates to itself. But the entrance within its walls is by a painfully narrow gate; and rarely indeed is it passed by the Frenchman born to labor, — *l'ouvrier ne s'embourgeoise pas.* The American social experiment has so far aimed at bringing every citizen, high or low, within a ceaseless circulation of classes. The workman of to-day, or at least his son, is the millionaire or professional man or prosperous business man or ward politician of to-morrow; and our workmen, in the immense majority, are proud of America and feel that they have their place in the sun.

The increasing propaganda of the Universitarian Hervé's anti-patriotism among Socialists has been one of the sore disappointments of the Radical *bourgeois*, who thought to settle the question of labor against property by throwing legislative sops to Socialists in return for votes. Now that universal suffrage has taught the workman the meaning of equality in politics, he is not likely to stop in his efforts to obtain social equality and break down the walls which herd him off from property-holders. Whether this can be done by other means than Collectivism is the gravest question of the coming years; but this is the only solution which seems to present itself to French Socialists. The past year has been taken up with urging through the Chamber of Deputies palliative measures for the day laborers who from childhood know naught but uncertainty for the morrow, with a certain prospect of want for their old age.

Like M. Briand in the Separation Law, M. Millerand has been the chief agent in putting through the Chamber of Deputies the acts for workmens' and old-age pensions. Elected to Parliament as a Socialist, and the first Socialist to sit as minister (with Waldeck-Rousseau), he has been read out of his party for joining hands with *bourgeois* governments; but he is none the less the most accredited advocate of Socialist reforms among members of Parliament who are driven by force rather than drawn by conviction. His struggle has been long, against the ill-will of ministers who promise, and refuse to fulfill once they are secure of their majority, against rhetorical Socialists who demand the moon, and against the stubborn resistance of the old order. His success in putting the measures through the Chamber of Deputies, his patience, and the moderation of his manner and policy at least point him out as a proper chief of the executive power; and it would not be surprising, in case the religious troubles become aggravated, if he should be charged with the work of pacification.

Until the workmen's pensions become practical, it is unnecessary to go into the complicated details of the bills which have been voted. A great part of the opposition is from the side of national finance, the cost to the country being variously estimated at from 150,000,000 francs in ad-

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ditional taxes to ten times that amount. A few sentences were pronounced in debate that merit remembrance.

M. Aynard, a Conservative Republican and Catholic representing the old order, spoke against the essential principle of the law which "obliges" the workman, his employer, and the State to put aside, as the years go by, the money for the workman's pension when old age or invalidity overtakes him. "You should encourage the provident habit; you cannot impose it;" and "There is no doubt all Frenchmen desire a pension." M. Charles Benoist, a Catholic Conservative and eminent professor at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, went with the tide: "Liberty may be the ideal, but you cannot teach men to be provident; it is necessary to oblige them to be so." "Liberty as it is understood by the old political economy is immobility, lethargy, death." "The orthodox political economy is bankrupt; charity and patronage are insufficient; profit-sharing, coöperation, mutual aid, stop half way: there is no escape from the intervention of the State. Only universal effort can vanquish universal want, and therefore I vote the law" (December 5, 1905). Vote after vote followed, with practical unanimity of the Chamber, showing how far all classes are persuaded of the irrepressible nature of the conflict between capital and labor and the impossibility of their doing nothing to pacify it.

While Parliament was engaged in discontenting Catholics on the one hand, and attempting to content workmen on the other, the main attention of both government and people was preoccupied with the doings and demands of the German Emperor concerning Morocco. From the tedious conference at Algeciras, which ended the imbroglio, France issued with honor safe, with her essential interests protected for the time being, and with an imposing array of alliances which had been proved by severe strain. Germany came out having doubtfully gained what she professed to seek, with allies failing her or looking askance, and with a well-earned unpopularity among the nations, — but having secured an international position to which she had no known title a year before. The French people for months had been trained to think of another war with Germany as a near possibility; and it is still persuaded that to its government alone is due the escape from actual war. The Radical Socialist *Bloc*, which Prime Minister Rouvier nominally represented, has in consequence profited at the parliamentary elections by the popular gratitude.

The situation from first to last is not difficult to explain in its great outlines. Agreements between England and France (April 8, 1904), and between Spain and France (October 3, 1904), recognized that "it belongs to France, as a frontier power of Morocco along a great stretch of territory, to watch over the tranquillity of that country and to aid it in all the administrative, economic, and military reforms of which it may stand in need." A French government mission, headed by M. Saint-René Taillandier, was accordingly despatched to Fez to treat with the Sultan, when, on the 31st of March, without official notice to the French government, Emperor William of Germany landed at Tangier. In a public speech to the representatives of the Sultan sent to meet him, he said that he was come expressly to declare that he would maintain the absolute equality of the economic and commercial rights of Germany, and that he would permit no power to obtain preferential rights; that the Sultan was the sole sovereign and the free sovereign of a free country; that Germany would insist on treating always her affairs with him directly, and would never permit any other power to act as an intermediary; that the present time is unseasonable for the introduction of reforms according to European ideas, and that all reforms should be grounded on the traditions and laws of Islam; that the only need of Morocco is peace and quiet; — and that he had just clearly expressed all these views in a

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conversation with the *chargé d'affaires* of France.

This was a public schoolmastering of three such nations as England, France, and Spain, and, at the same time, it cut short the operation of the agreements they had made with one another. The direct attack was on France, and the German "officious" press soon made known to the whole world the points where their emperor's diplomacy was to strike home. The first victim was to be M. Delcassé, French foreign minister for seven years, who had been guilty of strengthening the position of his country by a patient securing of allies, and, by the same, of "isolating" Germany.

The immediate dispute turned on a question of fact. Germany denied that she had ever been "officially" notified of the international agreements concerning Morocco; M. Delcassé proved that the proper ambassadors at Paris and Berlin had been in full touch with the foreign offices during the negotiations, and asserted that nothing further was necessary. French opinion, both in and out of Parliament, under the lead of M. Jaurès, who appeared as the spokesman of Germany and peace, took sides against M. Delcassé, who at last gave his resignation (June 6, 1905). His place was taken by M. Rouvier in person, while remaining at the head of the government. The German Emperor had sent no congratulatory despatch to President Loubet after the escape from the bomb destined for the King of Spain (May 31); on the 10th of June Prince Radolin closed an interview with Foreign Minister Rouvier, in which he had insisted on an international conference, with the words: "If the conference does not take place all remains *in statu quo*, and you must know that we are behind Morocco." War or the conference was thus the alternative offered to France.

During the wearisome previous negotiations, and during the long session of the conference itself, Germany consistently maintained that the particular interests of France in Morocco did not extend beyond the common frontier. This is evidently false. The mere fact of Germany, for example, obtaining a naval foothold on the Morocco coast would compel France to garrison Algiers with 200,000 men in case of another war, unless she were to leave her colony defenseless from the start. The possibility of this case Germany naturally denied, but she has against her contentions another fact, verified for more than twenty-five years. In that Islam which Emperor William has taken under his protection all religious and political life centres more and more in the religious orders and communities, which flourish exceedingly through the entire north of Africa. It is impossible that the influence of the Moroccan *zaouïas*, or mother-houses, should not be felt decisively throughout Algiers and Tunis and into Tripoli. Again, Morocco has long proved a borderland into which the disorderly elements of the French colony escape, only to harry the Algerian territory at the next opportunity. Finally, the natural outlets of commerce of both countries extend further than a mere frontier region, and it is difficult to understand how Germany has the right to pronounce between France and her neighbor, the Sultan, "sole and free sovereign of a free country."

In fact, it is impossible to see how the international position of Germany, *before the conference*, differed by right from that of the United States. Neither of these countries is a Mediterranean power; both have moderate commercial interests already existing in Morocco, and both naturally seek to keep existing outlets open for the surplus of their industry. Each has equal reason to guard against the Protectionist policy of France; in fact, Germany in Tunis, of which she made so much, has suffered little in comparison with American trade in Madagascar since that island came under French domination. It is therefore easily understood by Americans that Germany should demand sure guarantees for an "open door" to her commerce and industry in Morocco,

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no matter whether France or England or Spain should have the predominating influence.

In the Conference of Algeciras the nations have implicitly recognized, over and above this, the right of Germany to speak in Mediterranean affairs, — a distinct gain for her peculiar diplomacy. It will next be Italy's turn to hear from this diplomacy, in reference to her natural advance into Tripoli. Meanwhile it is hard to find what the practical use of the conference has been to France in Morocco itself.

In the world at large, however, France has also come to a consciousness of her real power. An English financier had already said that if the French people continue to live on the principle, "Where you have four sous spend only two," they will end by having in their possession all the coined gold in the world. The great portion of it which they already possess, and the distress caused to German finance and industry by the patriotic refusal of the united French banks to allow their gold to be drawn until peace was secure, had a great and probably decisive influence in the happy termination of this entangled affair of Morocco. The floating of the latest Russian loan has since come to show yet further the riches of France, to which tourists alone, it is estimated. add two billion francs in gold each year, This money power and money need should tend to the keeping of European peace more than all the theories of the pacifists who clamor for a disarmament impossible to obtain. In favor of France should also be added the unwieldiness of parliamentary government in case of sudden war.

On the 14th of March, 1906, the Rouvier government fell on a question of church inventories which had caused riots in various parts of the country; and a new Sarrien Cabinet was formed, in which the picturesque and leading part was taken by M. Clemenceau, who had hitherto been known only as a "ministry-smasher." The terrific mining disaster at Courrières, with its thousand victims, brought up the labor trouble in an aggravated form. The mining shares had gone from one hundred to three thousand francs, without any corresponding advance in the daily life — housing, schools, care for safety and old age — of the miners. It was just in time to aid the Confederation of Labor, which controls four hundred thousand workmen, in its general strike of May 1. To meet this the inventor of Radical Socialism, Minister Clemenceau, was obliged to place Paris under the protection of fifty thousand troops, — a practical necessity overriding all theory as to the proper use of the army in a republic. The elections which took place a week later have given the Radical Socialist *Bloc* over four hundred seats in the Chamber of Deputies, as against fewer than one hundred and eighty for the Opposition. The coming year will show how so tremendous a majority will deal with church and social questions.

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THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF JOHNS

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

Mr. Fairleigh Johns was the last of his name. He was a bachelor of fifty-five, as I should have guessed, although it was impossible to get at his age with any accuracy. When we arrive at the mature age of fifty or thereabouts, we do not hanker for the celebration of more birthdays, and most of us are quite content to grow old unobtrusively, with as little noise on the journey as may be. Mr. Johns, I am afraid, was not so content as he should have been to grow old at all. He invoked the aid of art in simulating the appearance of youth, as nature was somewhat at fault in that respect. In this, he and his man James — a discreet person, who rarely spoke — were wonderfully successful. Any one who met Mr. Johns casually at the Club or on the street would have said, without hesitation, that he was not over forty-two or forty-three, or forty-five, at the most. To me, who remembered the time when he had been ten years my senior, and had been proud of the fact, it never ceased to be some marvel that he should be my junior by five; and that five a continually increasing difference as I grew unmistakably older. For I employed no art, having neither the time nor the inclination for its employment, for the purpose of simulating a youth which is no more; and, in consequence, my hair was well turned white, — prematurely, I like to think, — and was getting a little thin, although I brushed it with no care to conceal its thinness.

For the difference between us, or rather between our conditions in life, was this: I had to work, and Fairleigh Johns did not. To be sure, my work brought me in a reasonable income, and a certain modicum of happiness, as well; which I have reason to think was more than Mr. Johns's leisure did for him. But that is as it may be. He never complained to me that his share of happiness was overshort, and he may have found enough of it in following his daily round. For his days were much alike. Every morning he rose at nine precisely, having taken his coffee and his rolls in bed, — he, no doubt, being clad in his flowered silk dressing-gown the while. And thereafter, for two hours, he and James were busied in making him ready for the sight of men. At eleven precisely he issued from his door, which had been his father's before him, — for Mr. Johns considered that it was a distinction to live in his father's house, although it was getting to be rather far down-town, — he issued from his door and entered a hansom which, at that hour, was always waiting, and was driven a half dozen blocks, to the Bank. On very bright days in the spring or fall he dismissed the cab and walked, with that gait characteristic of your man of leisure, swinging his stick with studied grace, and jauntily withal, as befitted a man of his station.

Now it is not to be supposed that Mr. Johns had business at the Bank, or that his duties called him there. He was a man of leisure, as I have said; and he did but putter over his strong box and make sure that he had not been robbed overnight. Then he read from the morning paper the news that had interest for him, and in especial he noted the arrivals on the incoming steamers. At twelve precisely he laid the paper down, said his farewell to the amiable gentleman who permitted him to cumber his office, took up his stick, and, swinging it jauntily, as before, wended his leisurely way to the Club for his breakfast.

That breakfast was as much a matter of custom as any of Mr. Johns's move-

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ments during his days. It was simple, for he had found that simple food was an aid in preserving that semblance of the youth that he seemed to covet; but his two eggs must be done just so, his toast must be just brown enough, and his little pot of tea just right, and smoking hot. To dinner, indeed, he gave his whole mind, spending the whole afternoon in sitting at the window and deciding what his next day's dinner should be. For, although Mr. Johns usually dined at the Club, on Saturday nights he entertained one friend, or at the most two, at his house, where he could dispense an overflowing hospitality with impunity.

The afternoon, as I have said, he was accustomed to spend in sitting at the window of the Club, deciding upon his dinner for the next day, and incidentally in gazing out at the prospect. The prospect would not have allured me, as it consisted of a procession of women doing their afternoon shopping; but it seemed to suffice for Mr. Johns, for there he sat, always, until nearly five o'clock. Then he was accustomed to rise from his chair briskly, get himself well brushed, go home in a hansom to change his clothes, and in that same hansom to sally forth for a call or two, or for a dish of tea with Miss Letitia. The evening he spent at the Club, except for the little dinners that I have mentioned, and except that on Monday nights he was accustomed to go to the theatre.

In such a round of habit had Fairleigh Johns lived for many years. Indeed, he seemed likely to continue to follow it until the blowing of the last trump, growing relatively younger with every year that passed, while the rest of us, perforce, followed that law of nature which leads but to the grave. So that when I found him, one Monday evening, sitting morosely in his chair at the Club, I could but marvel and hold my peace. For what, thought I, can keep Fairleigh Johns in of a Monday night, and a pleasant one at that? Has he, perchance, lost money? And in this I was more nearly right than I imagined, although not quite right, either. And I pondered upon the matter for a while, until, at last I must needs speak of it. So I drew near.

"Fairleigh," said I, pretending but slight interest, "what in the world keeps you in to-night? Have the theatres all closed, or is it a death in the family?" — for I knew well I might safely indulge in this pleasantry.

At this his morose look fled, and there came a smile upon his face, — such a smile as we assume to veil our feelings. "No, old man," he said. "You know I have no relatives. I did not feel like it to-night."

Now was there anything in this reply which should so vex me? He called me "old man," as if to draw attention to his own youth, when I knew — A most pernicious habit, that, of addressing another as "old man," — one to be discouraged. And that smile, which had become habitual with Fairleigh Johns! It repelled familiarity, to be sure; but it discouraged intimacy, too. I felt aggrieved. I always had somewhat of that feeling, except when his manner amused. One never seemed to get below the surface with Mr. Johns, never seemed to pass the barriers set by that smile. His voice was as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. This thought comforted me in some measure, and I sat me down in the chair at the other side of the window.

"See," he said, "the lighting of that spot, there in the park. Wonderful effect! The street lights are hidden from where I sit, so that they do not mar the effect. Wonderful! Some painter should get hold of that."

I rose to see it as he saw it, and dutifully echoed him. So that was what he sat there for. Mr. Johns pretended to some skill as a connoisseur. But I had not come to talk of lighting effects.

"How is Miss Letitia?" I asked, interrupting some empty remark of his. "Have you seen her lately?"

"A wonderful woman! A wonderful woman!" he exclaimed, warming into some enthusiasm, as he always did at the

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mention of her name. "A queen among women."

"Have you seen her lately?" I repeated.

"Eh?" he said, as if startled. "Yes, I dropped in to take tea the other day. She seemed well — very well. And she looked handsomer than ever. I tell you, old fellow, she grows younger with the years. She ought to be immortal."

There it was again, — "old fellow." But I forgave him readily enough. As if I did not know that he dropped in there regularly twice a week! As if all of his friends did not know that he had done the same thing for the last twenty years! But I agreed with him that she ought to be immortal.

"Yes," I said. "Her few gray hairs are very becoming, I think. There are some people who look the better for a touch of gray at the top."

He bristled at once. "Gray hairs!" he cried, — if Fairleigh Johns could ever be said to cry anything. "I don't believe there is one. Gray hairs!"

I laughed. "Peace be unto you, Fairleigh Johns, and unto Miss Letitia," said I. "I am willing to acknowledge her the handsomest woman, of any age, that I know, and the sweetest and most reasonable. But I am willing to swear I saw a gray lock on either temple when I met her last. What, man! She owns to her forty-odd years like a man, — or like a woman. It is n't every man will own to his years. Shall a woman of forty-five not have gray hairs? It is her crown."

I touched him there, I think. He knew well enough what I meant, and he winced. It was but a fair return for the "old man" and "old fellow."

"Well, well," he said; "if you are sure you saw them. But it is strange that I should not see them, too."

"No, it is not strange," I answered. "You see her often, — and you see her always with the eyes of twenty years ago. Tell me, is it not so?"

He was silent for some while. "Yes," he said then, sighing deeply. "Yes, I suppose I do." He fell again into a silence that lasted long. The smile was gone. I thought the better of him for that. "She was a very beautiful woman, then," he said gently. "I always wondered why she never married. She could have had any one — any one."

"Including Fairleigh Johns?" I asked. It was a jarring note, and I knew it; but, for the life of me, I could not have helped it. She could have had me, for one.

The smile returned, — a deprecating smile. "Such happiness is not for me," he answered. "What could I have offered a woman? No, no. I must be content with — content."

And had he found it? I did not ask. He could have offered a woman as much as most of the rest of us, except, perhaps, his heart, — a trifle, and of little value. I did not answer him, and for a long while neither of us spoke. What he was thinking of is matter for conjecture; at least, he gave no hint of it. My thoughts ran riot, but never strayed far from Miss Letitia; I named over her admirers until I came to Alan Martiss. He had recovered and married years ago. What was it in connection with his name? I had seen the headlines in my neighbor's paper that very morning.

"Fairleigh," I said. He started, as though his thoughts were far away. He had forgotten my presence. "What has Alan Martiss done? I saw his name in the headlines of another man's paper this morning, but I forgot it before I had the chance to get one."

"He has embezzled trust funds," he answered, in his even voice. "It is curious that I was just thinking of him, too." Ah, Fairleigh Johns, so you were doing what I was doing! It is not so strange, after all. "He had control of an estate — the Ellicotts', you remember — and when the trust terminated, he — well, there is nothing left."

"Nothing left!" I cried, bewildered. "Why, man, do you mean to say — Why, those Ellicott boys are just in college. They will have to give it up."

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"They will have to give it up," he repeated. "But you forget. One of them is in his junior year. The other, as you say, has just entered. And they will have to give it up. For Mrs. Ellicott has nothing. It seems hard."

"Seems hard!" I cried again. Rage burned within me at his calmness. "Seems hard! And where is Alan Martiss?"

"At his house," he replied, quietly enough. Then he leaned toward me and whispered. "At his house — dead. He shot himself this noon."

"Good God!" said I.

"It is not in the papers — yet. It will be, in the morning."

"Good God!" said I. And I thought of Alan Martiss, and of his wife. There were many of us who thought he had been a better man without her. "Poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" he echoed in scorn. "And what of the Ellicotts? Who has had the squandering of their money?" I had never known Fairleigh Johns to speak with so much feeling.

"The admirable Mrs. Martiss," I answered; for I had recovered my mental balance, and with it my power of speech. There is nothing so upsetting as to be betrayed into the expression of feeling. "Think of his life for the last five years. Think how he must have been harassed and worried before he would touch trust funds. Think of the beginnings, — for Alan was an honest man once, — the little borrowings, that grew until there was no hope of repayment. The termination of the trust coming nearer every day" —

"He has only what he has deserved," interrupted Fairleigh Johns. Then, speaking slowly, he enunciated this: "I would have the embezzlement of trust funds punishable by hanging."

I laughed. "Well, Fairleigh, if you would hang the right person. In this case, for instance, if Mrs. Martiss" —

"Mrs. Martiss has nothing to do with it. Alan alone is responsible for funds entrusted to him."

"No extenuating circumstances?" I asked. "I guess, if we could know, we should find that Mrs. Martiss had a good deal to do with it. But if Alan alone is responsible, he is where he will answer for it, now. May the Lord be merciful unto him!"

I rose to go home, and Mr. Johns rose also. "I will walk along with you, if you don't mind, old fellow," he said.

We walked in silence through the streets, which were well-nigh deserted. It was not time for the theatres to be out. I was thinking of Alan Martiss and the Ellicotts. It was too late to do anything for Alan, but there was still time to allow my sympathies to have their way, so far as the Ellicotts were concerned. I would offer Jim Ellicott a place in my office. There was room there for another man. That was settled, and it lifted a weight off my mind.

"Fairleigh," I said, "how is Curtis getting on? Have you seen him?" For Richard Curtis had once been an admirer of Miss Letitia, too. He had remained single, like so many others. Was it because of her? I wondered. She would have an account to settle if it were. And had Fairleigh Johns remembered, too?

"Yes," he answered; "I dropped in there yesterday. I fear there is little hope for him. He grows weaker every day. The worst of it is, he seems to prefer to — er — go. But he is an old man."

Curtis an old man! He was, perhaps, two or three years older than Mr. Johns. But he had not taken the pains that Fairleigh had to maintain his youth. And Fairleigh had a curious aversion to speaking of dying. I had no reply ready, and I left him at the corner of the street where our ways parted. I went home to write my note to Mrs. Ellicott.

In the weeks that followed Mr. Johns was more and more often to be found at the Club of a Monday evening. Had he found that advancing age killed his love for the play, or had the illusion of the stage vanished, that he found life all paint and pasteboard? He always had

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averred that he preserved the illusions of youth; but now he had no reason ready save that he was not in the mood. And Fairleigh Johns was always a man ready with his reasons, even if they did not convince. But as the weeks grew into months, he resumed his habits, or seemed to; for he was not in his chair by the window on Monday nights, and on Tuesdays he could tell to a nicety all the good points of the play of the evening before, and all its bad points, too. And how should we know that he had his opinions secondhand? The dramatic critic of his paper at the Bank was an excellent critic. But, one Monday evening, I wandered idly through the street where stood the house of Johns, and I saw a light in Fairleigh's study. For he must needs have a study, although he used it to little purpose. And as I stood, hesitating, half inclined to go in, I saw his shadow walking aimlessly to and fro, and I went on my way. And the next day, at the Club, he was as ready as before with his account of the play. I marveled for a while, and then forgot it.

It was soon after that that Mr. Johns began to cease favoring us with his presence. First it was on Wednesday evening that his favorite chair by the window was vacant. Then on Friday, so that he was with us only on Tuesday and Thursday. We rallied him upon it, and he answered, as he had before, that he was not in the mood. He smiled as he spoke, too, so that we were forced to take his reply for truth, though none of us believed it. And I noted that his waistcoat was frayed about the bottom. It had been carefully trimmed with scissors, but the fraying was unmistakable. Poor gentleman! He had always been most particular in paying his tailor, and one would suppose that that traditionally obliging man would have made his evening clothes on credit. His other clothes were not frayed about the edges, however, but were as perfect as we had come to expect the clothes of Fairleigh Johns to be.

Richard Curtis, after a delay that must have been hard for him to bear, died peacefully one Sunday morning. I went to his funeral, where I saw Fairleigh Johns, unobtrusively important. I saw Miss Letitia, too, and could not keep my eyes off her, try as I might. She spoke to me as we went out. "Why have you not been to see me?" she asked. "I hear of you occasionally, from Mr. Johns, but he has been able to tell me little of late. Come and see me. It is some years since you honored my poor house. It is not right that old friends should fall into such bad habits. For we *are* old friends, are we not?" And she smiled sweetly upon me.

"God knows that I am your friend, Letitia, and shall always be, I hope," I answered. "I will come."

"Come, then, and soon," she said, and passed on.

Now who but Miss Letitia could speak so frankly of my absence from her house? For I had a purpose in it, and that purpose was no less than to ease a hurt that was not eased, nor would be while I had life. She must have known it, but she ignored it, and with her smile she made as naught the settled purpose of years. Who could resist her smile, or say nay when she said yea? I would go, and soon.

Accordingly the very next evening there waited at Miss Letitia's door a man most carefully arrayed, a man whose hair was well turned white and grown a little thin, a man whose heart beat high, — for an old man. Why did my heart thump so? I knew well that there was but the welcome that there always was for me. It was rather soon, perhaps, but had she not said "soon?" And a resolve once taken, — a purpose once cast aside as futile, — we have no time to lose, we old fellows.

"You see, Letitia, I have come," I said. "A suggestion from you, and our vows are empty words. I hope it is not too soon."

"That could not be," she answered. She did not ask me what vows I meant, for she knew well. She had known these twenty years and more, — bless me, it

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was nearer twenty-five. And again and again I had resolved that I would not voluntarily come into her presence, — and she had smiled upon me and bid me come. And I had come. But she was speaking. "It is good to see you," she said.

"Ah, Letitia," I replied, "you have us all well broken, — us old fellows. For I must pass as an old fellow now. Why, think of it, Fairleigh Johns calls me 'old man.' I wonder whether Richard Curtis had not the right of it, after all."

A look of pain had crossed her face as I began, a fleeting look that was gone as quickly as it had come; and she made a gesture with her hand, as if she would disclaim responsibility.

"If you are an old fellow," she said, "at least you must admit me to that class. For I am forty-five, and you are but two years older. I have not forgotten."

"And how old is Fairleigh, then?" I asked.

"He is as old as he feels," she answered. "And, to-day, I imagine that is not so young as he looks. But that is not a fair question."

"I wonder" — I began, and stopped.

"Well," said she, "go on. You wonder" —

"I wonder," I went on, "whether Curtis left him anything. They were once close friends."

"Richard Curtis must have been a rich man?" she said, questioning. "I do not know. I scarcely saw him for years." She spoke with some embarrassment. Here was one man whose purpose she could not break. Or had she tried? "I know of no reason why I should not tell you. I received from his lawyer, this morning, an envelope, containing, as he said, the name of the — beneficiary, do you call it? — of a trust. It is not to be opened for two years."

"A most curious provision," I said. Curtis usually had a reason for anything he did.

"Is n't it? I shall do my best to keep it safe. But two years is — two years."

"And who is the trustee?" I asked. "Did he tell you?"

"He did not say," she answered. "But if I were to guess, I should say it was Mr. Johns."

"I thought he seemed to feel some unusual importance yesterday. By the way, is there any chance of his coming here this evening?"

She laughed. "You have not changed, have you? I remember, twenty years ago" — Suddenly she broke off, and blushed, a burning blush that must have hurt. What did she remember, twenty years ago? There were many things to remember. And the blush faded, leaving her with a pretty pink in her cheeks — she looked wonderfully handsome, with the color in her cheeks, and the gray lock on either temple, and a mass of dark hair like a crown. And her figure — but why catalogue her beauty? She must have been taller than Fairleigh Johns. And I knew that, for me, she was the most beautiful. But the blush faded, and she gave no other sign, but went on: "I remember, twenty years ago, you used to ask the same thing."

It was true enough. Twenty years ago I had been absurdly jealous of Fairleigh. For he was then ten years older than I, and invested with the glory that comes of being older, with experience, and with the added glory of being rich. For so I accounted him, being a gentleman of leisure, while I, forsooth, was but a callow youth, recently fledged, with no leisure to speak of, — and no money to speak of, either. And so I envied him, and was jealous of him. I envied him no longer, but —

"You have a good memory, Letitia," I said. "Can you remember other things as well, I wonder? But you have not answered my question."

"Truly, I have not," she said; "and you are unchanged in more ways than one, for you will take none but a direct answer. Well, then, Mr. Johns will not come this evening. I have not seen him, of an evening, for — oh, for some months."

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For some months! That might make it about the same time that he had withdrawn his presence from the Club. We never saw him, now, of an evening, although I was told that he was in his customary place every afternoon.

"He comes regularly for his tea?" I asked.

Again she laughed. "Oh, yes," she said. "I give him tea, with great regularity, on Tuesday and Friday afternoons." Then the laugh died quickly. "Do you know," she said, "that I am worried about Mr. Johns. He seems,— I am afraid his income is less than it was, — and it never was any too large, I think. He has lived so long in just that way — got his expenses so nicely adjusted — that any change would mean more to him than it would to most,—to you, for instance. I wish there was some way in which I could give him something, — make it up to him out of my abundance."

"I have thought the same thing," I replied, "thought it for some time. But I suppose you have not hinted your — very disinterested and commendable desire to Mr. Johns."

She made a gesture of horror. "Oh, never, never. I could n't. I never can. It would be fatal to his self-respect — his pride. You knew better than that, surely."

"Yes," I said, "I did."

"Is there any way," she asked.

"I do not see any way," I answered. "I fear Fairleigh will have the novel experience of standing on his own feet. It will do him no harm."

She was silent, musing. "Do you think so?" she said at last. "I am afraid it may. He is not accustomed to it."

"Moral corns?" said I, smiling rather grimly. "Pardon me, Letitia."

She gave me an answering smile, but it was not grim. "Yes, — or immoral. But will you do something for me?" She did not wait for me to acquiesce, which I was ready enough to do, although I felt it in my bones that I was to be but a burnt offering on the altar of Fairleigh Johns. The old jealousy flamed up afresh. But I would do it,—whatever it might be, — since she asked it of me. "Go around and see him."

"I will," I said, "to-morrow night."

"No, go to-night — now."

"Letitia," I observed, "you have not changed in these twenty years, any more than I. Now here am I, returned after long years, and very comfortable where I am. Yes, even happy. But I am no sooner come — at your bidding, though very willingly — than you send me forth again. And for what? To call upon Mr. Johns, forsooth, whom you see regularly twice a week. Is that reasonable?"

"A penance for your long absence," she said, and laughed a little. "But you may come again — to-morrow evening. And thereafter, as often as you like. I will not send you out, I promise you."

"To-morrow evening — to report," I said, and rose. And as I turned to her I saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "Forgive me, Letitia," I cried. "I was at my old tricks. I will not do it again — if I can help it. But you do not know how hard it is to forget — old tricks."

"I would not have you forget," she said, and smiled on me. Her smile was like the sunlight, penetrating every nook and long-closed corner of my heart, and warming those cold places. I may have held her hand a bit longer than was necessary, and then I went forth to do her errand.

And so it befell that I was ringing at the door of Mr. Johns. A light showed in his study, but no one answered my ring. I rang again and yet again. And a window opened above my head, and there came a querulous and complaining voice, asking my business.

"Why, Fairleigh," I said, "it is but to make a friendly call. But if you are occupied" —

Then the tone of the voice changed, and I could feel him smiling at me in the dark. "My dear fellow, my dear fellow," he said, "just wait a minute until I can get down there, and I will open the door. Delighted to see you, I am sure."

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An uncommon long time it takes him to come down one flight of stairs, thought I, as I stood and cooled my heels without his door, and I was half of a mind to go. But I bethought me of Letitia, and waited. And presently he came, profuse in his apologies for keeping me waiting, and "dear fellow"-ing me till it turned me sick. And he would take my coat.

"For, you see," he said, "most unfortunately, I have let James go out. I did not expect any one, you see — but I am positively delighted to see you, old man. This is like old times."

Then he led me to his study. Here were papers scattered in confusion, and I noted that he pounced upon a heap of them, and got them out of sight. I noted also that he was not in evening dress.

"Have a cigar, old man?" He went to a closet as he spoke, and got out a box. There were the two stamps on the box, but I observed that the cigars fitted the box but ill. I declined, which seemed to please him. He was not smoking.

Then followed commonplaces in a flood, always with that smile. And I wanted to get behind it if I could, — if there were anything behind it. Was there? Or if one rapped him with his stick would he give forth a hollow sound, like an empty copper tank? I was almost of a mind to try it, and had gripped my stick and was about to reach forth, when he spoke.

"These papers," he said, including them all in a graceful wave of the hand, "they are left to me by poor Curtis. I was trying to put them in order when you came. But there is no sort of hurry — oh, no hurry," he quickly added, for he saw me rise to go.

I sat down again. "What are they, Fairleigh, — if you don't mind saying?" I asked.

"Oh, not at all, not at all. They seem to be almost everything — all sorts," he answered. "Poor Curtis left all his papers to me; and there are some that" — He broke off, as if he had come near to saying what he might be sorry for. "And he made me a trustee — a strange trust, I think — for I don't know whom. There is an envelope — I have put it in my safe — which contains the name. It is not to be opened for two years. Strange, don't you think?"

"It is strange," I said. I was near to revealing Miss Letitia's share in it, but I asked another question first. "Is there no one else who has this name?"

"Yes," he said eagerly; "and that's what bothers me. There is another envelope, but who has it I do not know — and I am not to know."

"Very strange!" I murmured, musing. What could Curtis have meant? "But cheer up, man. It is most likely that you are yourself the one — that you will find your own name in that envelope."

"I hope so — I hope so," he sighed. "It is twenty thousand dollars that I hold in trust. If only I might know who has the other!" It was said very low, almost to himself. I had got behind the smile, at last.

"Well, I must go," I said. "I have interrupted you long enough. Remember Alan Martiss, Fairleigh."

I did but jest, of course, and thought he would be merry at it; but he was not. His face clouded, and he spoke soberly.

"There is no need to remind me. I have not forgotten. I shall not follow his example. You remember that I had an opinion of his acts, and it has not changed."

There was none of the emphasis that was there before, and he spoke half-heartedly, I thought, to convince himself.

"Why, man," said I, "I was joking. A poor joke, no doubt you think it. And so it is. I do not expect you to embezzle. Good-night."

"Oh, must you go?" The smile was there again. "Well, good-night, old fellow. Come again."

I left him to get out again the papers I had seen him put away, and marveled a moment, and wondered what purpose Curtis could have had, and then forgot the matter. For I had certain matters

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of my own that were pleasanter for me to think on,—and, pleasant or not, I must needs think on them. And I went home and went to bed and slept, and as I slept I dreamed. And in my dream I saw Letitia weeping sore, and there was Fairleigh Johns in a cell with bars across, and he stretched his hands toward her. And, with his hands stretched out to her, the cell sank gradually to immeasurable depths, and vanished from my sight. And as I would have comforted Letitia, lo, she, too, faded away, and vanished from my sight. And I woke with a start, the impress of my dream strong upon me. I could not get rid of it all day. And I went to see Letitia,—to report, as I had promised,—and I thought to rid my mind of it by telling it to her.

"Oh!" she cried, with that gesture of the hands, as though she would put the matter from her. It had become a favorite trick of hers. "Oh, horrible! I am sorry you had that dream, and sorrier yet that you told it to me. I can see him now, sinking slowly to immeasurable depths, and holding out his hands to me. But could I not help him?"

"I do not know, Letitia," I answered. "In my dream you seemed to want to, and to be sorry for something. But I know you did not."

"But I will," she said, "and nothing shall stop me." She said it under her breath, seemingly forgetting my presence.

"Certainly I will not stop you," I said. "Do not think it." I suppose that I spoke with some bitterness. I know that I felt it. For here was she, thinking only of Fairleigh Johns and a dream, while here was I, thinking only of her — in the flesh. At least, there was no dream about that.

Instantly she smiled—and her smile had a marvelous power to change the aspect of things.

"I know that you will not," she said. "You will help me—growling and grumbling, as you ever did. But how foolish we are to be so affected by a dream. Let us talk of something else."

And so we did, and we were merry and foolish and retrospective by turns. Yet the dream held us in its grip, and by the time I left I was ready to consign Fairleigh Johns to the nethermost depths. Would he never give me an evening with Letitia alone?

So time went on, and the memory of the dream faded,—to naught with me, and apparently to as slight proportions with Letitia. It had become my habit to see her at least once a week, and Mr. Johns, at last, had given me an evening without his disturbing presence. It must have been some months before I saw him, and then I came upon him at the Club. He was in his favorite chair by the window, gazing abstractedly at the spot of light in the little park. I made some exclamation of surprise, and he looked up, smiling pleasantly.

"Ah, old fellow," he said, "just look at that spot of light in the park. Wonderful effect! Some painter"—

But I interrupted him. "Yes," I said; "I know about that. It's true enough. But where have you been all this time?"

He paid no attention to my rudeness. "Why," he answered, in mild surprise, "I have been about—as usual. I think I have occupied this chair every afternoon."

"Ah, but you know that I am never here until after five. Why have you stayed away of evenings?"

And then I noted that his evening clothes were new. There was no fraying about the edges.

"Why," he said, as though it had just occurred to him, "perhaps I have been away a good deal, lately. But you see there were many things to be attended to. And I suppose I did not feel in the mood. I was here once or twice last week, and once the week before. I did not see you."

He looked up, questioning. The evenings must have been those reserved for Letitia. Had she not told him? If she had not told, certainly I would not be the one to tell. It was something to feel that I shared a secret with her.

"No?" I answered. "I do not come regularly."

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I plumped me down in the chair opposite. We spoke of many things; but I avoided with great care — and some skill — the subject of his trust. He avoided it with equal care and skill, although it was uppermost in his thoughts. Soon I saw that we were beginning to approach the subject of Letitia. I would not talk of her with Fairleigh Johns, and I rose to go.

"My dear fellow!" he said. "Going? It is early, is n't it?"

It was, very. And I knew that I should have a long evening, alone in my rooms. But I pleaded weariness.

He was abominably cheerful. "Well, if you must, you must," he said. "How you men stand the eternal grind of work is beyond my comprehension. Will you do me the honor of dining with me on Saturday evening — at my house?"

So the little dinners had begun again. I assented, for I could not, at the moment, think of any reasonable excuse.

I mentioned the matter to Letitia at the first opportunity, — which was on the following evening. I was not losing any time in those days. To my surprise, it seemed to worry her.

"Oh, I am sorry," she cried. "I am certain that his income is no more than it has been for some time. I am afraid" —

I smiled, for I remembered his opinion of the deeds of Alan Martiss. I told Letitia.

"I think you need not be afraid," I said. "After all, we know nothing of his income."

But she did know, it seemed. Mr. Johns had told her, in his extremity, of the failure of some mills in which he had an interest. The mills had not recovered; at least, not sufficiently to pay a dividend, as I happened to know.

"So you see," she said, "why I am afraid. After all, any man, if he is in want, — and to Mr. Johns any change in his habits would seem like want, — I hate to think of it."

"Do not think of it," I replied. "I have a sickness that will prevent my keeping my engagement with him. This is but Wednesday. There is plenty of time."

She laughed, with little mirth. "No, no," she said. "He would come around to see you — and ask some one else. It would be of no use. It will be better for you to go. And keep a watch on him."

I promised to keep a watch on him. "It makes me feel like a private detective," I said. "Shall I need a disguise? With a black wig and a false beard, I might deceive even Fairleigh Johns."

She laughed again, and her laugh was merry enough this time. "He would not let you in. No, go as you are. You serve my purpose best as you are."

"Ah, Letitia," said I, "I serve your purpose passing well, do I not? And yet you would not have me now, any more than you would have me twenty years ago. Oh, do not be afraid, I am not going to ask you." For I saw the color mounting slowly, until her neck, her cheeks, her forehead were dyed crimson.

She did not speak, and I went quickly; only she gave me her hand for a moment at parting, and that was hot, too, as though the crimson flood had swept over her like a wave. But it meant nothing, — unless it meant Fairleigh. I hated him for it.

So I went to dine with Mr. Johns on Saturday, and I kept a watch on him, although he did not know it. James was there, silent and attentive, and Fairleigh pressed upon me dainties — of his own devising — and fairly smothered me with attentions. But his talk was of nothing but his dinner; he had given it much thought, and this was an Italian dinner.

"Have more olives, old fellow. These black olives are eaten by the dozen, you know." And he proceeded to give me the history of the olives. "This red wine, you know, is very light. You can drink it as you would water." And he gave me the history of the light wine. And James was ever at my elbow, with more olives, or ready to fill my glass with wine. I did not wish to drink the wine as I would water, for I have never succeeded in overcoming

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my liking for water as a beverage; but it did not matter. And when the dinner was ended, there was a box of cigars with its two stamps, and the cigars fitted the box. Seeing this, I took one, which seemed to please Mr. Johns to a marvel; and there we sat, smoking and sipping our coffee, which was in a wonderful machine, likewise of his own devising. He explained its operation at some length, so that I knew as much about it as I had known before. And all this while he had the familiar smile on his face, the smile that always made me wonder what lay behind it. And again there came upon me the desire to rap him with my stick, that I might learn whether he would give forth the hollow sound of an empty copper tank. But I bethought me that he was well filled with dinner — and my stick was not at hand.

And at last I could take my leave, and did, none the wiser for my watching, and glad enough to go. And I went home and went to bed and slept; and as I slept I dreamed once again the dream in which Mr. Johns's part was simple, — merely to sink slowly, holding out his hands the while, to immeasurable depths. And in my dream I thought that it were easy enough to learn the part if Letitia played the other. But I did not tell the dream to Letitia, nor could I report anything of moment.

So, for more than a year, we kept watch on Mr. Johns. I would have forgotten him with pleasure, for I was come once more to feel that absurd jealousy of twenty years ago; and absurd it was, for what possible use could Letitia have for a man whose hair was well turned white, and grown a little thin on top? And Fairleigh was a pretty figure of a man. He was tall enough, — although less tall than Letitia, — and would do to prance about drawing-rooms. I had little inclination for that. But I did my part, to please her. Who would not? I dined with him a half dozen times, — always with the same sense of weariness, — and I saw him each week at the Club. And I remember that on one occasion I could no longer keep in my evil temper. I was grown sore with it.

"Fairleigh," I said, "you remember Alan Martiss?"

Now, there was some excuse for me, for Jim Ellicott was in my office, and he served as a reminder of Alan. Not that that was the reason, nor did I pretend to myself that it was; it was just jealousy and an evil temper. At least, I am no hypocrite. But no one could have imagined that it would have had the effect it did, — a mere mention of a name. Mr. Johns went white, — white as his immaculate shirt front. And then he went red, — a fiery red, — and again white. And then he burst forth in speech. I had not supposed that Fairleigh Johns had it in him.

"What do you mean," he cried, "by continually reminding me of Alan Martiss? Do you think that I, too, am incapable of carrying out a trust — honorably? Come now, yes or no."

I did what I could to pacify him. "My dear fellow!" I said, "you know that Jim Ellicott is in my office, and I am naturally reminded of the late Mr. Martiss. And I think this is but the second time, in more than a year, that I have mentioned his name to you. Besides, Fairleigh, you will recollect that you spoke somewhat vehemently of his conduct, — while I thought there was some excuse for him, poor fellow! I do not doubt that you are the soul of honor. You must not take it too seriously, old man. Richard Curtis — peace to his ashes! — would doubtless consider your administration of the trust quite satisfactory."

I had called him "old man," which comforted my soul. And he had not appeared to notice it. He changed his tone completely; even seemed to be afraid. I thought of the dream.

"You must pardon me, my dear fellow," said he, "for my absurd burst of temper. Of course I know that you did not mean anything by your reference to Martiss. But the trust is so peculiar — so strange in its provisions — that I am

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sensitive about it. It wears on me — it wears on me."

It certainly did wear on him. Now that I had it brought to my attention, I could see lines which even the skill of James was unable to conceal. I was sorry for Mr. Johns.

"It will be some months before the termination of the trust," he resumed, looking out at the spot of light in the park, and avoiding my eyes. "I want to ask you to do something for me. It is not much to ask." What was this, I wondered. Would it involve Letitia? I waited. "Dine with me the day it terminates. I will remind you."

He looked at me then, a moment, and his eyes fell. I was relieved, and consented readily. I had been fearful that he might ask me to find out for him — and that I would not have done. And, for the first time, I began to have my doubts of Mr. Johns.

True to his promise, Fairleigh reminded me of the day, which I had forgotten. And that very afternoon I stopped in at my bookseller's, to browse among the books. I had been there some time, and was about to go, my one treasure, spoil of the afternoon, under my arm. I held it up for the worthy bookseller to see. He nodded, — this was our custom. We understood one another well, this bookseller and I. Then an idea seemed to strike him, and he came down to me.

"Here is something I want you to see," he said. "It will not come out until tomorrow. But it will make a sensation — it will make a sensation, or I am mistaken."

And he held up the book, which he had kept behind him. It was nothing much to see, only the perfection of the binder's craft and of the printer's. I took it in my hand, lovingly, and turned the pages, — "The Diary of a Well Known Man," — and I read a little here and there as I turned.

"Why," I said, "this is Richard Curtis's diary."

The good man was smiling broadly. "Of course," he replied, "it is. Any one who knew Curtis would guess at a glance. But the publishers are taking no chances. There will be interviews in the papers; and I happen to know that they are already written. The book will be much talked about — in the papers. It will be a good seller."

A good seller! So that was what Curtis had come to. His diary — his intimate record of his daily thoughts and feelings, never intended for publication — would be a good seller. I would see more of it. I slipped my treasure into my pocket and sat me down.

"That is right," said the good bookseller, "look it over. Perhaps I can save you time." He pointed out passage after passage, and at last stopped and hesitated. "Now this," — he said, "I confess, I have my doubts about this. I think that perhaps you will know the lady, or who she is. I do not know, nor whether she is alive or dead. But it will unquestionably be of interest; and I suppose Mr. Johns knows his own business best."

"Mr. Johns!" I cried. "Mr. Johns!"

"Why, yes," he answered. "I supposed that you knew. He got these together, — and he got a good round sum for them, too. I understood that the papers were all left to him, to use as he saw fit."

"Yes, yes," I said, more vexed than I cared to own. "I knew it."

The bookseller left me, and I plunged in at once. First should come the passage that he had his doubts about. If that passed muster, the rest would pass.

He might well have his doubts. It was all about Letitia, — thinly disguised under her initial, — and there were some thirty pages of it. I was boiling hot as I read. Every friend of Curtis's would recognize it and remember. It was all set forth, — his first meeting, the growing love for her, her refusal of him. She refused him three times, it seemed, within two years. And there he stopped, — one could see the struggle and the effort it cost him, — but he never saw her, willingly, again. And

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never once did he speak of her but in the most tender way. Ah, Fairleigh Johns, it is a cruel thing that you have done, — wicked, infamous! Thou Judas!

When I was somewhat calmed I called the bookseller to me. "Now, friend," I said, "I am about to ask you to do me a great favor. Suppress this book."

He looked blank. "That will be difficult," he answered, "and will cost something. But it can be done, if you do not mind the expense. A few copies will have gotten out, but not many. Yes, it can be done."

"Do it," I said, "and I am your friend forever."

"Well," he said, "well" — He heaved a long sigh of regret. It was hard to have to smother this promising infant as soon as it was born. "I suppose I must see the publishers at once. But it seems a pity. It would be a good seller."

But this worthy bookseller of mine was not all bookseller. He was man as well, and as a man he had had his doubts. And so I left him, somewhat eased of my fear. And I walked to my rooms, for I would clear the fogs from my brain, that I might think clearly and see what was to do. For I have ever found that violent exercise helps to clear thinking, whether it be chopping wood or other. And many a time, when I might do naught else but walk, have I found myself miles from home before I had my matter thought out, for I took no heed to my feet but only to my head, and tore along at a pace that made the policemen stare. So I walked; and as I walked, I bethought me that here was Richard Curtis, and he had had three refusals within two years, while I had but one, and that one twenty years and more behind me. Was I to be outdone by a dead man? As for Fairleigh Johns, I would eat his dinner, and then be as rude as God made me.

So I went home and dressed with more than ordinary care; and in due time I was ringing at Mr. Johns's door. James let me in, silently, and ushered me into Mr. Johns's presence. He, poor fool, was more than usually cheerful, — cheerful to the verge of hilarity; and I had to endure his cheerfulness, as I might the best, through a dinner longer than common. But at last we were sipping our coffee and smoking, in his study, and James the Silent was no longer behind my chair.

"Well, Fairleigh," I said, "and who is the fortunate person? What is the name within the mysterious envelope?"

I thought that he would never speak, he was so long in doing it; and I watched the changing expressions on his face until I found them amusing. I wondered which would prevail, — which state of mind would be the last.

I should have known it. There came the smile upon his face. "I do not know," he said at last. "I have not opened it."

"Why, man," I cried, "have it out, then, and let us see."

"Well," he said slowly, "if I must, — and I suppose I must." He rose, reluctantly, I thought, and went to his safe.

"There!" he said, throwing upon the table the envelope, unopened. "You open it. I — I am afraid."

He was afraid. There was no doubt of it. His voice quivered as he spoke. I took the envelope and tore it open, although I knew well enough, by this, what name it contained. Had I not Curtis's confession in my pocket?

"Letitia," I said, and tossed it toward him.

He did not take it up. He groaned, instead, then forced himself to smile. "I hoped," he murmured, "I hoped — but it does not matter."

I watched him for some while, in pity for that which I was about to do. But what was to do must be done.

"Fairleigh," I said, with a sprightly manner, and, as I spoke, pulling forth the book, "here is an interesting production, — full of interest for the friends of Curtis."

He smiled in a pleased way, but deprecating, too. "I am glad you think so," he answered. "I tried to make it so."

"You succeeded," I went on, bent upon

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my purpose, "admirably. Your industry is to be commended. You have made it interesting for Miss Letitia and her friends too."

He stammered forth his surprise. "Miss Letitia — Miss Letitia? But how — I do not see — how — What do you mean?"

"Fairleigh Johns," I said slowly, "do you mean to tell me that you have forgotten — that you did not know Richard Curtis's love story before you got these together? I do not believe it. Do you know what you have done? You have made Letitia a topic of conversation in every club in town. You have made her the subject of newspaper interviews, — already written. You may expect to hear her name cried in the street within a week. Do not say that you did not know it. What you have done is" — I hesitated for a fitting word. None other would do. "— is damnable. You have forgotten your duty to Curtis — who is dead — and to her — who is alive. Do you think she will not writhe under it?"

He tried to brazen it out. "Really, my dear fellow," he replied, "I fail to see that you have a duty in the matter. It lies between my publishers and myself. And," he added, lamely enough, "the book was not to come out until to-morrow."

"Letitia," I repeated, "who was ready to give to you of her abundance, you have sacrificed, — for a cheap notoriety. You will find it come dear, Fairleigh."

Again I was amused in watching the changing expressions on his face. Some while I watched him; then he covered his face with his hands, and groaned.

"Twice," he said at last, but not looking at me, "twice, in the past two years, you have mentioned Alan Martiss's name to me. The last time I was afraid, and made an angry reply. It was a guilty conscience that made me; for I have done as he did, — not so much," he added hastily, as if for fear that I should think nothing was left, "not so much. Not more than a quarter of the money is gone; and you do not know how I was tempted. Why, one evening, when you came, you remember James was out. I said I had let him go. So I had, and so I did each evening, — any time that he could get employment, except the mornings. I needed him, then. And I gave up the theatre; I gave up everything that I could, even the Club, and — well, there is no use in rehearsing it.

"And then this thing occurred to me. I had thought of it before, but not seriously. And I did it. Its consequences I would not think of. The sum that I receive from the publishers is nearly large enough to make up what I have — I had hoped this would be for me — a legacy from Curtis. But now, there is nothing for me but the end that Alan Martiss chose."

He was nearly sobbing as he made an end, and I was nigh to laughing. Such tragedy from Fairleigh Johns! But I sobered at the advice I was about to give him. Would Letitia — there was no telling what a woman would do.

"Cheer up, man," I said, "and talk no more nonsense. You are not going to shoot yourself. You will go, instead, to see Miss Letitia. You will explain this matter to her. Do not spare yourself. She will understand readily, — more readily than you will relish, perhaps. And see what comes of it. For the book is to be suppressed."

"Suppressed!" he cried. "So, then, I get no money from the publishers? I was to receive it to-morrow."

"You poor fool," I cried, in my turn, "did you think any friend of hers could let it issue? As to the check, I do not know. The publishers may be idiots enough to send it to you, but I should think not. Go now, at once."

So he went, and I went, too, and left him at Letitia's door. For I feared to leave him sooner, and from the dark shadows across the street — friendly shadows, from which I had more than once watched that door — I watched him until the door opened and he entered.

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Ah, Fairleigh Johns, I would not stand in your shoes for the chance of happiness that is yours. And I walked about in those same shadows for half an hour and watched the door. And as I waited I could feel no pity for him,—nothing but contempt, with his last words sounding in my ears: "So, then, I get no money from my publishers?" Even then, after his confession to me, he was more concerned about the money than about Letitia's peace of mind. Suppose I had let him go on with his tragedy: he would have been missing the next day — after he had received the check. I knew it.

If ever time seemed long to man, that half hour seemed long to me. I lived my life over again; but at last it was done. The door opened once more, and Fairleigh Johns emerged, the same man I had known for years, with that everlasting smile on his face. I saw it plainly in the light from the open door. It had not been there when he went in. What did it mean? Had Letitia — I could hardly wait until Mr. Johns was out of sight.

I passed the astonished servant, and burst in upon her. She was standing by the fire, and tears were in her eyes. She looked up, startled.

"Oh," she cried softly, "I am glad you came."

She gave me both her hands as she spoke. I would not let them go.

"Letitia," I said, looking deep into her eyes, "have you promised to marry Mr. Johns?"

She looked at me with growing indignation. "Promised to marry Mr. Johns!" she cried. "Indeed I have not. What" —

She would have drawn her hands away, but I held them tight. "Then marry me," I said.

She was surprised, I know, for she began to smile, then to laugh.

"Letitia," said I, "this is not like you, to laugh at me. I might well expect a refusal, but not to be laughed at."

"I am not laughing at you," she answered. "I am nervous, and have had much to make me so. And I am not refusing you. I am glad. Oh, my dear, I will, I will. If you had not asked me soon, I should have had to ask you. It would have been a judgment on me for refusing you before."

She was weeping softly now, her head on my shoulder. And I did as I suppose I should have done twenty years and more before, and she seemed well pleased. Presently she spoke.

"Please, sir," she said, "let me have my hand — one of them — that I may wipe my eyes. The tears run down upon your coat."

I laughed and wiped them for her. And she laughed, too. We laughed at anything — or nothing.

"Letitia," said I, sobering suddenly, "could I have had you" —

"At any time in the last twenty years," she answered quickly, smiling up at me. "I was young — or not so young, either, but I was foolish and did not know my own mind. I suppose I expected to be asked again."

"Fool that I was!" I cried. "Twenty years of happiness — lost!"

"It should be a lesson to you," she said. "Never take a woman's 'no' — but you will not need that lesson now. Let us not regret. Think of the years that are to come."

"Yes," I answered, "that is my comfort. But if I had learned that lesson sooner! It did not avail poor Curtis; he seemed to have learnt it."

She was startled, and stood in front of me, holding to the lapels of my coat. I would have had her back again.

"No," she said, "not yet. Who told you — about Mr. Curtis? For I am sure that I have never told a living soul. I am glad that you know, — I should have told you when I thought of it, for I think you should know all my — experiences. He asked me three times. I was sorry to refuse. Come, tell me."

She shook me back and forth, laughing the while, though the tears stood in her eyes. And I, foolish with happiness, glad

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that my Letitia had so tender a heart, — I had known it always, of course, — I fenced with fate. I had not meant that she should know about the book.

"You refused him for my sake, Letitia?" I asked softly.

"For your sake," she answered, bending toward me. "For the sake of a man who would have naught of me. Now, let me go — and tell me."

"It was Curtis himself," I said, "and not himself, either. For see, Letitia."

And I drew forth the book. For she was wide-eyed, making nothing of my riddles. We sat us down by the lamp, and I explained the matter.

"And for a wedding present for my wife," I said, "there will be a small matter of five thousand copies — ten, perhaps. What will she do with them?"

She was leaning back, looking at me. It seemed to strike her as funny. "What a library!" she said. "I will build a house for them." She sobered then. "Poor Mr. Johns!"

"What of him?" I asked. "I had forgotten him."

"He asked me to marry him," she answered, "an hour ago — or offered to marry me. I did not know about the book."

"And you?"

"Oh, I refused him, as gently as I could. I was sorry for him."

"Did he tell you" —

"He told me everything," she said, "or so I supposed."

"And no doubt you excused everything — even sympathized with him. It would be like you," said I.

She smiled faintly. "I said as little as I could," she answered. "I thought that would be easiest for him — for everybody. Then he offered to marry me, in his courtly way, — as a reparation, I suppose, — and I refused. He seemed relieved, I thought."

"Poor fool!" I said. "And then?"

"Oh, then!" She shuddered as she recalled it. "He became abject. It was terrible to see him fallen so low. I did not suppose he was a coward." She stopped, hesitated a moment. No doubt Mr. Johns had threatened self-destruction.

"You need not have been afraid, Letitia," I said. "He would not have destroyed himself."

"I did not know," she answered. "I would not have him on my conscience. So then" —

She pointed to her desk. Her checkbook lay open upon it. I had not noticed it. It had been like her, too, to give him enough to make it up.

"See," she said; and showed me the last entry. The check had been drawn for the amount of Curtis's legacy. I stared and stared, and dropped the book.

"Letitia!" I cried.

"Yes," she said. "Was n't it lucky that I had it? He needs it more than I."

We were both silent for some minutes, and I stared at the fire. When I looked up, she was crying softly.

"Oh," she cried, "he had lost all his pride — all his self-respect. Why, he thanked me for it, — with his old manner that we both know so well. And he smiled as he thanked me. He is going abroad as soon as this matter is settled. We are not likely to see him again. And I tore up the envelope. I felt as though I were at his funeral — at Fairleigh Johns's funeral. Oh, poor gentleman!"

She was in a passion of tears. I drew her gently toward me, that she might weep her fill upon my shoulder. Alas, poor gentleman!

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HER SHADOW

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

OLD is the body of the tale; but, told anew,
Its fair elusive spirit floats from me to you;
Sandaled with silence, moving swift as spirits do,
And faint as that dead wind which woke, and slept, and blew
Our lives together, but to lash them straight apart —
My heart aware and torn, from your unconscious heart.

CRIMEA

Never a scarlet cross then,
Protected the torment of men
(Shattered and bleeding, and rent).
Shots that had sped, and were spent,
Mowed them to curse and to cry;
Heaped them to writhe and to die.
Sweetest of women was she,
First of the mild ministry
Mercy of Heaven has sent
Into the hospital tent.
One, and a woman! — and when
There they groaned — thousands of men!
Hands that could, clutched at her dress.
Lips that could, parted to bless.
Dim eyes — all left that could stir —
Worshiping, called after her.

Gashed by the sight of that hell,
As flesh by the shot and the shell,
Spendthrift of mercy, she gave.
Men in the grip of the grave
Battled back death for awhile,
To carry away but her smile.
He went through a motherly land
Who passed with a hand in her hand.
His face was the peacefulest there,
Who died in the arms of her prayer.

But slaughtered and tortured they lie.
By hundreds she passes them by, —
Gentle, and simple, and rough.
Of tenderness who has enough
When life converges to death?
Paling, and broken of breath,

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They whom she never might reach —
Touch of her, sign of her, speech,
Aught of her — what did they then —
They, the denied of the men?

Oh, dying lips have living power;
And all the world had missed
The echoing cry of that red hour: —
"*Upon our pillows then we kissed*
Her shadow as it fell.
She passed us by, and so we kissed
Her shadow where it fell."

Dearest and lost! Of every dream the eidolon;
Of every memory sweetest that I think upon;
Monarch uncrowned upon my soul's high, vacant throne;
Forever Queen of royal joys to me unknown!
One day I clasped your shadow as it passed me by.
And now, a warrior wounded and unhealed I lie;
Upon the empty pillow of my life I press
The shadow of a kiss. Trust in its sacredness.

THE NATURE-STUDENT

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

I HAD made a nice piece of dissection, a pretty demonstration — for a junior.

"You did n't know a dog was put together so beautifully, did you?" said the professor, frankly enjoying the sight of the marvelous system of nerves laid bare by the knife. "Now, see here," he went on, eying me keenly, "does n't a revelation like that take all the moonshine about the 'beauties of nature' clean out of you?"

I looked at the lifeless lump upon my table, and answered very deliberately,

"No, it does n't. That's a fearful piece of mechanism. I appreciate that. But what is any system of nerves or muscles, — mere dead dog, — compared with the love and affection of the dog alive?"

The professor was trying to make a biologist out of me. He had worked faithfully, but I had persisted in a very unscientific love for live dog. Not that I did n't enjoy comparative anatomy, for I did. The problem of "concrescence or differentiation" in the cod's egg was intensely interesting to me, also. And so was the sight and the suggestion of the herring as they crowded up the run on their way to the spawning pond. The professor had lost patience. I don't blame him.

"Well," he said, turning abruptly, "you had better quit. You'll be only a biological fifth wheel."

I quit. Here on my table lies the scalpel. Since that day it has only sharpened lead pencils.

Now a somewhat extensive acquaintance with scientific folk leads me to believe that the attitude of my professor toward the out-of-doors is not exceptional. The love for nature is all moonshine, all

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maudlin sentiment. Even those like my professor, who have to do with out-of-door life and conditions, — zoölogists, botanists, geologists, — look upon naturalists, and others who love birds and fields, as of a kind with those harmless but useless inanities who collect tobacco-tags, postage stamps, and picture postal cards. Sentiment is not scientific.

I have a biological friend, a professor of zoölogy, who never saw a woodchuck in the flesh. He would not know a woodchuck with the fur on from a mongoose. Not until he had skinned it and set up the skeleton could he pronounce it *Arctomys monax* with certainty. Yes, he could tell by the teeth. Dentition is a great thing. He could tell a white pine (*strobus*) from a pitch pine (*rigida*) by just a cone and a bundle of needles, — one has five, the other three, to the bundle. But he would n't recognize a columned aisle of the one from a Jersey barren of the other. That is not the worst of it: he would not see even the aisle or the barren, — only trees.

As we jogged along recently, on a soft midwinter day that followed a day of freezing, my little three-year-old threw his nose into the air and cried, —

"Oh, fader, I smell de pitch pines, de scraggly pines, — 'ou calls 'em Joisey pines!" And sure enough, around a double curve in the road we came upon a single clump of the scraggly pitch pines in a drive through miles of the common white species.

Did you ever smell them when they are thawing out? It is quite as healthful, if not so scientific, to recognize them by their resinous breath as by their needles per bundle.

Some time I want this small boy to know the difference between these needle bundles. But I want him to learn now, and to remember always, that the hard days will soften, and that then there oozes from the scraggly pitch pines a balm, piney, penetrating, purifying, — a tonic to the lungs, a healing to the soul.

All foolishness? sentiment? moonshine? — this love for woods and fields, this need I have for companionship with birds and trees, this longing for the feel of grass and the smell of earth? When I told my biological friend that these longings were real and vital, as vital as the highest problems of the stars and the deepest questions of life, he pitied me, but made no reply.

He sees clearly a difference between live and dead men, a difference between the pleasure he gets from the society of his friends, and the information, interesting as it may be, which he obtains in a dissecting-room. But he sees no such difference between live and dead nature, nature in the fields and in the laboratory. Nature is all a biological problem to him, not a quick thing, — a shape, a million shapes, informed with spirit, — a voice of gladness, a mild and healing sympathy, a companionable soul.

"But there you go!" he exclaims, "talking poetry again. Why don't you deal with facts? What do you mean by nature-study, love for the out-of-doors, anyway!"

I do not mean a sixteen weeks' course in zoölogy or botany, or in Wordsworth. I mean, rather, a gentle life course in getting acquainted with the toads and stars that sing together, for most of us, just within and above our own dooryards. It is a long life course in the deep and beautiful things of living nature, — the nature we know so well as a corpse. It is of necessity a somewhat unsystematized, incidental, vacation-time course, — the more's the pity. The results do not often come as scientific discoveries. They are personal, rather, more after the manner of revelations, — data that the professors have little faith in. For the scientist cannot put an April dawn into a bottle, cannot cabin a Hockomock marsh, nor cage a December storm in a laboratory. And when, in such a place, did a scientist ever overturn a "wee bit heap o' weeds an' stibble?" Yet it is out of dawns and marshes and storms that the revelations come; yes, and out of mice nests, too, if

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you love all the out-of-doors, and chance to be ploughing late in the fall.

But there is the trouble with my professor. He never ploughs at all. How can he understand and believe? And is n't this the trouble with many of our poets, also? Some of them spend their summers in the garden; but the true poet — and the naturalist — must stay later, and they must plough, plough the very edge of winter, if they would turn up what Burns did that November day in the field at Mossgiel.

How amazingly fortunate were the conditions of Burns's life! What if he had been professor of English literature at Edinburgh University? He might have written a life of Milton in six volumes, — a monumental work, but how unimportant compared with the lines *To a Mouse!*

We are going to live real life and write real poetry again, — when all who want to live, who want to write, draw directly upon life's first sources. To live simply, and out of the soil! To live by one's own ploughing, and to write!

Instead, how do we live? How do I live? Nine months in the year by talking bravely about books that I have not written. Between times I live on the farm, hoe and think, and write, — whenever the hoeing is done. And where is my poem to a mouse?

> Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!

With a whole farm o' foggage green, and all the year before me, I am not sure that I could build a single line of genuine poetry. But I am certain that, in living close to the fields, we are close to the source of true and great poetry, where each of us, at times, hears lines that Burns and Wordsworth left unmeasured, — lines that are only waiting to be lived into song.

Now, I have done just what my biological friend knew I would do, — made over my course of nature-study into a pleasant but idle waiting for inspiration. I have frankly turned poet! No, not unless Gilbert White and Jefferies, Thoreau, Burroughs, Gibson, Torrey, and Rowland Robinson are poets. But they are poets. We all are, — even the biologist, with half a chance, — and in some form we are all waiting for inspiration. The nature-lover who lives with his fields and skies simply puts himself in the way of the most and gentlest of such inspirations.

He may be ploughing when the spirit comes, or wandering, a mere boy, along the silent shores of a lake, and hooting at the owls. You remember the boy along the waters of Winander, how he would hoot at the owls in the twilight, and they would call back at him across the echoing lake? And when there would come a pause of baffling silence,

> Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
> Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
> Has carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery.

That is an inspiration, the kind of experience one has in living with the out-of-doors. It does n't come from books, from laboratories, not even from an occasional tramp afield. It is out of companionship with nature that it comes; not often, perhaps, to any one, nor only to poets who write. I have had such experiences, such moments of quiet insight and uplift, while in the very narrowest of the paths of the woods.

It was in the latter end of December, upon a gloomy day that was heavy with the oppression of a coming storm. In the heart of the maple swamp all was still and cold and dead. Suddenly, as out of a tomb, I heard the small, thin cry of a tiny tree frog. And how small and thin it sounded in the vast silences of that winter swamp! And yet how clear and ringing! A thrill of life tingling out through the numb, nerveless body of the woods that has ever since made a dead day for me impossible.

That was an inspiration. I learned something, something deep and beautiful. Had I been Burns or Wordsworth I should have written a poem to Hyla. All prose as I am, I was, nevertheless, so

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quickened by that brave little voice as to write:—

A wide, dead waste, and leaden sky,
Wild winds, and dark and cold!
The river's tongue is frozen thick,
With life's sweet tale half told.

Dead! Ah, no! the white fields sleep,
The frozen rivers flow;
And summer's myriad seed-hearts beat
Within this breast of snow.

With spring's first green the holly glows
And flame of autumn late,—
The embers of the summer warm
In winter's roaring grate.

The thrush's song is silent now,
The rill no longer sings;
But loud and long the strong winds strike
Ten million singing strings.

O'er mountains high, o'er prairies far,
Hark! the wild pæan's roll!—
The lyre is strung 'twixt ocean shores,
And swept from pole to pole!

My meeting with that frog in the dead of winter was no trifling experience, nor one that the biologist ought to fail to understand. Had I been a poet, that meeting would have been of consequence to all the world; as I was, however, it meant something only to me,—a new point of view, an inspiration—a beautiful poem that I cannot write.

This attitude of the nature-lover, because it is contemplative and poetical, is not therefore mystical or purely sentimental. Hooting at the owls and hearing things in baffling silences may not be scientific. Neither is it unscientific. The attitude of the boy beside the starlit lake is not that of Charlie, the man who helps me occasionally on the farm.

We were clearing up a bit of mucky meadow recently when we found a stone just above the surface that was too large for the horse to haul out. We decided to bury it.

Charlie took the shovel and mined away under the rock until he struck a layer of rather hard sandstone. He picked awhile at this, then stopped awhile; picked again, rather feebly, then stopped and began to think about it. It was hard work,—the thinking, I mean, harder than the picking,—but Charlie, however unscientific, is an honest workman, so he thought it through.

"Well," he said finally, "'t ain't no use, nohow. You can't keep it down. You bury the darned thing, and it'll come right up. I suppose it grows. Of course it does. It must. Everything grows."

Now that is an unscientific attitude. But that is not the mind of the nature-lover, of the boy with the baffling silences along the starlit lake. He is sentimental, certainly, yet not ignorant, nor merely vapid. He does not always wander along the lake by night. He is a nature-student, as well as a nature-lover, and he does a great deal more than hoot at the owls. This, though, is as near as he comes to anything scientific and so worth while, according to the professor.

And it is as near as he ought to come to reality and facts — according to the philosopher.

"Nor can I recollect that my mind," says one of our philosophers, "in these walks, was much called away from contemplation by the petty curiosities of the herbalist or bird-lorist, for I am not one zealously addicted to scrutinizing into the minuter secrets of nature. It never seemed to me that a flower was made sweeter by knowing the construction of its ovaries. . . . The woodthrush and the veery sing as melodiously to the uninformed as to the subtly curious. Indeed, I sometimes think a little ignorance is wholesome in our communion with nature."

So it is. Certainly if ignorance, a great deal of ignorance, were unwholesome, then nature-study would be a very unhealthy course, indeed. For, when the most curious of the herbalists and bird-lorists (Mr. Burroughs, say) has made his last prying peep into the private life of a ten-acre woodlot, he will still be wholesomely ignorant of the ways of nature. Is the horizon just back of the brook that marks the terminus of our philosopher's

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path? Let him leap across, walk on, on, out of his woods to the grassy knoll in the next pasture, and there look! Lo! far yonder the horizon! beyond a vaster forest than he has known, behind a range of higher rolling hills, within a shroud of wider, deeper mystery.

There is n't the slightest danger of walking off the earth; nor of unlearning our modicum of wholesome ignorance concerning the universe. The nature-lover may turn nature-student and have no fear of losing nature. The vision will not fade. Let him go softly through the May twilight and wait at the edge of the swamp.

A voice serene and pure, a hymn, a prayer, fills all the dusk with peace. Let him watch and see the singer, a brown-winged woodthrush, with full, spotted breast. Let him be glad that it is not a white-winged spirit, or disembodied voice. And let him wonder the more that so plain a singer knows so divine a song.

Our philosopher mistakes his own dominant mood for the constant mood of nature. But nature has no constant mood. No more have we. Dawn and dusk are different moods. The roll of the prairie is unlike the temper of a winding cowpath in a New England pasture. Nature is not always sublime, awful, and mysterious; and no one but a philosopher is persistently contemplative. Indeed, at four o'clock on a June morning in some old apple orchard, even the philosopher would shout, —

"Hence, loathèd melancholy!"

He is in no mind for meditation; and it is just possible, before the day is done, that the capture of a drifting flake of dandelion and the study of its fairy wings might so add to the wonder, if not to the sweetness, of the flower, as to give him thought for a sermon.

There are times when the companionship of your library is enough; there are other times when you want a single book, a chapter, a particular poem. It is good at times just to know that you are turning with the earth under the blue of the sky; and just as good again to puzzle over the size of the spots in the breasts of our several thrushes. For I believe you can hear more in the song when you know it is the veery and not the woodthrush singing. Indeed, I am acquainted with persons who had lived neighbors to the veery since childhood, and never had heard its song until the bird was pointed out to them. Then they could not help but hear.

No amount of familiarity will breed contempt for your fields. Is the summer's longest, brightest day long enough and bright enough, to dispel the brooding mystery of the briefest of her nights? And tell me, what of the vastness and terror of the sea will the deep dredges ever bring to the surface, or all the circumnavigating drive to shore? The nature-lover is a man in a particular mood; the nature-student is the same man in another mood, as the fading shadows of the morning are the same that lengthen and deepen in the afternoon. There are times when he will go apart into the desert places to pray. Most of the time, however, he will live contentedly within sound of the dinner horn, glad of the companionship of his bluebirds, chipmunks, and pine trees.

This is best. And the question most frequently asked me is, How can I come by a real love for my pine trees, chipmunks, and bluebirds? How can I know real companionship with nature?

How did the boy along the starlit lake come by it, — a companionship so real and intimate that the very cliffs knew him, that the owls answered him, that even the silences spoke to him, and the imagery of his rocks and skies became a part of the inner world in which he dwelt? Simply by living along Winander and hallooing so often to the owls that they learned to halloo in reply. You may need a second time to come a-trailing clouds of glory before you can talk the language of the owls; but if there is in you any hankering for the soil, then all you need is a Winander of your own, a range, a haunt that you can visit, walk around,

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and get home from in a day's time. If this region can be the pastures, woodlots, and meadows, that make your own dooryard, then that is good; especially if you buy the land and live on it, for then Nature knows that you are not making believe. She will accept you as she does the peas you plant, and she will cherish you as she does them. This farm, or haunt, or range, you will come to know intimately; its flowers, birds, walls, streams, trees, — its features large and small, as they appear in June, and as they look in July and January.

For the first you will need the how-to-know books, — these while you are getting acquainted; but soon acquaintance grows into friendship. You are done naming things. The meanings of things now begin to come home to you. Nature is taking you slowly back to herself. Companionship has begun.

Many persons of the right mind never know this friendship, because they never realize the necessity of being friendly. They walk through a field as they walk through a crowded street; they go into the country as they go abroad. And the result is that all this talk of the herbalist and bird-lorist, to quote the philosopher again, seems "little better than cant and self-deception."

But let the philosopher cease philosophizing (he was also a hermit), and leave off hermiting; let him live at home with his wife and children, like the rest of us; let him work in the city for his living, hoe in his garden for his recreation; and then (I don't care by what prompting) let him study the lay of his neighbor fields and orchards until he knows every bird and beast, every tree-hole, earth-hole, even the times and places of the things that grow in the ground; let him do this through the seasons of the year, — for two or three years, — and he will know how to enjoy a woodchuck; he will understand many of the family affairs of his chipmunks; he will recognize and welcome back his bluebirds; he will love and often listen to the solemn talk of his pines.

All of this may be petty prying, not communion at all; it may be all moonshine and sentiment, not science. But it is not cant and self-deception, — in the hearts of thousands of simple, sufficient folk, who know a woodthrush when they hear him, and whose woodpaths are of their own wearing. And if it is not communion with nature, I know that it is real pleasure, and rest, peace, contentment, red blood, sound sleep, and, at times, it seems to me, something close akin to religion.

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THE NOVELS OF MRS. WHARTON

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

WHEN Mrs. Wharton's stories first appeared, in that early period which, as we have now learned, was merely a period of apprenticeship, everybody said, "How clever!" "How wonderfully clever!" and the criticism — to adopt a generic term for indiscriminate adjectives — was apt, for the most conspicuous trait in the stories was cleverness. They were astonishingly clever; and their cleverness, as an ostensible quality will, caught and held the attention. And yet, though undoubtedly correct, the term owes its correctness, in part at least, to its ready-to-wear quality, to its negative merit of vague amplitude, behind which the most diverse gifts and capacities may lie concealed. No readers of Mrs. Wharton, after the first shock of bewildered admiration, rest content with it, but grope about to lift the cloaking surtout of cleverness and to see as best they may how and by what methods her preternaturally nimble wits are playing their game, — for it is a game that Mrs. Wharton plays, pitting herself against a situation to see how much she can score.

To most people the point she plays most brilliantly is the episode, which in the novel is merely one of the links in the concatenation of the plot, but in the short story is the form and substance, the very thing itself; and so to be mistress of the art of the episode almost seems to leave any other species of mastery irrelevant and superfluous. In Mrs. Wharton this aptitude is not single, but a combination. It includes the sense of proportion, and markedly that elementary proportion of allotting the proper space for the introduction of the story, — so much to bring the *dramatis personæ* into the ring, so much for the preliminary bouts, so much for the climax, and, finally, the proper length for the recessional. It includes the subordination of one character to another, of one picture to another, the arrangement of details in proper hierarchy to produce the desired effect.

"The Dilettante," for instance, is a good example of craft in introducing a situation. The story is very short, the episode a mere dialogue; and, as the nature of the dialogue forbids an explanation of the situation through the mouths of the speakers, a neat prologue, in half-livery as it were, opens the door and takes your name, then the dialogue, in full livery, immediately shows you upstairs into the inner privacy of the episode, where the climax awaits you. You are met at each step by the forethought of a somewhat anxious hostess; and there is throughout a well-bred economy of effort which one expects to pass into grace, but which for some reason deflects and slips back into cleverness.

Some readers deem the dialogue the strongest point of Mrs. Wharton's game, it is so pithy and witty. Others, again, among the various excellences, prefer the author's own observations and comments. Still others like best the epigrams or the dramatic interest of the incident itself.

If the reader, after he has gone over these various points in the game, attempts to sum up his impressions, to his astonishment and dismay he finds himself again face to face with his old adjective *clever*. At first he surmises that this is a trick of his own indolence, which, lazily yielding to habit, offers him this serviceable word; but upon reflection he perceives that the adjective has a positive merit. It is a word of limitation; it fences in its own domain,

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and excludes other regions beyond. Mrs. Wharton's stories are not original like Miss Wilkins's, not poetic like George Eliot's, not romantic like Bret Harte's, not rippling with muscular energy like Kipling's, nor smooth with the dogmatic determinism of Maupassant. To none of those story-tellers would one apply the word clever; and though Mrs. Wharton cannot very well monopolize the adjective, by her high level of skill, by her ready command over her own resources, by her tact, by her courage,—no situation daunts her,—and especially by her limitations, she wholly justifies the public in crying out, "Oh, clever Mrs. Wharton!"

Cleverness not only limits its own domain, but stamps a special character upon it. In the novel proper there is one fundamental rule: that the characters, once introduced, must act with the large liberty of life, and work out their own fortunes. For novelists believe that, though other arts are all artificial and do not hold up the mirror to nature, yet their art is life indeed, their business is to leave the reader uncertain whether he is really in or out of the book. Let that be so. Novels proper are not everything. There are other fields of fiction in which the author is an absolute tyrant, and need make no pretense of giving his characters any free will whatever. To these regions the short story as a rule belongs. There is no room for liberty. The characters must complete their episode in scanty pages, and they must do the most artificial things in order to make the scene effective. Mrs. Wharton makes a most excellent tyrant, and gives her subjects vastly more vivacity than they would have if left to themselves. The dialogues are far too good for life, the episodes too well modeled, the motives too well calculated, the actions too complete, to admit of any doubt concerning the immediate presence of the autocrat. Everywhere the emphasis is the emphasis of art, not of life. This literary art is, of course, not only wholly legitimate, but some people might contend that it is the only art worth having. Artificial fiction makes no pretense that it is a reflection of life; it does not profess to make a real man and a real woman living in a real house, and really talking over real toast and tea. It sets itself up as an independent art, with its own rules, its own proprieties, its own standard of success. It is akin to artificial comedy, as Sheridan, for instance, handled it. No one judges *The Rivals* as a bit of real life. The business of Mrs. Wharton's *dramatis personæ* is to portray an effective episode; and it is a business which requires *cleverness*, as distinguished from originality, poetic feeling, humour, insight, romance, energy, or power.

II

Going a step farther, the most casual investigator becomes acquainted with Mrs. Wharton's propriety, tact, nicety of craftsmanship, and that special possession which in creative art is of the first importance,—human personality. Those people who advocate the suppression of all traces of the creator in his creations are too ascetic, too marmoreal, too super- or infra-human. Our generation, not yet wholly purged of the lingering effects left by the old Romantic individualism, cannot but feel that the more fiction is interpenetrated by the author's personality the more interesting it is.

This assumption involves as a corollary the immense importance of gender; and gender is indeed a matter of fundamental interest in literature, as in life. We are born on one side or the other of the great chasm; and in whichever camp we are, on the approach of anything that awakens our real interest, we challenge at once, "Fine or Superfine?" A man's world is not a woman's world. He and she are differently endowed; they perceive differently,—that is, all except the bald, unannotated reports of the senses,—group their impressions differently, deduce differently. Traits which preserve

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neutrality and straddle the chasm, serving both sides alike, are limited to the performance of the mechanical parts of fiction, and subject to rules and regulations. Where they end, begins the employment of those faculties that make individuality; and here the first rough and ready test as to whether the work has the flavor of personality is the determination of sex. Readers, male readers at least, are sometimes so blinded by prejudice, by an indefensible habit of identifying art with the male sex, that when a woman writes a novel such as *Jane Eyre* or *Adam Bede*, there is a general masculine readiness to be surprised, and a general masculine agreement that the talents and capacities which created the novel are of a peculiarly masculine order. In Mrs. Wharton's case men are debarred from any such self-complacent theory, for her talents and capacities are not only intrinsically feminine, but also, despite her cleverness, which, generally speaking, is a neutral trait, they are superficially feminine.

This fundamental fact of Mrs. Wharton's femininity is conspicuous in many ways. There was, for instance, in her early stories, a certain feminine dependence, as a girl on skates for the first time might lay the tip of her finger on a supporting arm. She showed a wish to learn, a ready docility, and the attractive simplicity of credulity, toward her first teacher, such as women, with their innate appreciation of authority, possess in a much greater degree than men. This hesitating dependence, as she took her first comparatively timid steps, following as closely as she could the sway and oscillations to which her teacher subjected his equilibrium, served her purpose. She learned her lesson, skated with ever greater ease, and, though still maintaining the rules she had learned, gradually got her own balance, and, after hard work and frequent practice, skated off, head erect, scarf, ribbons, and vesture floating free, with the speed and security of a racer. Her movements are always feminine movements, her ease, her poise, always feminine.

There is also in the stories what one might call a certain feminine capriciousness or arbitrariness, even beyond the ordinary autocracy of the story-teller, a method of deciding upon instinct rather than upon reflection. Take the union of episodes. Mrs. Wharton sees her story in episodes, or rather she sees episodes and puts them together. Sometimes they have no natural congruity, or are even rebelliously opposed to union. A man would acknowledge their independence, and leave them apart; but Mrs. Wharton, insisting on her autocratic prerogatives, forcibly unites them. In *The Sanctuary*, for example, she conceived the idea of repeating weakness of character and similarity of temptation in two generations; so she contrived two episodes, which, however, had no natural bond of union. She then put double duty on the heroine, and made her fulfill the function of joining the two episodes by the ingenious method of marrying her to the hero of the first in order to make her the mother of the hero of the second.

Her choice of plot, even, is distinctly feminine. Take *The Touchstone* for instance: given the situation, a man would have shifted the centre of gravity, and have rearranged all the effects. Her emphasis, her sense of interest, of importance, differ from a man's. Her feminine tact — that quality of unexpected control among forces so slight or so stubborn that no man can see how a woman gets her leverage; that power of steering when his rudder would be trailing in the air or stuck in the mud — is conspicuous in dialogue, in adjustment of relations, in the whole frame and finish of the story.

These characteristics are minor matters, but they point unhesitatingly to the conclusion that Mrs. Wharton is not only mentally feminine, with all the value of personality and humanity, but so much so as to belong plainly enough to the species, — the notable and justly celebrated

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species, — the American woman. This interesting type has been studied with the ardor due to the rapid modification by which it has diverged from its European progenitors. Its salient traits are well known, and perhaps no one has portrayed them more effectively than Mr. John Sargent. In his portraits we see a network of nerves drawn too taut for the somewhat inadequate equipment of flesh and blood; an attention given to the business of receiving and acting upon sensations so disproportionate that there is no proper leisure for the sensations themselves; a superior, indeed, a snubbing attitude of the nervous system toward the rest of the body. In Sargent's women there is no wholesome tendency to loafing, no ease of manner, no sense of physical *bien-être:* rather they stand, or sit — in the latter case on the edge of their chairs — like discoboli, waiting for a signal to whirl and hurl anything — anywhere — direction being unimportant, the sibylline contortion everything. This fundamental nervous restlessness shows itself in all Mrs. Wharton's stories, in her rapidity of thought, of phrase, of dialogue, in her intensity, her eagerness, her rush of thought. This American dash, this cascade-like brilliancy of motion, make, no doubt, for most readers the interest of the stories. But many of us, idle and inefficient, weakly wish for repose, a little pause, a trifling indulgence. With many story-tellers the reader gets aboard an accommodation train, and during the jogging, the stopping and starting, the pleasant Trollopy leisure, he looks out of the window, reflects on what has gone before, and speculates on what is to come. None of these weaknesses are permitted to Mrs. Wharton's readers, — I speak of the stories, — we are booked express, the present is all-exacting, and the pace is American.

This nervous eagerness and intensity find their fullest and freest expression in the epigrams, metaphors, similes, and aphorisms which crack fast and furious about our ears. No sooner do we hear an epigrammatic phrase, catch a loose end of its applicability, and grasp at apprehension, than crack! crack! go another and another. There is something almost vindictive in this hailstorm. "His egoism was not of a kind to mirror its complacency in the adventure." "There was something fatuous in an attitude of sentimental apology toward a memory already classic." "He had no fancy for leaving havoc in his wake, and would have preferred to sow a quick growth of oblivion in the spaces wasted by his inconsidered inroads;" and so forth. Such quotations — one can pluck them from every page — are clearly the literary gesticulations of an American woman.

III

This American element, which gives the stories so much of their character, is also noticeable in another of Mrs. Wharton's accomplishments, — one had almost said one of her talents, so fully and freely does she use it, — her artistic and literary cultivation. That cultivation is distinctly American in the sense that it immediately displays its American acquisition and ownership, and peremptorily excludes the notion that it might be English cultivation or French.

That such a distinction may be taken is due, no doubt, to the fact that we are on this shore of the Atlantic, and not on the other. The great traditional humanities, the inheritances of literature and art, are fundamentally foreign to us. Our ancestors did not create them, did not experience the emotions that prompted their creation, nor were they in any way cognizant of the stimulating circumstances under which they were produced. Emigration from Europe broke the course of spiritual descent, and our type is so much the result of modification by new conditions, and by a natural selection adapted to such new conditions, that our inheritance of European understanding and sympathy is an almost negligible quantity. We learn the humanities as we learn

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lessons; not in the way cultivated Englishmen or Frenchmen learn them, as part and parcel of their familiar experience of life.

Nevertheless, our national theory is that culture is not to be neglected, but to be assimilated rapidly in a manner becoming the busy, forward-looking, American spirit; and, accordingly, we make ourselves acquainted with the humanities, — as we might become acquainted with the British peerage in Burke, — in terms of galleries, museums, operas, scenery; whereas to Europeans the humanities, the inheritances of art and literature, constitute a collection of ideas, expressed in various modes, a study for discipline, for growth, for pleasure. Such being our attitude, we naturally look to the country where humanism, culture, art may most rapidly be *got up*, where the greatest number of names may with least effort be appended to the greatest number of things, the amplest amount *Bohned* with the least expenditure of effort. That country, beyond dispute, is Italy, and thither we betake ourselves.

It would be absurd to apply this rude generalization to Mrs. Wharton's cultivation, which is so unusual in variety, accuracy, and scholarship; but one does not wholly escape an intimation of the presence of this cis-Atlantic attitude in the evidences of cultivation so profusely scattered through Mrs. Wharton's stories, and the patriotically inclined are justified in pointing to her with pride as a product of our national civilization.

This point, otherwise unimportant, suggests the further point as to whether culture of this character is favorable for the production of fiction. Of course the most highly cultivated novelist might write fiction free from all badges of the author's culture, but that would rather be a European way of doing than an American. Take Mr. Henry James, for instance: one would search his novels in vain for any such obvious badges; or take D'Annunzio, — no writer is more imbued with the culture of Italy than he, — and though he uses that culture obviously, perhaps, yet he uses it merely as a color to emphasize the pattern of his story. We are inclined — I refer to those of us who move in the denser and stuffier strata of our national culture, and not to those who, like Mrs. Wharton, float in a purer upper air — to hold the man who uses his knowledge of literature and art for personal enjoyment only as an Epicurean egotist; we look upon his accomplishments as bad investments until he is able to exhibit dividends. And he, not daring to hoist a standard unacceptable to the community, readily succumbs to our attitude, and hurries to advertise his possessions. The European method of mere unavoidable enrichment of the matter in hand is seldom adopted.

Mrs. Wharton, though flying briskly through that purer upper air, nevertheless is unconsciously affected by the fumes which rise from below. Her cultivation declares the most appetizing dividends. She showers her references and allusions to art and letters with the ready cleverness and lavish prodigality with which she scatters her epigrams. One cannot help asking one's self, diffidently indeed, but pertinaciously, are not the ornaments too clinquant, do not the decorations assert themselves too presumptuously and mar the softer and more harmonious colors of the groundwork? And the question — or a question derived from that question — obtrudes itself most insistently in reference to *The Valley of Decision.*

When that novel was first published, the fashion was to disentangle and distinguish, — as one ruminates and speculates over the flavors of a salad, — to separate the several ingredients culled from many books, and to crow over the discovery or attribution; in blindness to the fact that the somewhat royal levy of tribute was the object of the book, open, obvious, proclaimed, and carefully planned. The story, of purpose, is subordinated to its setting. The actors are necessarily a little frigid, the hero, unwillingly perhaps, a *poseur*, the heroine willingly a *poseuse;*

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but the scenery in which they carry about their rarefied and cool personalities is very attractive. Considering the book from the point of view of pageantry, one almost inclines to name it beside *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, so prodigal is it in details of information, so many-hued and high-colored in general effect,—the hero and heroine most dutifully going hither and thither wherever the calcium light will fall most effectually on the rich scenery.

Of course there were persons, devotees to the dogma that the proper material for a novel is personal experience of life, who said that a book compact of memories of other books, *souvenirs des voyages intellectuels*, was not admissible, must be frowned upon. But arbitrary positions, satisfactory though they be to the occupants, are not necessarily universally satisfactory. At present, authority in literature is of little moment, and success justifies itself. If Mrs. Wharton could gather matter, shear wool, as it were, from *Wilhelm Meister*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, the memoirs of Goldoni, Alfieri, Casanova, sundry novels of Turgeneff, and what else besides, and make an interesting novel, one might fairly say that she had done admirably to use whatever materials were adapted to her purpose; for Shakespeare did not hesitate to use materials ready to his hand. The success is the matter. All life is but a transmutation of materials, and novelists may use whatever they can find in books, in history, in life, in imagination; the point is to create life again. One would hardly go so far in praise of *The Valley of Decision* as to think of it as creating life out of its literary materials. It did not do that; it made a very entertaining, interesting, and agreeable book. It gave that longed-for sensation of floating down a romantic river whose banks are lined with the rich hues which only far-away distances and the irrevocable past possess. One heard, despite a forced assent to pedantic and literary fault-finding, the "tirra lirra by the river" that caught one's imagination and bore it off.

Perhaps the first after-effect of the book on the reader was to set him wondering as to Mrs. Wharton's future career. Would she confine herself to study, to scholarship, to the world of the connoisseur and amateur? would she be our cicerone to the agreeable things of art and literature? Or would she take the other road, study life, and become a novelist? It was not easy to decide one's wishes. Now, more than ever, we need critics to help us to an appreciation of the pleasures of refinement. Europe is so near, and so easily overrun, that the obvious charms of the obviously beautiful are daily rendered more and more obvious and less and less charming by scores of amiable persons, who interpose themselves and their shadows between us and the beauties of the past. We are so much more disposed to see obvious beauty, so much more disposed to *have seen* it, than to sit before one beautiful thing and incorporate it in our experience, that we need a teacher to teach us what immense differences lie huddled close to one another, how far apart are things that look to us so much alike. On the other hand, how delightful to have a real novelist, one who out of her own personal experience of life will take a part that shall stand by itself, and give us that sense of satisfaction which is, after all, the emotion which we commonly crave in novels,—the satisfaction of knowledge, of experience, of sympathy, of happiness, of sorrow, of life. And though, after reading the stories, the reader did not expect from Mrs. Wharton pathos, nor humour, nor tragedy, nor a wide range of experience, nor broad sympathies, nor raids upon the heart, one did expect wit, satire, flashes of insight, comprehension, analysis, vividness. So one stood with a divided mind.

In such a mood the volumes on *Italian Gardens* and on *Italian Backgrounds* came, with some interval between them. The name *Italian Gardens* carried with it a special aroma, and gave a fillip to expectation. At last we were to get at the

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meaning of Italian gardens, which to our ignorance appeared so inferior to the English in all usual horticultural appointments, in flowers, shrubs, turf, and trees; so unsentimental in their terraces, formalities, and observances, when compared with the "wet, bird-haunted English lawn" and the brick-walled, fruit-beloved, rose-encumbered gardens of England. The book, however, was a disappointment. Whether Mrs. Wharton's hand had not complete control, or whether she was impatient of a prescribed task, or whether the translation of the inner delicacies of an Italian garden into American notions was a task unsuited to her talents, or whatever the reason, the book had a cold, perfunctory, mechanical ring. We had hoped to share the branchless sentiment of the stone pine's bole, the green thoughts of the lizards that crawl out under the Italian sun, to enter into the connubial sympathies between ilex and stucco, to understand why Mignon felt the lemon's fragrance in so peculiarly rapturous a manner; but the book leaves us with a number of names of villas and of landscape gardeners, a consciousness of emptiness, and the conviction that Mrs. Wharton has never spent an hour in a garden uprooting weeds, hunting rose-bugs, squashing caterpillars, or sealing up new-made homes of borer worms with putty and clay. One may talk with landscape gardeners by the hour about prospects, middle distances, reaches, effects, about lines of box, parallels of sweet peas, clumps of viburnum, about the values of an axis and of straight lines, about the etiquette of graveled paths and the massing of afternoon shadows; but the trowel and a broken back, the pruning hook and dazzled eyes, the vendetta with the slug, the rich, creative fragrance of manure, the heat and sweat of noon, dirty hands, — with these indispensables to the love and knowledge of any garden Mrs. Wharton betrays no acquaintance.

In *Italian Backgrounds* she is on surer footing. She is familiar with Italy, and she has a very wide knowledge of the best that has been thought and said of Italy. She is hand and glove with the critics of art. She never enters a town in Italy, no matter how small, but she has in her handbag Crowe and Cavalcaselle, Kugler, Burckhardt, Morelli, Berenson, and a half dozen more. She looks at every picture, every fresco, every bit of sculpture and carving, like a constitutional queen, and they are her responsible advisers; she judges cherubim, madonnas, portraits, choir-stalls, proportions of height and breadth, contrasts of light and shade, relations of Gothic to Romanesque, of the *quattrocento* to the *cinquecento*, of masters to pupils, all according to the laws and rules adopted by her learned advisers, to which she gives full assent and approval. Certainly she does this well. There are no errors to be subsequently corrected, no rash ventures to be regretted; but ill-regulated readers sometimes long to fling authority to the winds. Give us not what Morelli thought or Burckhardt, but what you think, Mrs. Wharton; pitch your portable library out of your *vettura*, send Berenson to Jericho, make mistakes on every page, and let's hear how beautiful Italy impresses you. It is your personal intimacy with Italy that interests us.

IV

It was at this moment, when Mrs. Wharton's devotion to culture seemed to produce less ripeness, less freshness of flavor, than our general elation with her accomplishments had led us to expect, that *The House of Mirth* made its triumphant appearance. Here Mrs. Wharton, as it were, lays down her hand (with all its trumps) on the table, and enables us to understand her play and to determine whether she is the novelist for us, whether she is able to provide us with that personal satisfaction to which as novel-readers we aspire. For our personal satisfactions are still, in America, our chief preoccupation. Elsewhere, it may be, a novelist is judged as an artist, a novel as

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a work of art. This foreign method, if it exists, is due to a coincidence between the reader's personal appetite and his artistic appetite, or to the subordination of the former to the latter. In this country there is no such coincidence, no such subordination; and novelists must submit, if they wish to be read, to the democratic methods of our merit system, must run the gauntlet of our personal tastes.

With a knowledge that this system obtains in this country, Mrs. Wharton approached her present position, which one may call, out of deference to its eminence, that of the novelist-laureate. Like other laureateships, Petrarch's for instance, it is a position that lies in the public gift, and the candidate must commend himself or herself to the good opinion of the patron. The only objection to the position is that in making the appointment the patron regards its own satisfaction far more than the excellence of its appointee, and interposes the obstacle of its appetite between approval and even so admirable a candidate as Mrs. Wharton. In other arts an artist is braced and enabled to sacrifice all to his art through the support afforded by the intellectual exclusiveness of the small band before which he presents himself; but the novelist is deprived of such support by the nature of his craft, and when he addresses a pure democracy of readers, as he must to obtain the laurel, there is an immense temptation to do what may be necessary to secure the patron's ear. None would go so far as to suggest that Mrs. Wharton deliberately or even consciously sought that ear, that she entertained any covetous thoughts of the laureateship when she held up to public gaze a certain aspect of fashionable life in New York in a popular and somewhat melodramatic fashion; on the contrary, she would doubtless prefer a patrician patron of her own choosing; but being an American, it would have been unnatural had she wholly avoided the inoculation administered by her birth and education. Our universal acceptance of the patron's right to appoint makes too strong a current to be withstood, unless there be some very good reason for resistance, and there was none in this case. The point I wish to make is that Mrs. Wharton is so thoroughly American that even in *The House of Mirth* she adopts a popular method unintentionally and successfully.

But most certainly one must not suffer this idea (too grossly stated), that Mrs. Wharton is affected by the atmosphere around her, does hear the murmurs of the many-voiced public, to obscure in any way one's judgment of her excellences as an artist; on the contrary, the idea should merely remind us that there is this unconscious difficulty with which her art has to struggle, and make us appreciate the more the brilliancy of her success.

On reading *The House of Mirth*, the first sensation of everybody, included or not among those whose plebiscite granted the laurel, was one of exultation, of "I told you so," as they recognized all Mrs. Wharton's talents, but better and brighter. Her mastery of the episode is as dashing as ever, and more delicate. The chapters are a succession of tableaux, all admirably posed. And yet this mastery, by its very excess, has marred the work of its necessary companion art, the hymeneal art of uniting episodes; it will not suffer any episode to remain in a state other than that of celibate self-sufficiency. But in a novel no episode can be self-sufficient; it must proceed from the episode before and merge into the episode that follows. In this part of her craft Mrs. Wharton has always shown a certain lack of dexterity; and the general effect of *The House of Mirth* is to throw this difficulty in high relief. There are places where the junction of two episodes appears no more than as the scar of an old inadequacy; and then again there are others where the episodes seem animated by a desire to break away from the trammels of the plot and pose by themselves. They remind one of the succession of prints that constitute *The Rake's Progress*. Like the rake, Lily Bart proceeds downward from

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print to print, from Trenor circle to Gormer circle, from the Gormers to Norma Hatch, from Norma to millinery; and so on, from morn to noon she falls, from noon to dewy eve, down to her catastrophe; each stage is a distinct episode, a scene which Hogarth — with Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint Lily's picture — might have portrayed.

The epigrams are as luminous as ever, but they are no longer firecrackers; they are brightened and softened to electric lights ensconced in Venetian glass, where they shed both illumination and color. They maintain their old electric vivacity, — Mrs. Bart sits at her husband's bedside "with the provisional air of a traveler who waits for a belated train to start," — but now they serve a purpose, they explain, they emphasize, and in no readily forgettable manner. To be sure, the temptation to use an epigram because it is an epigram has not wholly lost its sweetness. Such phrases as "her finely disseminated sentences made their chatter dull" still recall a morning notebook in which the happy thoughts of a restless night are recorded; yet, on the whole, they serve to remind us that the epigram is a mark of youth, — youth cannot bring itself to forego the glitter of any of its diamonds, — and that Mrs. Wharton is still in the opening of her summer time, before the period of her ripest harvests.

The less artistic traits, which revealed themselves at times in the stories, show a great gain in self-effacement. Mrs. Wharton's nervous American energy has become far less tense, less fitful, far more even and self-controlled. Her luxuriant artistic and literary information is never put obviously forward; nevertheless, unjustly perhaps, one cannot shake off a somewhat uncomfortable suspicion that a great deal of the book is rather the product of culture than of real human knowledge; that it has been approached by the circuitous way of the authorities, — Stendhal, Bourget, Henry James, — rather than by grubbing in life itself.

A matter of greater interest is to see whether Mrs. Wharton continues to maintain her attitude that fiction must be forced to accept its creator's arbitrary pattern, or whether she limits that view to short stories, and in the matter of novels ranges herself with those who deem objective reality alone of any value. Perhaps a safe answer to such questioning is to say that Mrs. Wharton has effected a compromise. She has undoubtedly tried to catch living traits, and from her success in that respect the book has been treated as a *roman à clef;* but she has also taken much of her color from her book-imbued imagination, possibly for fear of having drawn from life too closely. The motive for compromise, however, it is more likely, lies in a certain discord between Mrs. Wharton's talents. Her power of observation is admirably adapted to look directly at facts that lie before her; but her wit tempts her to satire, and satire is an unfortunate medium through which to study humanity. We may regard human beings as a superior or an inferior race of monkeys; but granting that they are monkeys, it would seem to be the business of the novelist not to make gibes at them, not to confront them with more elaborately evolved standards of living, but to keep the story on the plane of monkey life. Satire, perhaps, is a natural temptation to any observer of life; but human inadequacy, inconsistency, folly, may well be left, as life leaves them, to be noticed, scorned, pitied, or ignored, according to the humour of the observer. Mrs. Wharton, in her early period, acquired a habit of using men and women as butts for satire, masks for a dialogue, candelabra for epigrams, — as something other than human beings living in and for themselves; and that habit is a hindrance in her present task of studying them humanly. With her talents, with her growth in artistic feeling, — a growth that is conspicuous throughout *The House of Mirth,* — Mrs. Wharton will, no doubt, free herself from these trammels.

Even without the deflection of direct

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vision caused by such a habit, it is difficult for novelists to detect the identifying traits in men and women. Those most fitted by nature for such insight require a wide range of study, a comparison of many species, an intimacy with many individuals of different education, different habits, different minds. Not that it is the business of a novelist to portray different species or diverging types; but men are so made that the finer characteristics in them, the fainter qualities, the nicer deviation of thought and action from the normal, can only be understood after studying such characteristics, qualities, or deviations where they exist with greater emphasis. And it is less easy for a woman than for a man — though nowadays sundry social exclusions and discriminations have been boldly brushed aside — to pick and choose her objects of study. She is on the whole confined to those that come voluntarily within the range of her vision. Mrs. Wharton, it would appear, has been limited to one somewhat narrow species of men and women, a species in which, perhaps, human nature does not find its freest expression. For the purpose of portraiture any species serves as well as another, — our interest in an artist's perception of our fellow beings is inexhaustible, — but to enable an artist to acquire a knowledge of humanity one species is too narrow a field of study. As soon as Mrs. Wharton leaves the Trenor set (supposing that that set is taken from life), she is forced to draw, and always more and more, upon the stores of her imagination and of her general literary information. The Gormers, though they, to be sure, are but temporary wheels to roll the plot forward, evince a disinclination to become solid and substantial. Even Simon Rosedale, with all the advantages of individuality conferred by his race, offers a by no means irrefutable argument for his verisimilitude. Mrs. Norma Hatch flutters beyond the frontier of Mrs. Wharton's experience, and the charwoman, who as a *dea ex machina* shoves the plot onward, does so very unhandily.

A statement of the fact that Mrs. Wharton does not give to her characters the illusion of reality is no explanation of her motive in not doing so. One vaguely surmises that she feels she cannot attain the flashes of revelation of the great masters, and disdains the counterfeit procured by elaborate descriptions of petty details, and therefore rests content with her own individual, if arbitrary, representation of human life. But one has also a subsidiary feeling that it is safer to suspend judgment until one has approached this matter from another point.

This failure to observe the primary tenets of realism is not the only instance of Mrs. Wharton's disregard of ordinary rules; she does not adhere to the rule of inevitability. There is no inevitable connection between the last chapter of *The House of Mirth* and the first; the bottle of chloral may be the last link of a chain of which the visit to Seldon's apartment is the first, but it does not fasten upon us a sense of necessary connection. The reader is in doubt as to the intervening links; he snuffs, as it were, traces of indecision as to the termination of Lily's career. Some law-abiding readers resent the disregard of a rule they happen to know, but the ordinary mortal is comfortably pleased to experience the sentiment of suspense, A life when lived, a novel when published, are certain enough, — why should not a novel in the making enjoy the liberty of what, even in life, appears an ample uncertainty ahead?

The reason for Mrs. Wharton's indecision must perhaps be sought in the episodical character of her vision; possibly in the difficulty of discovering the inevitable thread. A better solution, justified by the fact that it also explains her neglect of the commandment of realism, is that, as an artist, she finds neither rule of advantage to her, and therefore brushes them aside with the elegant ease of an American woman passing the customs. Certainly *The House of Mirth* shows a

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marked advance in acceptance of responsibility to art, a far larger sense of the value of composition, and a great increase of power in putting that sense to use. It is her feeling for composition that causes her to disregard both literary determinism and realism; these she deliberately sacrifices for the sake of obtaining the desired emphasis upon the figure of central interest. All the minor characters in the novel are adjuncts and accessories, illustration and decoration, to display the commanding figure of Lily Bart; she stands conspicuous, and all the others derive their importance from their relations to her. What they do, say, and think, is done, said, and thought in order to explain and give a high relief to Lily Bart. This mastery of composition is the great artistic achievement of the book, and justifies its immense success.

Otherwise, except for this power of composition (which indeed will have to measure its strength with the old inadequacy of uniting episodes), Mrs. Wharton in *The House of Mirth* displays no new aptitude, no new sensitiveness, no new accomplishment. The plot, wholly apart from any question of determinism, is uninteresting, — if one may say this when so many episodes are extremely interesting. There is a monotony, due to the iteration of motive, like that in the dimly remembered figures of the Lancers at dancing-school, — "forward and back," ladies' chain, pirouetting, and so on, over and over, in interminable sequence. Lily's behavior is mechanical; she whirls round and round, fresh and glittering, like waters in the upper basin of a fountain; then tumbles into the basin beneath, whirls and eddies with breaking bubbles, and tumbles again, and so down and down, until at last her continual falls from set to set sound painfully like a neglected faucet. One might suppose that this would produce what in current criticism is called the "note of inevitableness;" but it does not; the reader is continually expecting Mrs. Wharton to get up and turn it off.

Her failure in the construction of the plot in this respect, so far as it is due neither to the episodical character of her vision nor to the imperious demands of composition, is because she lacks the talents of a story-teller; for Mrs. Wharton cannot, at least, she certainly does not, put forward any claim to be a raconteur. In the short stories this lack was concealed by her mastery of the episode, but in *The House of Mirth* it is betrayed by the mechanical monotony that, even in all the brilliancy and glamour of episodes, of epigrams, of Lily herself, oppresses us with drowsy remembrances as of a too familiar tune.

The traits of a raconteur belong to persons richly endowed with bodily life and animal spirits, persons exhilarated by mere living, who receive accession of vigor from mere physical contact with other living things; but Mrs. Wharton, as an American woman, segregates herself from all this; she looks down on life from a tower, armed indeed with a powerful glass — the very strength of her lenses limits her field; — but though she observes individuals in the crowd below as if they were close, she does not touch them, she gets none of the physical aroma of immediate juxtaposition, which is so exciting to the born raconteur.

There is another element that one misses in *The House of Mirth*, indeed, in all of Mrs. Wharton's books, — poetry. To be sure, the reader perhaps is exacting, finical, greedy, if he asks for poetry; he is no "Oliver asking for more," for he has certainly partaken of a lordly bill-of-fare; yet he is not without justification. There are modern novelists — Meredith's name alone would be authority enough — who look poetically at their subject, throw over it the haze of their own imagination. Mrs. Wharton cannot allege in defense the needs of realism; and if she did, there is poetry to be found in this real world, even in New York, — to be found, at least, by poets. Lily herself might seem to be the very subject for poetic treatment, so freely posed, so

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strongly modeled, so brilliantly lighted, so exalted on her pedestal, so persuasive in her physical beauty, and yet so barren of poetic dower. The demand for poetry in a novel, however, is the idiosyncrasy of certain readers; there is no law, no plebiscite, no good reason that novels should be poetical; on the contrary, if a novel is to mirror ordinary life, especially if it is to mirror ordinary American life for American readers, it must deal in prose. The demand is, in fact, a mere subterfuge; it sneaks forward in place of an honest demand for a romantic novel. For, after all, are not novel-readers in the final allotment divided into two camps, divided by the two fundamentally diverse conceptions of fiction: the one of a world parallel to ours, rolling along with even pace, with like gestures, mimicking the wrinkles, the matter-of-factness of our old world, repeating our own doings, our own imaginings, our own yawns; the other rounding out and filling in this defective world of daily experience, conceiving fiction as young Goethe or young Hugo conceived it, catching for this poor, wrinkled, matter-of-fact earth a ray of that brightness which shone on the first day of creation?

> The world's unwithered countenance
> Is bright as on Creation's day.

If this is so, can Mrs. Wharton be said to have taken sides? No doubt the school she consciously inclines to is that of the parallels; but she has diminished the effect of this inclination by her inobservance of the regulations of realism and determinism, which she has sacrificed for the sake of creating what the other camp may fairly claim is the romantic effect of Miss Bart towering above the other figures. This uncertainty furnishes another reason for believing that Mrs. Wharton has not obtained her full stature, that her powers have not yet fully and finally expressed themselves, and that *The House of Mirth*, with all its achievement, is most interesting as a promise of more important novels yet to come.

The mere thought of another novel sets the appetite on edge; one recalls the eagerness with which readers awaited the next Thackeray or Dickens, and curiosity with difficulty restrains impatient expressions, such as encourage passengers entering or leaving a street car; but one's judgment remembers the Flaubert-Maupassant maxim, "Le talent n'est qu'une longue réflexion," and hopes that Mrs. Wharton will let the seeds of inspiration slowly ripen, and, leaving books to bookworms, patiently study the living, so that, while fulfilling the duties of her position as Laureate, she shall also completely satisfy herself.

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VULGARITY

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

It is a surprising thing how difficult it is to get a satisfactory definition of the word vulgar. In common use the word is generally used to denote those people whom, in the social scale, we consider to rank immediately below ourselves. "Such vulgar people!"—that is not a phrase as a rule applied to families whose ways of life are frankly different from our own, but rather to people whom we think socially rather beneath us, but who might be mistaken by careless observers for people on our own precise level. The mistress of the large villa applies it to the dwellers in the small villa, not to the inhabitants of the cottage. And, alas, there is no surer sign of the presence of the quality itself than a tendency to apply the term liberally to other people.

The difficulty of defining the word vulgarity precisely, arises from the fact that, like most vehement and expressive words, it covers a large variety of meanings, and is tinged with different kinds of contempt. It is sometimes applied to exterior manners, and means a certain loudness of tone, a tendency to boast of one's mental and social resources, a disagreeable familiarity, a habit of patronizing, a patent conceit and self-satisfaction. Sometimes it stands for pretentiousness, for an assumption of knowledge, or experience, or consideration, which the individual who professes to possess them does not in reality enjoy. Sometimes, in the mouth of refined people,—or at all events of people who lay claim to a certain degree of refinement,—it means a coarseness and commonness of view, a tendency to jest broadly about things like love and marriage and domestic trials, which are more appropriately veiled from public view.

But perhaps we shall best track this evasive quality to its lair if we begin by considering its opposites, and think what it certainly is not, and what qualities there are that seem to be absolutely exclusive of vulgarity.

Now there are certain nations who have the quality strongly in the blood; and, indeed, it seems to testify to a strong and full-blooded vitality, a desire for self-assertion; and thus we may expect to find vulgarity dogging, like a shadow, the footsteps of strong, capable, and pushing nationalities. But there are certain nations who have been accused of many faults, who yet have never been accused of being vulgar. The Irish are a case in point. They have been accused of levity, of undue conviviality, of frivolity, of a tendency to romance, of untrustworthiness, of irresponsibility; but they have never been accused of vulgarity. Such a character, for instance, as Captain Costigan in *Pendennis* is deplorably unsatisfactory. He is vain, irascible, undignified, fond of strong liquor, unduly rhetorical; but he is never exactly vulgar. He has a curious inner dignity of spirit, which emerges when you would least expect it. He has a fervid admiration for fine moral qualities, such as generosity, courage, and loyalty. The truth is that the Irish have the poetical quality; they are all idealists, sometimes almost inconveniently so; and it may be safely stated, without fear of contradiction, that vulgarity is inconsistent with the poetical quality. There lies deep in the Celtic temperament a rich vein of emotion, a strong relish for the melancholy side of life; it is on this that their incomparable sense of humor is based; and it may be said that no one who feels at home with melancholy, who luxuriates in the strange contrast between the possibilities and the performances of humanity, is in any danger

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of vulgarity; for one of the essential components of vulgarity is a complacent self-satisfaction; and if a man is apt to dwell regretfully on what might have been, rather than cheerfully upon what is, there is but little room for complacency. In fact it may be said that the Irish race has a strong sense of the poetry of failure and disappointment; whereas to the vulgar person failure is simply an intolerable evil, to be thrust out of sight as far as possible.

Then, too, there is another quality, the quality of reverence, which is inconsistent with vulgarity. The Irish are certainly not a naturally reverent nation, — superficially; but I should hold that, though their sense of humor may sometimes create a hopelessly different impression, they have a strong sense of inner reverence for what is noble and beautiful. Deference is too often mistaken for reverence, but deference is too often only a superficial courtesy. Much, too, depends upon what the objects of reverence are. A reverence for pomp and rank and wealth is not the reverence I mean, when it is conceded to the possessors of such advantages irrespective of any personal merit. I rather mean the reverence which is evoked by fine qualities and noble actions and great principles. Men who have this quality of inner reverence have very little temptation to be vulgar.

But, if the poetical sense or the sense of reverence saves a man from vulgarity, there is another quality which rescues him once and for all from the taint. That is the quality of simplicity. The simple, sincere, straightforward person, who approaches his fellow men frankly and unsuspiciously, who expects to admire and like others, who judges people and events on their own merits, who is not uneasy about his own dignity, who has no taste for recognition, — such a person is entirely free from any possibility of being vulgar. Indeed, it may be said that one of the commonest forms of vulgarity is the fear of being thought vulgar. And one of the reasons which makes simple people slow to suspect vulgarity in others is because they are not on the lookout for it; and further, there is nothing which so generates vulgarity in others as the presence of it in one's self; so, also, there is nothing which so arouses simplicity in others as to be met with simplicity. For if one of the essential attributes of vulgarity is pretentiousness, there is nothing which so disposes of pretentiousness as the consciousness that one is dealing with a person who will not be impressed by any parade of qualities, but recognizes instinctively the true characteristics of those with whom he is brought in contact.

Vulgarity, again, is certainly commoner among men than among women; and, indeed, when a woman is vulgar, she is apt to display the quality in high perfection. The reason why it is rare among women is that the emotional nature is stronger among women than among men; and thus, where men are ambitious, fond of displaying power, anxious to carry out designs, desirous of recognition, women are sympathetic, tender, affectionate, subtle; they value relations with others more than performances; they encourage and console, because they are interested in the person who desires sympathy more than in the aims which he nourishes. A man is often more dear to a woman in failure than in success, because in success a woman can often only applaud, whereas in failure she can sustain and help. If one's main interest in life is in the personalities that surround one, if one is more attracted by the display of qualities than by the performance of undertakings, one is not likely to be tempted by vulgarity; because the essence, again, of vulgarity is that it tends to affix an altogether fictitious value to material things. A man who pursues wealth, comfort, power, position, is always in danger of vulgarity; a man whose aim is wisdom, truth, peace, is not likely to indulge in the complacent sense of attainment, because he is in pursuit of the infinite rather than of the finite.

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Hitherto we have dealt with the outward and superficial manifestations of vulgarity, and in the region of manners rather than of morals. Let us now try to probe a little deeper, and to see whether vulgarity is of its essence sinful. Of course, there is a great deal of superficial vulgarity that is not at all sinful, but is simply the natural buoyancy of a rather ill-bred temperament. But this kind of vulgarity, distressing and disagreeable as it is to be brought into contact with, is rather a lack of finer consideration for the rights and tastes of others, and is not inconsistent with great kindness, generosity, affection, and loyalty, and even enthusiasm.

There is, however, a deep-seated and inner vulgarity of soul which may be certainly held to be a grave and disfiguring moral fault, and this species of vulgarity is a commoner thing than is sometimes suspected, because it may coexist with a high degree of mental and social refinement. This inner and deeper vulgarity is sometimes accompanied with an almost Satanical power of suppressing its outward manifestations. A fine typical instance of it is to be found in Mr. Henry James's wonderful novel, *The Portrait of a Lady*, where Gilbert Osmond, who marries the heroine, is slowly revealed as a man of a deep and innate vulgarity of spirit. When he first appears in the book, he comes upon the scene as a man of intense and sensitive refinement, living in great simplicity and seclusion in a villa near Florence, fond of art and artistic emotions, a collector of bric-a-brac, who appears to the romantic Isabel as one who has solemnly and deliberately eschewed the world because he cannot bring himself to strive, to desire, to fight. She marries him, and endows him with her wealth; and then, by a ghastly series of small discoveries, she finds that his one aim has been to mystify the world, and that his ambition has been to stimulate the curiosity of others about himself, and to refuse to gratify it. His one desire has been to be a personage, and as he could not achieve this by performance, he has tried to achieve it by pose. The man whom she thought a kind of gentle Quietist appears to be nothing but a mass of ignoble and snobbish traditions.

Now it may be said that this species is not a very uncommon one, and it may be seen to its perfection among wealthy aristocracies. You may meet people who are the perfection of breeding, of courtesy, of consideration, and you may then, as you penetrate deeper, discover that all this elaborate panoply is the result not of sympathy, but of a mere sense of dignity and of what is due from people of position. Such people are often so intensely secure of consideration that it is not worth their while to claim it or parade it. Then one finds that a certain status or position — it is not wealth, or even rank that they admire, so much as a certain weight of tradition — is the one thing that they value. They take themselves with an infinite seriousness. They have no respect for energy, intellect, nobleness of character, activity, capacity, except in so far as such qualities tend to make people socially important. Their attitude to all these qualities, if they are unaccompanied by social status, is that of a condescension so delicate that it is hardly observable. There was a delightful picture in *Punch*, about the time that Tennyson accepted a peerage, representing two of these graceful and attenuated aristocrats, faultlessly attired, and destitute of chin and forehead alike, standing together in a drawing-room. One of them says amiably to the other, "I hear that what's-his-name, that poet feller, is going to become one of us."

It is such deep-seated vulgarity, such ineffable and courteous complacency, that has plunged countries into civil war, and that, indeed, ultimately produced the French Revolution. Argument, rhetoric, persuasion are thrown away on these impenetrable natures; and even when their estates are confiscated and they are reduced to poverty, their sense of inner dignity is undisturbed.

Thus vulgarity, when it is seen in its

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deepest and most recondite form, is undoubtedly a heinous moral fault. It results in tyranny and oppression, and is fatal to the rights of man. It was this kind of vulgarity, the sense of rightness and superiority, that our Lord assailed so fiercely and denounced so unsparingly in the Pharisees. The essence of it is to know one's place, and to despise those who have not one's own advantages. Thus it may be found also in both intellectual and even highly moral people. There is a species of intellectual vulgarity which shows itself in contemptuous derision of sentiment and emotion; which makes a certain type of reviewer trample disdainfully upon literary work with which he does not happen to be in sympathy. There is a terrible species of moral vulgarity which is to be found in great force among members of the religious middle class, which tends to suspect the morals of all other classes, and to consider its own ways of life the perfection of simplicity, rightness, and virtue.

Indeed, a very curious problem arises out of the fact that there are many undeniably effective forms of religion which are yet strongly mixed up with vulgarity. Not to travel far for instances, the preaching of the late Mr. Spurgeon was highly spiced by a kind of superficial vulgarity of treatment. Yet, if one reads the Gospel, one instinctively feels that it is in its essence opposed to every kind of vulgarity. The explanation probably is that the part of Mr. Spurgeon's religion which proved effective from a spiritual point of view was not the vulgar part of it; but that, dealing, as he was compelled to do, with people whose native refinement was not very deep, he made a practical compromise, and preached a religion which was superficially attractive to shrewd and sensible minds, in order that he might insensibly allure them past the outworks and into the inner citadel of personal holiness; and that, as Coventry Patmore writes, "the sweetness melted from the barbèd hook" as soon as the capture was made.

It seems, then, that the essence of all vulgarity is the favorable comparison of one's self, upon whatever ground, with the characters and habits of others. The duchess who considers herself a model of unimpeachable dignity is vulgar if she pities those who have not her advantages. The mechanic who has a strong sense of his own rectitude and ability is vulgar, if he despises those who are not equally endowed.

It is a subtle poison, and perhaps of all the dangerous essences of the soul the most difficult to expel, because it is so often based on a consciousness of what is really there. Rank and rectitude alike are pleasant gifts; but the moment that one derives a sense of merit from the fortuitous possession of them, that moment one crosses the border-line of vulgarity, and is daubed with its malodorous slime.

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A DISSOLVING VIEW OF PUNCTUATION

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON

A DUTCH artist is said to have taken a cow grazing in a field as the "fixed point" in his landscape — with consequences to his perspective that may be imagined. The writer on the "laws" of punctuation is in much the same predicament. He must begin by admitting that no two masters of the art would punctuate the same page in the same way; that usage varies with every printing-office and with every proofreader; that as regards the author, too, his punctuation is largely determined by his style, or, in other words, is personal and individual — "singular, and to the humor of his irregular self." The same writer will tell you, further, that punctuation will vary according as one has in view rapidity and clearness of comprehension, avoidance of fatigue in reading aloud, or rhetorical expression. Worse still, coming to the conventional signs which we call points or stops, he is bound to acknowledge that they are very largely interchangeable, at the caprice of authors or printers. Well may he exclaim, with Robinson Crusoe, "These considerations really put me to a pause, and to a kind of a full stop."

It is the paradox of the art, however, that the more these difficulties are faced and examined, the fuller becomes our understanding of the principles which do actually underlie the convention that makes punctuation correct or faulty. And in so unsystematic a system the expositor has the delightful privilege of flinging order to the winds, and choosing his own manner of development. He may elect to dwell at the outset on the apparent want of rule and the undoubtedly shifting and fluctuating practice. Take, for example, the question which nearly cost Darwin the friendship of Captain Fitz-Roy on the Beagle:

"I then asked him whether he thought that the answer of slaves in the presence of their master was worth anything ?"

How Mr. Darwin printed this sentence I do not know, but in the printed volume of his Life it ends with an interrogation mark. No one can contest the propriety of this. Nevertheless, he might have chosen to follow the prevailing custom with *indirect* questions and end with a period [was worth anything.]. Or, again, he might have used an exclamation point, to indicate his surprise at Fitz-Roy's believing a slave who said he did not wish to be free; and, more than surprise, the scornful feeling that was in his tone, for he says that he put the question "perhaps with a sneer" [was worth anything !]. In this instance, the period and the interrogation mark address themselves merely to the eye, as aids to quick understanding. The inflection of the voice for one reading aloud would be the same, whichever was employed. The exclamation point, on the other hand, subtly conveys an emotional, rhetorical hint to the reader, which puts him, and enables him to put his hearers, in sympathy with the mood of the writer.

As a matter of fact, Darwin was intent simply on illustrating Fitz-Roy's temper, and had no rhetorical designs whatever upon the reader. Suppose the opposite to have been the case, and that he had preferred to suggest not his own moral indignation, but the sheer intellectual absurdity and grotesqueness of the commander's credulity. He might then, discarding the exclamation point, have chosen to end his sentence with a dash or double dash [was worth anything ▬]. This stop would have had the value of a twinkle of the eye, or of a suppressed guffaw. I do not mean that ridicule is the special and

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constant function of the final dash. What it does is to make an abrupt termination, leaving it to the reader's imagination to guess what lies beyond. But the imagination is really directed by what has gone before. The French use, instead of the double dash, a series of dots. Sterne is the chief English writer who has liberally adopted this rather unsavory Gallic application, and he substitutes for it on one occasion a dash which has neither a ludicrous nor an unclean signification, but one quite solemn. He interrupts the touching story of Uncle Toby's benevolence to Lefever with this finished-unfinished ejaculation:

"That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this ▬"

where the dash has all the effect of uplifted hands and a benediction, or of tears that checked further utterance.

Already, then, from a single example of the interchangeability of points, we perceive what shades of refinement in expression are possible to the judicious. And since we have mentioned Sterne, we may ponder here what he says of the *sentence*, for its equal bearing upon punctuation:

"Just heaven! how does the *Poco più* and the *Poco meno* of the Italian artists — the insensibly more or less — determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence as well as in the statue! How do the *slight* touches of the chisel, the pen, the fiddlestick, et cetera, give the true pleasure! . . . O my countrymen! be nice; be cautious of your language; and never, O never! let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend."

In quainter fashion, Emily Dickinson wrote to a correspondent: "What a hazard an accent is! When I think of the hearts it has scuttled or sunk, I almost fear to lift my hand to so much as a punctuation."

A British organ of the book-trade heads thus an illustration of the working of the Bankruptcy Act of 1883:

ANOTHER SATISFACTORY SETTLEMENT ?

The use of "satisfactory" is here clearly satirical, as is meant to be intimated by the interrogation mark. As a jester with a sober face, the writer might have contented himself with a period [satisfactory settlement.]; or, with more feeling, he might have used the explosive exclamation point [satisfactory settlement !]; or, again, he might have ended with the period while inserting immediately after the word "satisfactory" either of the other two points, in parenthesis [satisfactory (?) settlement, satisfactory (!) settlement], or resorting to quotation marks ["satisfactory" settlement].

Next, two sentences out of Ruskin:

"You think I am going into wild hyperbole ?"

"But, at least, if the Greeks do not give character, they give ideal beauty ?"

Here the *form* is affirmative, but there is a suppressed inquiry — "You think, *do you?*" "They give, *do they not?*" — and this justifies the interrogation mark. The affirmative interrogation is abundantly exemplified in Jowett's translation of Plato's Dialogues, being skillfully employed to vary the monotony of the catechism; as in the case of this sentence from the *Charmides:*

"Then temperance, I said, will not be doing one's own business; at least not in this way, or not doing these sort of things ?"

So Dickens writes inquiringly to Forster concerning a projected novel:

"The name is *Great Expectations.* I think a good name ?"

Dr. Bradley, the Oxford Professor of Poetry, commenting on *In Memoriam*, says there are frequent instances in it and in Tennyson's other works of defective punctuation, "and, in particular, of a defective use of the note of interrogation." And shall we not here make a little digression to accuse poets in general of neglect of pointing? A stanza of Whittier's "Pæan" was thus maltreated in the

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Osgood edition of 1870 — that is, in the author's lifetime:

Troop after troop their line forsakes;
With peace-white banners waving free,
And from our own the glad shout breaks,
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Every one of the first three lines is grossly mispointed. Read:

Troop after troop their line forsakes,
With peace-white banners waving free;
And from our own the glad shout breaks
Of Freedom and Fraternity!

Better than such obstructions to the sense would it have been if these lines had been left wholly unpunctuated. In fact, a good deal of simple verse, devoid of *enjambement*, might dispense wholly with points without great loss. The opening lines of Gray's Elegy, or of Emerson's "Concord Monument," would suffer little in intelligibility if printed thus:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The early scribes, by a system known as stichometry, attained the ends of punctuation by chopping up the text into lines accommodated to the sense. And in our modern practice a stop is often omissible at the end of a line because of the break, whereas it would be essential to clearness if the final word of one line and the first of the succeeding stood close together. Macaulay, writing of Pitt, says:

"Widely as the taint of corruption had spread | his hands were clean."

Had the line broken thus —

"Widely as the taint of corruption had| spread his hands were clean,"

to omit the comma after "spread" would have made *his hands* seem the object of the verb.

Division into lines is what makes poetry in most languages easier for the beginner than prose; and another result is that the punctuation of poetry is more disregarded by writers themselves than that of prose, though nowhere are there such opportunities as in verse for elegant and subtle pointing.

The exclamation point, which disputes a place with the interrogation mark and the period, is in turn contested by other stops. It has a peculiar function in apostrophizing, and the poets avail themselves of it freely.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,

writes Coleridge in his ode *Dejection;* yet in the same poem we encounter:

Thou Wind, that ravest without.

. . . . . .

Mad Lutanist! who, in this month of showers

. . . . . .

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds!
Thou mighty Poet, e'en to frenzy bold!

The comma in the last two lines is to be approved because of the exclamation point at the end and the desirability of husbanding stress. But the following quotations, from Byron, Clough, and Wordsworth respectively, show that the comma need not apologize for itself, and that the apostrophic usage is divided *ad libitum:*

Fond hope of many generations, art thou dead?

What voice did on my spirit fall,
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost?

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call.

The approved German practice is to put an exclamation point after Dear Sir (or Friend) at the beginning of a letter, and it was not unknown to our forefathers in their private correspondence; but convention now forbids it in English, and we use either the colon or the dash — the latter chiefly when the line runs on continuously after it. In friendly expostulation, however, as, "My dear sir! consider what you are saying!" the exclamation point reasserts itself.

The colon and the dash have many functions in common. Either may be used before a quoted passage — and so may

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the comma, but preferably before a short quotation. From Coleridge again:

"Up starts the democrat: 'May all fools be gulloteened, and then you will be the first!'"

"Now I know, my gentle friend, what you are murmuring to yourself — 'This is so like him!'"

Colon and dash may be indifferently used wherever "namely" or "to wit" is to be understood, or even where it is expressed; but *then* the comma is more apt to be employed than either.

"What is stupidly said of Shakspere is really true and appropriate of Chapman: mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties."

"The Government called you hither; the constitution thereof being limited so — a Single Person and a Parliament."

"He abandoned the proud position of the victorious general to exchange it for the most painful position which a human being can occupy, *viz.*, the management of the affairs of a great nation with insufficient mental gifts and inadequate knowledge."

In English prose the colon has rarely a parenthetical function. Dickens, however, made free use of it in this capacity, as one may see in *Dombey and Son*. Here is an extract from a review in the London *Athenæum*, in which the Latin proverb is enclosed by colons:

"In examining works which cover so vast a field, it is not difficult to detect here and there an omission or a slip of the pen: *facile est inventis addere*: but in the present case one has to resort to a powerful magnifying-glass to discover points deserving censure."

In verse, Clough's *Qua cursum ventus* furnishes a fine instance:

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried:

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

The second stanza is purely parenthetical, and it might equally well, if less elegantly, be pointed with parentheses, a semicolon replacing the colon:

Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried;

(When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
. . . . . .
By each was cleaving, side by side;)

It is rather the comma and the dash which compete with the marks of parenthesis. Thus, Fenimore Cooper writes, in his *Mohicans:*

"The suddenness and the nature of the surprise had nearly proved too much for — we will not say the philosophy, but for the faith and resolution of David."

This might justifiably have been pointed as follows: [too much for (we will not say the philosophy, but for) the faith and resolution of David].

Dash, comma, and parenthesis have equal title to employment in this sentence of Thackeray's:

"If that theory be — and I have no doubt it is — the right and safe one."

"If that theory be, and I have no doubt it is,"

"If that theory be (and I have no doubt it is)"

A frequent old-fashioned usage is exemplified in Coleridge's —

"Whatever beauty (thought I) may be before the poet's eye at present, it must certainly be of his own creation."

This has pretty much given way to the comma: [Whatever beauty, thought I, may be, etc.].

The parenthesis usefully replaces the comma when greater perspicuity is thereby attainable, as in this quotation from a newspaper of the day:

"You have not undertaken any better or more important work than the defense of State politics, which, of course, includes municipal, against national."

Here the sentence is very much cut up by commas, and, in order to bring out the

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antithesis of *state* and *national*, a parenthesis after "politics" and after "municipal" effects a decided change for the better: [State politics (which, of course, includes municipal) against national]. In fact, thus used, the parenthesis is only a larger and more striking comma, or a curved "virgil," as the slanting precursor of the comma was called. In the "prologge" to Tyndale's first edition of the New Testament, where the virgil is the only form of comma, the opening sentence employs parentheses where we now resort to commas:

"I have here translated (brethern and susters moost dere and tenderly beloued in Christ) the newe Testament."

The parenthesis has been decried by some literary authority, and is rather under the ban of proofreaders, but without good reason. Prejudice to the contrary notwithstanding, the sign is, in any flexible system of punctuation, of great utility in clearing up obscurity and coming to the relief of the overworked comma, as in the penultimate example above. It needs no other apology.

While the comma, semicolon, colon, dash, parenthesis, and period may be termed "pauses," and may, in a rough way, be classified as being longer or shorter, this arrangement helps but little to determine the proper occasion for the use of each. In a scientific and unimpassioned style something like a mathematical punctuation is possible; but when fervor or vivacity or personal idiosyncrasy of any kind enters in, the points become puppets to be handled almost at will. Take the line of verse —

> God never made a tyrant nor a slave.

The need in it of punctuation other than the final period is not obvious; but, in the poet's own feeling, a comma was called for, slightly checking the flow, thus

> God never made a tyrant, nor a slave.

By this refinement a little more emphasis is bestowed on the second member.— "nor a slave either," as if mankind were less disposed to eliminate slaves than tyrants from the divine order: a state of mind actually witnessed in this country in 1830, when the slaveholding citizens of Charleston celebrated the overthrow of Charles X. The emphasis would, of course, have been heightened by employing a dash, as —

> God never made a tyrant — nor a slave.

So Byron, in his *Isles of Greece*:

> He served — but served Polycrates
> (A tyrant, but our masters then
> Were still at least our countrymen).

A comma [He served, but served Polycrates] would have meant, "that made a difference;" the dash implies, "that made *a great deal* of difference."

The semicolon has nowadays a much closer relation with the comma than with the colon. In the days of the scribes, it shared with the colon a function now confined to the period, *viz.*, of denoting a terminal abbreviation — sometimes standing apart, as in *undiq* ; (for *undique*); sometimes closely attached to the final letter, as, *q* ; for *que*. The early printers duly adopted this, with other conventions of the manuscripts. When the Gothic letter was abandoned for the Roman, a curious result ensued in the case of the abbreviation of *videlicet* (*viz.*). The semicolon was detached from the *i*, but no longer as a point. It took the shape of the letter it resembled in Gothic script, though not in Roman print, and thus really gave a twenty-seventh letter to our alphabet — a pseudo *z*. Not unnaturally, it acquired the sound of *z* or *ss*, as is exemplified in the lines from *Hudibras*:

> That which so oft by sundry writers
> Has been applied t' almost all fighters,
> More justly may b' ascribed to this
> Than any other warrior, viz."

Naturally, too, it ceased even to signify a contraction, for our printers follow it with a period (*viz.*), for that purpose; and if the practice observed by Goetz of Cologne, of using a zed for a period, had prevailed, we might have seen the odd form *vizz* arise.

The semicolon is now become a big brother of the comma, enabling long

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sentences to be subdivided with great advantage to comprehension and oral delivery. It is of marked use in categories, where the comma would tend to no little confusion. Thus:

"He has now begun the issue of two remaining classes of laws — Private Laws; and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc."

— as contrasted with [Private Laws, and Resolves, Orders, Addresses, etc.].

In the following passage from Coleridge the semicolon prevents a close-knit paragraph from being cut up by periods:

"Of dramatic blank verse we have many and various specimens — for example, Shakspeare's as compared with Massinger's, both excellent in their kind; of lyric, and of what may be called orphic or philosophic, blank verse, perfect models may be found in Wordsworth; of colloquial blank verse there are excellent, though not perfect, examples in Cowper; but of epic blank verse, since Milton, there is not one."

An extract from Thomas Paine will exhibit several substitutions besides the one we are considering:

"Our present condition is, legislation without law; wisdom without a plan; a constitution without a name; and, what is strangely astonishing, perfect independence contending for dependence."

Here the comma in place of the semicolon would have sufficed throughout if that before "legislation" had been made either colon or dash, and if the parenthetical clause "what is strangely astonishing" had been bracketed:

"Our present condition is: legislation without law, wisdom without a plan, a constitution without a name, and (what is strangely astonishing) perfect independence contending for dependence."

Nor would any obscurity have arisen in this extract from Burke had the comma prevailed; but the semicolon answers the purpose of emphasizing the several relative clauses:

"They think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle; which they can measure with a two-foot rule; which they can tell upon ten fingers."

Very frequently the semicolon plays at seesaw with the dash, most familiarly in the case of the hanging participial clause, as when Clarendon writes:

"In Warwickshire the King had no footing; the castle of Warwick, the city of Coventry, and his own castle of Killingworth being fortified against him"

— where we might point: [— the castle of Warwick . . . being fortified against him]. And again in simple opposition, as of Knickerbocker:

"He was a brisk, wiry, waspish little old gentleman; such a one as may now and then be seen stumping about our city," etc.

— in place of which may be employed [— such a one as may now and then be seen].

In the third place, the semicolon may dispute the dash before a relative pronoun when it is desired to mark the *whole* of what precedes as the antecedent, instead of the nearest noun or phrase. Take this stately period from Sir Thomas Browne:

"We present not these as any strange sight or spectacle unknown to *your* eyes, who have beheld the best of urns and noblest variety of ashes, who are yourself no slender master of antiquities, and can daily command the view of so many imperial faces; which raiseth your thoughts unto old things and consideration of times before you when even living men were antiquities, when the living might exceed the dead, and to depart this world could not properly be said to go unto the greater number."

But it is time to pause. Either some light has been shed on the principles of punctuation by studying the diversity of good usage, or else my readers may envy Lord Timothy Dexter's, who were bid to pepper and salt as they chose. This ignoramus, in bunching his points at the end of his book, intimated two truths — one, that punctuation is, to a large extent

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at least, a personal matter; the other that punctuation may be good without being scientific. By way of illustrating the latter thesis, I will quote here a passage from Rousseau on grammar:

"Whether a given expression," he says, "be or be not what is called French or in accordance with good usage, is not the question. We talk and write solely with a view to being understood. Provided we are intelligible, our end is attained; if we are clear, it is still better attained. Speak clearly, then, to any one who understands French. Such is the rule, and be sure that if you committed five thousand barbarisms to boot, you would none the less have written well. I go further, and maintain that we must sometimes be wilfully ungrammatical for the sake of greater lucidity. In this, and not in all the pedantry of purism, consists the veritable art of composition."

So we may say broadly of punctuation that if any composition is so pointed as to convey the author's meaning, it is well pointed. If it is, in addition, free from all ambiguity, it is still better pointed. And sometimes we must be willfully ungrammatical in order to be lucid, as in the following sentence, in which the comma after "has," though it separates the subject from the verb, tells us at once that "witnesses" *is* the verb and not a noun:

"The rise of such a society to such power as it now has, witnesses to profound modifications in the prevalent religious conceptions."

Likewise when we separate the object from the verb, as in

"This, man alone can accomplish,"

to show that it *is* the object, and not a demonstrative adjective qualifying "man," as in —

"Even out of that, mischief has grown."

It still remains possible, by a skillful combination of conventional usage and natural selection, to endow the text with every aid to quick and perfect apprehension, and to the effectiveness of the rhetorical and emotional aim of the writer. The punctuation then leaves nothing to be desired; it becomes elegant, the mark of a cultivated mind. How many graduates of our colleges, of both sexes, betray in their manuscripts no evidence of their literary training! How many writers of learning and distinction need to be edited for the press in the simple matter of punctuation! Our textbooks are palpably at fault — our elementary textbooks; for the study ought never to pass beyond the grammar school.

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FURTHER ADVENTURES OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

WHEN I was a very young girl, and inclined, like most young people, to despise the beautiful commonplace things of daily life, and to find the path of the usual a dull place for my walks abroad, an old lady said to me, —

"My dear, do not underrate the value of the usual; its highway is a convenient road which leads one to a freedom of spirit; for blazing one's own path through life is wasting one's time on hard work when we might better have made use of the labor of others."

And, indeed, I have found the path of the usual like a well-trodden road, perhaps not as interesting as cross-country traveling, but still a saver of time and trouble, and if on its even surface one has not so much joy of adventure, neither does one bark one's shins or tear one's clothes in scrambling over fences.

It is, for instance, so much against the usual for a woman to sail a boat as to seem almost against nature, and so I say no yachtsman's wife should learn to sail; for no grown woman can learn to handle a boat and not be puffed up with pride.

When Stan and I were first married, I felt my way around among the conventions of his yachtsman's world awkwardly enough. It was a long time before I learned enough so that, metaphorically speaking, I no longer ate with my knife; and though I learned to know the yachtsmen's conventions by sight, they formed no part of me; rather did they seem like the meaningless etiquette of some outlandish people. However, all the lubberly mistakes I made were not, I now realize, so great a mistake as my learning to sail; for now I am in an independent position — a woman with a bank account of her own, as it were. But while a woman may have a bank account and a humble spirit at the same time, there is no such thing as sailing a boat meekly, for the very moment one is captain of only a sneak-box one becomes as arrogant and intolerant of advice as the Old Man of any smart old-time clipper. In my own case, as you will see, much trouble came from this unfortunate and unnatural attitude of mind.

One may sin against the usual in a myriad of other ways than the one that I followed in leaving my "woman's sphere," — which on a boat is keeping one's mouth closed and seeing after the lunch; one may, for instance, like young Morris, be constantly fishing in the depth of one's being for rare emotions, and, lacking these, one may sit off by one's self and take one's mind to pieces like a watch and fit it together again. Played alone, this is as harmless a game as solitaire, but when two play at it, it becomes a dangerous game of chance.

And to show that all this is true I will tell the story of two sails; and you will see how much better off we should all have been had every one of us followed the comfortable path of every day.

This story begins with Morris and Alison James, Phil Temple, Stan, and myself starting forth for a day of sailing. It was I who was taking the boat out. We floated down the endless harbor, borne rather by the ebbing tide than the little breath of wind, toward the shining Sound where white-sailed boats glided along like stately birds. Farther out toward the Long Island shore, sails were bending to stray breaths of wind, which here and there disturbed the shining blue mirror.

Stanford at last broke the silence which held us all with —

"If you hold on that way much longer you'll have us all up on the mud!"

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I tranquilly held my boat on its course, — it was I who was sailing it.

"Did you hear what I say," asked Stan, and there was a note of just anger in his voice.

"Yes," I replied tranquilly and without defiance, "I heard you." And I continued on my course with composure. One learns during a number of years of married life how to avoid annoying one's husband, — one also learns how best to annoy him.

"Suit yourself," came from Stan; and it was wonderful what a threat he made of his simple words, — weeks of lying on the mud were in them.

Outwardly unmoved, but with my heart beating a trifle faster, I continued my course toward the shallow water which hid the mud banks, concealing unplumbed depths of obstinacy under a restful, peaceful manner, — in fact, quite overdoing it, and in the end seeming hardly conscious of the tiller in my hand. But my indifference was a defiance, my tranquillity a challenge.

It was, you see, a breach of family etiquette for Stan to interfere with me; had he been at the tiller he might have deliberately wrecked the boat without my opening my mouth, so well am I drilled.

Stanford elaborately ignored me and my sailing. "Hang us up on the mud for all I care," his attitude told me. At last, "Ready about," says I, in a languid, indifferent tone, as if I had n't judged the distance of the mud bank to an inch. The little boat turned on its heel, the rudder scraped the mud, leaving a turgid yellow streak on the blue water. I allowed myself no triumph. I merely continued to zigzag the endless harbor, giving the mud bank a kick on each tack, sitting aloof and superb at my tiller.

I only tell this episode to show the dangers of a wife's learning to sail, and how exasperating, headstrong, and self-confident this perilous knowledge makes a woman. I tell it, too, because what young Morris said about it so well illustrates his attitude toward us.

He turned to Alison James and said, "Are n't they as heavenly as I said they were? Is n't it a pity that we can't in decency call in a writer and have him put them in a book?" At which Alison turned her long, narrow eyes to Morris, nodding comprehendingly. So Morris, by his question and Alison's mute answer, had turned himself into a spectator and us into a show. Phil Temple bristled like a turkey gobbler.

"Oh, don't mind the decencies," he sputtered. "Call in your writer. You can't make us any more notorious than we are, sailing in this freak boat. Was n't it ugly enough without painting it to look like a poster? I feel as if I were sailing in an advertisement for some breakfast food!"

It was an open boat, and its lines were as graceful as those of a washtub, which in many respects it resembled; it was as high-sided as one, and was prevented from being as circular mainly by a snubby bowsprit on the one hand, and an enormous rudder on the other. This rudder was so out of proportion, and was shipped so high, that the boat's name, which was painted in large yellow letters, was cut in two, with the result that on one side of the rudder one read VASE- and on the other -LINE. The boat was only sixteen feet over all, and had a jib and mainsail of a mellow golden hue such as one seldom sees this side of the Mediterranean, and it was wonderfully conspicuous among the flock of white-sailed yachts which flit over the Sound. This conspicuous canvas was only Stan's way of letting the whole Sound know that if he had to sail in a boat of so antiquated a model it was only as a joke. As a matter of fact, we had come home from Italy, as every one else does, poor, and it was for us the Vaseline or nothing.

So the poor old craft which had sedately bobbed up and down at her mooring week-days, and gone on fishing excursions Sundays quite as sedately (as if, indeed, these excursions were a sort of sailboat's church), for a matter of over

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thirty years, had been done over in this extraordinary fashion.

She had been a boat much cherished by her simple-hearted owners, not one of whom had had the heart to change the name which had been given to her in her youth; for when we found her, BEA was painted on one side of the stern, and UTY on the other.

Old boats, as well as old houses, have each one its peculiar atmosphere, and Beauty spoke eloquently of the simpler yachting manners of an earlier day. She had artless tales to tell me of long fishing parties where one really caught fish, of jolly family sailing parties where one carried huge lunch baskets bursting with homely, substantial food. In short, she was as honest, simple, elderly a boat as ever you saw. There was something as indecent in snatching her out of the obscurity of her little unfrequented cove on the Connecticut shore and making her the Sound Harlequin, as there would be in pulling an old lady out of her rocker on her back piazza and setting her pirouetting in a circus ring.

Not a shade of Phil's disapproval escaped the analytical eye of Morris. The whole morning had seemed to his perverse sense of humor a delicious comedy. Stanford and I and our boats have always seemed to Morris, as he said to Alison James, "heavenly," and in all the many years he has sailed with us he has never had any one with whom he could share his esoteric chuckles. Now he looked over to Alison for a responsive gleam, but Alison was talking to me with her pretty volubility. She was saying, —

"I think it was such a picturesque idea. I've always loved boats with bright-colored sails, — in pictures, I mean; I never saw one! — And the name is so quaint: the Vaseline! How did you happen to think of that name, Mrs. Dayton?"

"It came to me," I replied, a malicious eye on Morris. Very well I knew that Morris had brought Alison James that he might experience the subtle joys of watching the effect we produced on her. He had not bargained for the effect she might produce on us. He had wanted Alison to share with him his secret knowledge of how droll we are; and now, as the wind freshened and we slipped evenly along, she burst out in exultation over the joys of sailing; her words tumbled over each other in soft eagerness. She gave the impression of bridging over some conversational gap, of trying in the face of difficulties to put every one at ease; and Morris, who thought he made "insight" a profession, had not the keenness to see that it was herself whom Alison was trying to put at ease.

I for one was sorry for her (and it is no new thing for me to feel sorry for my guests). There she was, dumped down with a hostess who, puffed up with pride, ostentatiously sailed the boat; then there was Morris, who expected some wonderful appreciation of her, but what, she did n't exactly know. So, obscurely aware that she had missed the right "tone," — and how particular Morris was about tone, — she continued to give out appreciations of the Sound. She did it charmingly, being one of the few women to whom superlatives are becoming.

Morris looked at her with sternness. This was not the way he had expected her to take either sailing or us.

"Let's go out in front of the mast, Alison," he suggested.

Poor Alison's gayety died. The bubbling flow of her enthusiasms subsided like a dying geyser, but as she stepped to the other side of the sail,

"You are quick with your blame," said she to Morris, and reproach and pride were in her dark eyes. She was the type of girl that makes other women seem colorless; but he was n't to be softened by any mere prettiness, — what he demanded was "insight;" and I heard him reply in his soft voice, —

"I have said nothing," thus metaphorically shutting the door in Alison's face. And I hastily changed the course of the boat, putting the sail between us and them.

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On our side of the sail all was not harmony, nor did our lack of what Morris calls "oneness" express itself in subtleties.

Phil had preserved his gloom intact in spite of the lovely day, and he now opened fire on Stan by remarking, in his honest, outspoken way, —

"Do you know what this boat of yours makes me think of? It makes me think of a piece of antique furniture enameled white, with the claws gilded. The matter with you is you've lost your standards. You're too impressionable. Gad! I ought to be glad you did n't come back wearing a beret and a mile of red sash around your stomach."

"I don't see what there is so wrong about this boat." A first faint note of uneasiness showed itself in Stan's voice.

"*I* like its looks," said I; "and I don't see, if one wants to, why one should n't paint the mast of one's own boat like a barber's pole."

"I suppose you don't!" Phil answered wearily, looking across at Stan, who returned his look. It was evident to me that I had somehow been "just like a girl" again, and again, as often before, the sense of the inferiority of women brought together the two old friends.

There is nothing more treacherous than a little boat for giving away secrets. On one tack the people forward are shut away from their companions as if by a partition; then let the boat come about, and a whispering gallery is a better place for confidences. So from time to time Alison's voice would be wafted to me, — and I could no more help hearing than if she had been seated next me. So I caught things like, —

"I suppose this is one of the phases we must all go through. We must be patient with each other;" or, "after all, what we call 'engagements' are the results of such an artificial condition that they naturally conduce to the hypercritical state of mind you and I find ourselves in;" and again, "It's uncomfortable, but it's interesting. Oh, how all this should make us understand!"

Then Morris: "You've missed the whole point, my dear girl — forgive me if I say you *don't* understand." His voice came to me cool and superior, as superior as the voice of a husband teaching one to sail. After all, "insight" and "understanding" and the game of analysis were the boats of Alison and Morris, — a game which they played with the deadly seriousness of children, just as Stan and I used to play at sailing; and the games one plays in this whole-souled fashion often seem to one more important than the real business of life. Quarreling over such games makes very little difference after one is married, though before it often leads to trouble; and I wished that I had a church and a parson handy and could take Alison and Morris, and marry them off, and let them play the game of buying the furniture for their house, and then afterwards let them up and analyze each other's souls, and welcome.

We had got well to the middle of the Sound when the wind treacherously forsook us, the boat slid along like some gayly painted beetle, slowly and more slowly, and at last the mainsail gave a discouraged flap, as if to say, "I can do no more," and Alison's voice came clearly to the cockpit: —

"The question to me is, if we really cared, would we, do you think, pick It to pieces this way? Do you think if we *felt*, really felt, we could *talk* so much?"

Then the idle boom swung, creaking mournfully, to some little swell, and disclosed Morris, his head in his hands.

"I don't know, Alison," he said; "I don't know." It was evident that Tragedy was passing over. I might as reasonably have asked Stan in our early days, whether, if he really cared for me, he would have sailed so much; but people always give speech undue importance, and refuse to realize that certain kinds of conversation are to be classed with golf or chess or any other absorbing but insignificant pastime. However, I tried to drown Alison out by chaffing Phil Temple, but her voice had a thrilling quality

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which rose above our chatter when the poor child wailed,—

"It's *you* who can't feel! It's you who've killed It for me. You've analyzed It to death, you've talked It to death!" — and I could stand it no longer, and called my two guests away from their tragic little sport.

The difference between men and women in such matters is that men down deep in their hearts know that a game is a game, while women don't. So Morris, having played his game, ignored it, which, to poor Alison, proved his heartlessness.

Meanwhile the day grew hotter and more hot, the waters gave back the reflection of the sun like a piece of polished metal, and still not a breath of wind; the Sound was dotted with the white sails of motionless boats.

There are some people whose worst natures are brought forth by the idle waiting in an idle boat. There are others whose impatience brings them to the verge of suicide. A day of calm in a small boat on a hot day can break up friendships; and people who are not congenial become homicidal when they are shut up together in so confined a space, with nothing to take their minds from one another's defects.

In this case it was Alison who suffered, and I who suffered vicariously through her. Poor child! there was no way of getting from us, no chance of a solitude where she could luxuriously nurse her disillusionment, which was, of course, what she wanted to do, as was only natural and right for one of her age and condition.

At last she asked, "How much longer do you think it will be, Mr. Temple, before the wind comes up?" which brought a swift glance of displeasure from Morris, for this is one of the questions no woman may ask when sailing; and I was glad enough of a diversion, though it caused discomfort to Stan.

From all parts of the Sound on a Sunday afternoon you may hear the throbbing of motor boats. When there is a calm there are more motors than ever. They love to run up and down, past the becalmed yachts, puff-puffing and chug-chugging insolently to call attention to the fact that *they* are not becalmed; they prattle insistently and noisily to the still, bored boats of a motor's independence of wind and tide. On the whole, I know of no more offensive being than a motor boat in a flat calm.

I had noticed that a number of launches had passed near us but as they were polite, well-bred private boats, I did not realize, until one went out of its course, made toward us, and off again, that our yellow sail had aroused the curiosity of the Sound. But this was not the end. For a long time I had been aware of a snorting and panting, of a sobbing and groaning, as of a boat in great pain, for the noise of a motor carries a great distance. Then I located the noise, the snorts grew louder, and there bore down on us a motor boat the like of which I never saw. It was a degraded old hulk of a low-lived fishing boat; it towered up shapeless and uncouth; and from what looked like the discarded stovepipe of a kitchen stove there was vomited forth smoke; and as the thing ran toward us we watched it silently, until Phil Temple said, with conviction,—

"The owner's mother made that in a bad dream. She made it of tin cans."

Aboard this indecent craft were a half dozen men; one trailed his feet, boots and all, in the water. They were all drunk, as one must needs be to trust one's self to such a nightmare motor, which shrieked and sobbed to the whole Sound that her end was near.

Yet it was from this boat that we were to learn what the Sound thought of us, and what it thought was not complimentary. It was conveyed to us by the medium of derisive whoops and yells, as the home-made motor boat circled around us, panting and strangling, getting ready for the final snort which should burst her tank, and send the dishonored hulk and all aboard to the bottom of the Sound.

We had sinned against the law of the

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usual; and in the yachting world there is no greater crime; for the world of boats the world over permits no unconventionality, and the same spirit which forbids centreboards to the boats of the mistral-swept Mediterranean because there have never been centreboards there, also forbids orange sails on the Sound for the same reason; and I was heartily glad when the wind at last arose and took us home, away from a critical and inquisitive world. Phil Temple and Morris were as merry as crickets, but as we alighted at the wharf, and the setting sun turned Alison James's scorched face an even deeper crimson, Morris regarded his one-time fiancée with anxiety.

"Poor child," said he, "you're shockingly burned. I'm afraid your nose will peel, Alison. Let me see your hands; why, they're all purple and swollen!" Thus may even a man with insight say the hopelessly wrong thing.

Alison led the way, throwing over her shoulder to Morris, — and she ignored his last remark, — "We may as well look the situation in the face — I don't believe in half measures;" and that Morris replied, "What situation?" showed Alison how light-minded he was.

Between the first and second cruise of the Vaseline there was an interval of two weeks. Stan and I were preoccupied, for Stan had a boat on his hands in which nothing would have induced him to sail, while my conscience was burdened with a broken engagement, for Morris had been made to understand that there *was* a situation. When he saw that Alison had thrown him over, and for no good reason that he could see, he became touchingly miserable, and finally blurted out at me, like any ordinary boy, a despairing, "Oh, I don't understand girls, anyway;" which was for Morris an immense comedown. What made the situation poignant was that Alison told me she could never marry any one who did not understand her, which was only her way of saying that she would not stand Morris giving himself the airs of a superior male being. I do not blame any unmarried girl for feeling this way. Such actions are unnatural and unfitting for all men but brothers and husbands. She showed plenty of spirit, too, for she refused to see Morris alone. He wanted "to explain," he said, while Alison said there was nothing to explain; and so for two weeks I served as a medium of communication between them, being as it were a species of human telephone.

During these two weeks you will please fancy Stanford sneaking off to a little deserted boatyard every spare moment he had, where he with his own hands slapped three coats of white paint upon the fat black sides of the Vaseline, and painted out her name.

When a little fat white boat, with no name and white sails, gracefully and modestly bobbed and curtsied at the mooring where the bedizened Vaseline had formerly lain, I professed myself not only pleased, but surprised. I like to tell this. I do not want you to think that I am always tactless and arrogant, especially as what I now have to relate shows how out of perspective one may get if one quits the paths of every day; for if I had not learned to sail a boat, I am sure that I never should have proposed sailing to a place we had lived in two summers before, to collect certain articles that we had stored there in a barn.

"A baby carriage might be a very uncomfortable thing in a boat," Stan objected, "if there was any wind at all. "Besides, it will look so queer."

"The Vaseline," I told him, "is so fat and high-sided that no one will notice it, anyway."

Of course I see now how preposterous it was, but like most preposterous things it seemed at the moment not only reasonable, but thrifty. I was quite proud of myself for thinking of it.

I felt more vainglorious than any old skipper when we started off on the second cruise of the Vaseline, for I was not only

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going to have my own way, but I was doing a kindness to others; carrying Alison along to take her mind off her unengaged state, which by this time was beginning to depress her. As we bore down on the wharf I saw young Morris, arrayed in conspicuously white clothes. Stan remarked, in tones too off-hand to be natural, —

"Morris was lunching over here, and I told him we'd pick him up." It is not women only who hasten along the hands of the matrimonial clock.

Together we set forth after the baby carriage. In the dusk of the barn it loomed larger than I thought a baby carriage could. It was covered with thick dust, as were the fly-screens, the two pails, and the box which I had not told Stan about. Spiders had found it an alluring place for the weaving of heavy webs; the hammock also was degraded, noisome, mildewed.

"See here, Meg," Stanford began sternly, "the Vaseline, after all, is n't a moving van."

But a rage for those things possessed me; they were mine, and I needed them.

"How else," I argued, "shall we get them home? I could buy them for what it would cost to cart them."

Like a man, "Buy others," he suggested.

"Buy others," I shrilled, "when I have already perfectly good ones!" By sheer force of will and obstinacy, such as the best of wives sometimes show, I overcame his better judgment. I had come for that baby carriage, for those fly-screens, those two pails, and the hammock, and even though old, dirty, and mildewed, they were mine, and I wanted them. I could not bear to go away and leave them, I had to have them, — and more than anything, I wanted my own way.

And poor Stan realized, as every husband from the first husband of all has realized, first or last, that this was a moment when the obstinacy of woman is a dynamic force; and with grumbling and muttering he gave way before it.

He seized the baby carriage and the hammock. Phil followed with two fly-screens; he held the dirty things far from him protestingly; Morris took to his white bosom the box, while Alison possessed herself of the pails. I, the skipper of the Vaseline, followed this procession, self-satisfied, clean, and unburdened.

Now, however, I quite agree with Stan that a small boat is no place for a perambulator, nor for fly-screens, for that matter, and I began to agree with him the moment we were in the boat. Unaccountably that baby carriage seemed to have grown in size by the time we got it aboard. It took up all the room there was, and the fly-screens took up the rest. Morris, with a smile of perfect content, helped Alison in, and she smiled back at him. This time Morris had no need to ask Alison if we were not "heavenly;" she could see for herself, for this time we were being heavenly with a vengeance. We arranged ourselves in the space left by my belongings; as we got under way a rude little boy in a sneak-box jeered us. I found that it made a great difference to me whose fault it was that the Vaseline was jeered. The wind had shifted and freshened; the little boat lay far over on her fat side, while little choppy waves hit her "plop" on her fat bosom, at which she would stop indignantly, like a plump old lady who is splashed by a cable car.

Meanwhile the baby carriage changed from an inanimate to an animate object. It charged down on Stan's shins, it made frantic dashes at the centreboard trunk. We hung on to it, but it got away from us. Not one of us but had a tussle with it. Boats which passed near us derided our struggles.

Finally Stan growled, "Hang on to this infernal machine, Margery, will you? You know more about such things than I do."

Silently I relinquished the tiller, and applied myself to the pacification of the ramping perambulator. I was no longer the skipper of the Vaseline. I was Stanford Dayton's wife, who had for a mo-

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ment forgotten the old adage that there is a place for everything, and that everything should be in its place; who for a moment had strayed from the beaten paths, and who was now being punished for it corporally by an indignant baby carriage. I had brought about an unnatural meeting, and was reaping the fruits of it by knocks and bruises, — it is well to keep boats and baby carriages apart in this world. Meantime Morris made gentle, ineffectual efforts to pacify the fly-screens. Soon he arose, and said with decision, "Alison, come with me, this is no place for us;" and as they made their way to the damp deck, he turned and waved a graceful adieu to the screens.

"Good-by, my friends," he said to them; "I leave you in possession of the field." And I realized as never before just what it was about Morris that on occasion so irritated Stan and Phil.

Phil meantime sat apart, courteous and aloof. He could not join with his usual friendly fashion in this family quarrel; he could only feign indifference; when the baby carriage rapped him smartly he grew almost apologetic, as if by moving his legs out of the way he admitted that there was a baby carriage, and thus intruded unduly on our domestic affairs.

It was at this moment that I began to understand the meaning of the yachtsman's etiquette. When other boats smiled derisively at our abominable freight, I realized why moorings should be picked up in a certain way; why it is essential that ropes should be coiled in such and such a manner; for etiquette is merely the usual formalized, the ritual of the easiest way. And in abiding by the many rules custom lays down for us one attains, as my old friend said, a freedom of spirit, — one also avoids making one's self ridiculous. I confessed that a boat is no place for a baby carriage, and that, the world over, a man should be the skipper of his craft.

But I was not the only penitent. As I clung with aching arms to the burden I had laid on us all, and as we turned in our harbor, the shifting sail disclosed Alison and Morris on the wet deck. They held one another's hands, and there was nothing cryptic in the way Morris cried to us joyously, —

"We're engaged again! I've explained everything to Alison, — I've explained that I was wrong from the first."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL[1]

BY A. LAWRENCE LOWELL

A RECENT critic in the *Independent Review* has said that Mr. Winston Churchill possesses every qualification for writing the life of his father except filial reverence. The other qualifications he certainly has: a lively interest in the only subject by which Lord Randolph came into touch with the world at large, that is, politics; a thorough knowledge of the times in which Lord Randolph played his part; a sense of proportion, with an absence of excessive bias; a power of breathing life into the characters of his drama; and, finally, an uncommonly attractive style. Nor does it seem fair to say that he lacks filial reverence. The impression left on the mind of the present writer, at least, is that Mr. Churchill has a great admiration and keen sympathy for his father. He makes no attempt, it is true, to conceal qualities which most readers will

[1] *Lord Randolph Churchill.* By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M. P. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co. 1906.

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not admire; he tells of some things that will not be universally approved; and he prints specimens of what the English sometimes condone as invective, which furnish stronger evidence of wit than of the decorum proper among statesmen. These things had, no doubt, already been published; but apart from any such reason for their insertion here, it is clear that the biographer is proud of them. Their cleverness more than atones in his eyes for their faults.

Lord Randolph Churchill was essentially a politician, and in these volumes but little space is devoted to matters unconnected with public affairs. His boyhood and youth were not remarkable, and were quite unvexed by precocious signs of genius. His political career may be divided into four periods: first, a time of comparative obscurity, from 1874 to 1880; second, for five years, a period of rapid rise into the blazing light of public celebrity; next, eighteen months as one of the chief among the recognized leaders of the party; and then an eclipse. He entered Parliament in 1874, at the age of twenty-five, as the member for the old family borough of Woodstock, where the influence of his father, the Duke of Marlborough, was predominant. At this time he seems to have had no passion for public life, and, as Mr. Winston Churchill truly remarks, a private member of the House of Commons has little chance to win distinction while his party is in office. "Even in a period of political activity," he says, "there is small scope for a supporter of a Government. The Whips do not want speeches, but votes. The Ministers regard an oration in their praise or defense as only one degree less tiresome than an attack. The earnest party man becomes a silent drudge, tramping at intervals through lobbies to record his vote and wondering why he came to Westminster at all." So Lord Randolph made few speeches during this Parliament, spent much of his time in Ireland, where his father was viceroy, and learned a good deal about the country and the people that was useful to him in after life.

His chance in Parliament came after the general election of 1880 had brought Mr. Gladstone back to power with a large Liberal majority at his back. In opposition a young member may acquire fame by attacking the government as a free lance, without breach of discipline toward the leaders on his own side. But Lord Randolph Churchill went much farther, and played a bolder game. The Conservative minority in the House of Commons was led by Sir Stafford Northcote, — of a decorous rather than sanguinary temperament, an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, whose private secretary he had been in early life, and not a man to carry political contests to extremes. Many people felt, indeed, that he failed to take full advantage, for his party, of the many delicate and difficult questions which, in the course of the Parliament, the government was unexpectedly called upon to face. The conditions were favorable for a small body of members, something between knights-errant and banditti, who fought as guerrillas under the Conservative banner, but attacked on occasion their own leaders with magnanimous impartiality.

This small body, which, in contradistinction to the Liberals, Conservatives, and Irish Home Rulers, came to be known as the Fourth Party, began in one of those accidents that happen in irregular warfare. The Bradlaugh case, involving the thorny question whether a professed atheist could qualify in the House of Commons by affirmation or oath, vexed the whole life of the Parliament, and brought together in the opening days Sir Henry Wolff, Mr. (now Sir) John Gorst, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Mr. Arthur Balfour. The success with which they played upon the feelings of the House in this case made them at once conspicuous, and taught them the value of concerted action. With a short interruption, caused by a difference of opinion about the Irish Coercion Bill of 1881, the friends acted in harmony for four years. They had no

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formal programme, and no one of them was recognized as the chief; but it was understood that they should defend one another when attacked, and they were in the habit of dining together to arrange a common plan of action. They took a vigorous part in all debates, criticised the government unsparingly, and, under the pretense of assisting to perfect its measures, spun out the discussions and obstructed progress. They showed great skill in baiting Mr. Gladstone, and, when delay was their object, in drawing him out by turns into long explanations in response to plausible questions about the clauses of his bills. Their aggressiveness, and the profession — especially on the part of Lord Randolph Churchill — of popular principles under the name of Tory Democracy, spread their reputation in the country, and gave them an importance out of proportion to their number or their direct influence in the House of Commons.

Throughout its career the Fourth Party assumed to be independent of the regular opposition leaders in the House. At times it went so far as to accuse them of indecision, and of an inability to lead which disorganized the party. In his private correspondence Lord Randolph commonly referred to them and their friends as Goats. After Lord Beaconsfield's death in 1881 the Conservatives had no single recognized leader until the party came to power again in 1885. Lord Salisbury had been chosen by the Tory peers their leader in the House of Lords; and Sir Stafford Northcote remained, as he had been in Lord Beaconsfield's last years, the leader in the House of Commons. The members of the Fourth Party asserted that this dual leadership, by causing uncertainty in the counsels of the party, was disastrous; and they soon settled upon Sir Stafford Northcote as the object of their censure. The attack upon him culminated in April, 1883, when his selection to unveil the statue of Lord Beaconsfield seemed to indicate that he was to be the future Conservative premier. On that occasion Lord Randolph Churchill published a couple of letters in the *Times*, in which he spoke of Sir Stafford in abusive terms and declared that Lord Salisbury was the only man capable of taking the lead. These he followed up by an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for May, entitled "Elijah's Mantle," describing the decay of the Conservative party, setting forth his ideas of Tory Democracy as a means of regeneration, designating Lord Salisbury as the proper heir to Lord Beaconsfield's mantle, but revealing at the same time his confidence in his own fitness to be a leader. His quarrel with his chief in the House of Commons did not impair his popularity in the country; while his speeches, with their vituperation of prominent Liberals, and their appeals for the support of the masses, caught the fancy of the Tory crowds. Hitherto he had decried Sir Stafford Northcote and praised Lord Salisbury, but he now embarked upon an adventure that brought him into sharp conflict with the latter. Mr. Balfour, being Lord Salisbury's nephew, could not follow in the new path, and before long opposed his former comrade; but the other two members of the Fourth Party continued to support him.

In the summer of 1883 Lord Randolph Churchill conceived the bold plan of getting control of the popular organization of the party, known as the National Union of Conservative Associations, and making it in his own hands a great political force. The attempt of a politician to capture the machine was a surprise in England, but it is not so astonishing as the means that were employed. The facts are told fully and fairly by the biographer, who prints in an appendix some of the most important documents; these, together with the rest of the correspondence, having been published at the time in the form of a report to the Association. Perhaps readers may draw different inferences from the facts according to their prejudices; but the story is so characteristic of Lord Randolph Churchill's

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audacity, throws so much light on certain possibilities in English politics, and is withal so little known, that it may be worth while to tell it at some length. The National Union had been formed in 1867 as a federation of local party associations throughout the country; and it was governed by a Council, consisting of thirty-six members. Twenty-four of them were elected for a year by the Conference, or annual meeting of delegates from the local bodies, while twelve more were added, or, as the expression goes, coöpted, by the Council itself. From the beginning the Union was clearly designed as a powerful agency in winning elections, and was not intended to direct the policy of the party. As one of its founders had declared, it was "organized rather as what he might call a hand-maid to the party, than to usurp the functions of party leadership." The Council had, in fact, been managed in concert with the leaders of the party in Parliament, and the real direction of electoral matters was vested in the "Central Committee." This body, created at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield, after the defeat of 1880, to devise means of improving the party organization, was quite independent of the Union; and, working under the Whips, had exclusive charge of the large sums entrusted to them by the subscribers to the campaign funds. Complaints had long been made by members of the Union that the Council, instead of being truly representative, was practically in the hands of a small, self-elected group of men, acting under the direction of the party leaders. Lord Randolph took advantage of the opportunity offered by these complaints, and, seeing that in order to achieve any large measure of independent power the Union must have pecuniary resources, he determined to obtain for it a share of the funds in the possession of the Central Committee.

The three friends were already members of the Council. Sir Henry Wolff had been there from the beginning. Mr. Gorst had recently been given a seat as vice-chairman, and Lord Randolph Churchill had been elected a coöpted member in 1882 by the casting vote of the chairman, Lord Percy. The first scene in the drama was arranged for the Conference of the Union held at Birmingham on October 2, 1883. There, when the usual motion was made to adopt the annual report, a Mr. Hudson moved a rider directing "the Council for the ensuing year to take such steps as may be requisite for securing to the National Union its legitimate influence in the party organization." He said that the Conservative workingmen should not be led by the nose, and that the Union ought to have the management of its own policy. Lord Randolph Churchill supported the rider in a characteristic speech, in which he described how the Central Committee had drawn into its own hands all the powers and available resources of the party, and kept the Council of the Union in a state of tutelage. After intimating that the committee had used money at the last election for corrupt purposes, he ended by saying that the working classes were quite determined to govern themselves, that they would neither be driven nor hoodwinked, and that the only way to gain their confidence was to give them a real share in the government of the party. Several men spoke upon the other side, and among them Lord Percy, who repudiated the charge that the Central Committee had spent money corruptly. He said that he and others had been members both of that Committee and of the Council, and that there was a constant interchange of ideas between the two bodies. He was willing, however, to accept the rider upon the understanding that the Conference was not committed to any of the modes of carrying it out that had been suggested. The rider was then adopted unanimously.

Lord Randolph Churchill was reëlected to the Council, and so were many persons who had no sympathy with his views. The two sides were, in fact, nearly equally balanced, but he and his friends had the advantage of a definite, well-arranged

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plan, while the others were unprepared. Twelve coöpted members were to be chosen, and by presenting the names of men of local influence in the large towns, to whom his opponents found it hard to object, Lord Randolph secured a small but decisive majority in the Council. At the first meeting, in December, he had a committee appointed to consider the best means of carrying out the votes passed at the Conference. It was composed mainly of himself and his friends, and at once chose him its chairman, although, according to the custom that had been followed hitherto, the chairman of the Council, Lord Percy, should have presided in all committees. Early in January, 1884, the committee had an interview with Lord Salisbury, and brought to his attention the desire of the Union to obtain its legitimate influence in the management of the party. Lord Salisbury took the matter under consideration. But meanwhile, on February 1, when the committee reported progress to the Council, Lord Percy protested against his exclusion from the chair, and motions were made to the effect that he ought to preside at meetings of committees. They were rejected by close votes, whereupon he resigned his position as chairman of the Council; and, as he refused to withdraw his resignation, Lord Randolph Churchill was, on February 19, chosen to succeed him, by seventeen votes to fifteen for Mr. Chaplin. Lord Salisbury, however, ignoring the change of chairman, still communicated with the Council through Lord Percy, which exasperated Lord Randolph's friends.

On February 29, Lord Salisbury, in a letter to Lord Randolph Churchill, replied in behalf of himself and Sir Stafford Northcote to the suggestions that had been made to him in January. He began by observing that no proposals had been put forward beyond the representation that the Council had not opportunity of concurring largely enough in the practical organization of the party. He went on to describe the work that it could properly do, and added, "The field of work seems to us large — as large as the nature of the case permits." To any one familiar with the history of the National Union it would seem clear that the letter was intended to enumerate the very functions that the Council had hitherto performed; but the committee affected to receive it with joy as a complete acceptance of their plan. Mr. Winston Churchill says of the matter, —

"The arrival of this letter was hailed by Lord Randolph and his friends with delight, and with elaborate gravity they made haste to accept it as a 'charter' establishing for ever the rights and position of the National Union. It might seem at first sight that Lord Salisbury's utterances were sufficiently vague and guarded; but this was not the view of the Organization Committee, and they forthwith proceeded to draw up a report, in which, it must be confessed, the assigned duties of the National Union seemed to be of a very responsible and definite character."

In their report the committee remarked: "The Council will, no doubt, perceive that for the proper discharge of these duties now imposed upon them by the leaders of the party the provision of considerable funds becomes a matter of first-class necessity." They proposed, therefore, to claim a part of the funds in the custody of the Central Committee, and recommended changes in the organization and activity of the Council that would have thrown great power into the hands of Lord Randolph as chairman.

Lord Salisbury was informed of the proposed report, and hastened to remove any misapprehension by a letter in which he said he had not contemplated that the Union would in any way take the place of the Central Committee, and hoped there was no chance of their paths crossing. Lord Randolph replied that he feared such a hope might be disappointed, adding, "In a struggle between a popular body and a close corporation, the latter, I am happy to say, in these days goes to the wall." Lord Salisbury wrote to Lord

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Percy also, saying that the duties entrusted by the leaders to the Central Committee could not be transferred, and deprecating the adoption of the report. Lord Percy laid this before the Council; but it adopted the report, and the committee was instructed to confer with the leaders of the party about carrying out the plans foreshadowed in their letter. The temper of the leaders may be imagined, and may well excuse a step which was, nevertheless, a mistake, because it offended members of the Council of local importance, who had probably intended no disrespect to Lord Salisbury. Three days after the adoption of the report a letter came from the principal agent of the party, giving the National Union notice to quit the offices occupied jointly with the Central Committee. Lord Randolph Churchill showed no open resentment at this; but, treating the objections of the leaders as if they applied only to the details of the report, he prepared to make in it some minor changes. He held also with Lord Salisbury a conference, which was again an occasion for misunderstanding; for on April 1 his Lordship wrote that some passages in the report had been explained to him there, and it had been made clear that the National Union did not intend to trench on the province of the Central Committee, or take any course on political questions not acceptable to the leaders of the party. He went on to describe the proper functions of the Council in language evidently intended to cover the same ground as his letter of February 29. He suggested that to secure complete unity of action it was desirable to have the party Whips sit *ex officio* on the Council, and that under these conditions a separation of establishments would be unnecessary.

Lord Randolph called at once a meeting of his committee, and, although only three members beside himself were present, he sent to Lord Salisbury in its name a letter unique in English political annals. "It appeared at first," he wrote, "from a letter which we had the honour of receiving from you on February 29 that your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote entered fully and sympathetically into the wishes of the Council. . . . The Council, however, committed the serious error of imagining that your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote were in earnest in wishing them to become a real source of usefulness to the party. . . . The Council have been rudely undeceived . . . The precise language of your former letter of February 29 is totally abandoned, and refuge taken in vague, foggy and utterly intangible suggestions. Finally, in order that the Council of the National Union may be completely and forever reduced to its ancient condition of dependence upon, and servility to, certain irresponsible persons who find favour in your eyes, you demand that the Whips of the party . . . should sit *ex officio* on the Council. . . . It may be that the powerful and secret influences which have hitherto been unsuccessfully at work on the Council, with the knowledge and consent of your Lordship and Sir Stafford Northcote, may at last be effectual in reducing the National Union to its former make-believe and impotent condition; in that case we shall know what steps to take to clear ourselves of all responsibility for the failure of an attempt to avert the misfortunes and reverses which will, we are certain, under the present effete system of wire-pulling and secret organization, overtake and attend the Conservative party at a General Election."

It might be supposed that, after receiving a letter of that tenor, Lord Salisbury would have had no more to do with Lord Randolph Churchill forever, and would have refused to hold further communication with the Council; but politics make strange bedfellows, especially in a parliamentary form of government. Lord Salisbury could not afford to alienate a body which represented a considerable fraction of the Conservatives in the country; while it would have been folly for Lord Randolph to burn the bridges be-

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hind him. Negotiations were, therefore, opened through a third person, and were approaching a result, when one of Lord Randolph's supporters in the Council, who had not intended to force a rupture with Lord Salisbury, and was not aware of the pending negotiations, moved on May 2 for a committee of conference to secure harmony and united action. Although letters were read showing that steps already taken would probably lead to an understanding, and although Lord Randolph said that he should regard the motion as one of want of confidence, the mover persisted, and, as several of Lord Randolph's friends were absent, carried his proposal by a vote of seventeen to thirteen. Thereupon Lord Randolph resigned as chairman of the Council. But his popularity in the country was great, and there was a widespread feeling of regret at a quarrel among the influential members of the party. The chairmen of the Conservative associations in some of the chief provincial towns acted as peacemakers: they drew up a memorandum, suggesting an arrangement, and urging that if this were accepted Lord Randolph should withdraw his resignation. The memorandum was laid before the Council on May 16, and Lord Randolph was unanimously reëlected chairman. At the same time the committee, composed mainly of his opponents, that had been appointed to confer with the party leaders, reported that it aad reached an agreement. The terms were, in fact, precisely the ones indicated in Lord Salisbury's letter of April 1, save for an allowance of £3000 a year to be made to the Union from the party funds. Naturally, Lord Randolph's friends were dissatisfied, but they failed to procure any changes, and on June 27 the plan was adopted as it stood.

Although Mr. Winston Churchill ascribes at this time a large measure of success to Lord Randolph, it is not easy to perceive that he had as yet obtained anything for the National Union, except the subsidy of £3000 a year. Personally he had become the leading figure in what purported to be the great representative organization of the party, for the chairman of the Council was the most important officer in the Union; but the position of the organization itself remained substantially unchanged. However, the agreement that had been reached was merely a truce, and both sides canvassed eagerly the delegates to the annual Conference of the Union for 1884, each hoping for a decisive victory that would give undisputed control of the body. The meeting was held at Sheffield on July 23, and in his speech on presenting the report of the Council, Lord Randolph described the dissensions that had occurred, begging the delegates to elect members who would support one side or the other. His object, he said, had been to establish a *bona-fide* popular organization, bringing its influence to bear right up to the centre of affairs, in order that the Tory party might be a self-governing party. As yet, he added, this had been successfully thwarted by those who possessed influence. The speech was followed by a fierce debate; but the real interest of the meeting lay in the ballot for councillors, and before that was taken the coöpted members were abolished, so that the result of the ballot would determine finally the complexion of the Council. A majority of the delegates sympathized with Lord Randolph, but they did not, as he had hoped, divide on a sharp line for the ticket put forward by one side or the other. He headed the poll himself with 346 votes, while the next highest received 298. When, however, the result was announced, his friends had only a small majority in the Council.

Lord Randolph Churchill had won a victory; but by no means a crushing victory. His own reëlection as chairman was assured, and for the moment he controlled the Council, yet his control would be neither undisputed nor certain to endure. He could use the Union in a way that would be highly uncomfortable

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for Lord Salisbury, but he could not do with it whatever he pleased. Again it was for the interest of both sides to make peace, and the negotiations were completed in a few days. The Central Committee was in form abolished, the Primrose League, recently founded by the Fourth Party, was recognized by the leaders, Lord Randolph withdrew from the chairmanship of the Council, and mutual confidence and harmony of action were restored. These appear to have been the nominal conditions. Whether the real terms were ever definitely stated, or were merely left in the form of a tacit understanding, we do not know, and Mr. Winston Churchill tells us that no record has been preserved of what passed at the interview between Lord Randolph and Lord Salisbury. The practical upshot was that the Fourth Party was broken up. Lord Randolph abandoned the National Union to its fate, acted in concert with the Parliamentary leaders, and was given a seat in the Cabinet when the Conservatives next came to power.

The National Union was one of the three means used by Lord Randolph to thrust himself upon the chiefs of the Conservative party and climb into power. The other two were the aggressive tactics of the Fourth Party, and his appeal to the masses on the basis of Tory Democracy. Mr. Winston Churchill insists constantly that the last of these three was the expression of a genuine conviction, that a sincere belief in the need of democracy, for the welfare, both of the nation and of the party, went very deep into his father's nature, and was the cause of his final quarrel with Lord Salisbury's government in 1886. The story of the Fourth Party, on the other hand, is so told as to leave the impression that convictions were very much diluted with opportunism; while in the adventure of the National Union there is scarcely any attempt to show that Lord Randolph acted upon principle at all. If he cherished any real desire to place the party organization upon a popular basis, he sacrificed it in the compromise with Lord Salisbury; for thereafter he stood aside while the Union was effectually reduced "to its former make-believe and impotent condition," and carefully reorganized so as to prevent its capture by any one else. The biographer seeks, however, to defend Lord Randolph from the charge, made by Mr. Harold Gorst in his story of the Fourth Party,[1] that his father, Mr. John Gorst, after devoting his skill in organization to the service of his friend, was deserted by him in the hour of victory. The evidence that has been made public is hardly enough to justify a definite opinion. There is, however, no doubt that Mr. Gorst felt aggrieved at the isolated position in which he found himself; that in the following autumn Lord Randolph openly rebuked him in the House of Commons for clinging to the policy about the Reform Bill which the whole Fourth Party had pursued in May; that the intimacy between them came to an end; but that, when Lord Salisbury formed a cabinet in 1885, Lord Randolph procured the appointment of Mr. Gorst to a position, although a subordinate one, in the ministry.

The Conservatives came into power in June, 1885, and Lord Randolph Churchill was given the post of Secretary of State for India. The life of the government was not long. It lasted only seven months, but during that time came the general election, which opened rifts in the Liberal ranks, gave Mr. Parnell his long-coveted control of the balance of power in the House of Commons, and prepared the way for the Home Rule Bill. For Lord Randolph himself the period was one of triumph and of snares. Two things happened that showed his power, but might have turned any man's head. When the government was formed he refused to join it if Sir Stafford Northcote were to lead the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury submitted reluctantly, and the old leader was removed to the

[1] *Nineteenth Century.* November and December, 1902, January, 1903.

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oblivion of the House of Lords. Then, while Lord Randolph was at the India office, the Queen urged the appointment of one of her sons, the Duke of Connaught, as commander-in-chief at Bombay Without consulting Lord Randolph, she made the suggestion through Lord Salisbury to the Viceroy, and secured his approval; but when the Prime Minister told this to Lord Randolph a few days later, he tendered his resignation, with the result that the duke was not appointed.

When Parliament met in January, after the general election, the government was defeated upon an amendment to the Address, and resigned. Mr. Gladstone, again in power, brought in his ill-starred Home Rule Bill, and in the debates that followed Lord Randolph, who took a very prominent part, still further increased his reputation. With the help of the Liberal Unionists the bill was rejected, and Mr. Gladstone, appealing to the people, was beaten at the general elections. The Conservatives came back, this time Lord Randolph Churchill being made the leader of the House of Commons with the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was now only thirty-seven years old, and had reached the highest political place in his country except that of Prime Minister. He was on cordial and confidential terms with Lord Salisbury, extremely popular in the country, and seemed to have before him an extraordinary career; but in six months he was at odds with the rest of the cabinet, and was out of office. The true motives of his conduct will, no doubt, always remain a matter of conjecture. His enemies believed that he thought one more quarrel would leave him master of the party; his biographer maintains that the real cause of cleavage was an irreconcilable difference of opinion upon his principles of Tory Democracy, although the motives assigned do not strike one as perfectly consistent with one another. But whatever his ultimate objects might be, his battleground was unfortunately chosen, for he took his stand in the cabinet upon a reduction of the army and navy estimates, at a time when the national desire for economy was on the wane. His colleagues did not agree with him, and on December 20 he tendered his resignation to the Prime Minister. Mr. Winston Churchill makes it clear that Lord Randolph did not suppose his resignation would be final, that he expected the cabinet to come to his terms, or make some arrangement with him. In short, he was apparently confident of coming out victorious; but Mr. Goschen, a Liberal Unionist, took his place, and the government went on without him. He had overestimated his personal power, and failed to realize that a conflict in 1884 with the leaders of the Conservative party in the Houses of Parliament, — two men neither of whom had yet proved his capacity to be at the head of a cabinet, or won the full confidence of the country, — was a very different thing from a quarrel in 1886 with the government of the nation, at a time when it stood in the eyes of a majority of the people as the bulwark against disunion.

Lord Randolph soon realized that the breach was fatal; and time slipping by brought clearer and clearer proof that it would never be healed. To his credit it should be said that he did not, like many a fallen minister, turn upon his former colleagues. At times he disagreed with their policy, and even attacked them bitterly, but no more than he had always done; and as a rule he supported them, and tried to keep them in power. Although he remained in the House of Commons, his own career was at an end. He sought solace in books, and relief from the craving for excitement in foreign travel and in gambling on the turf. Mr. Winston Churchill makes the reader feel the tragedy of his father's life, — a tragedy equally dramatic whether, as he contends, it was due to a conscientious struggle for principles that could not be carried out, or whether, like the tragedies of romance, it was the fatal result of defects of character.

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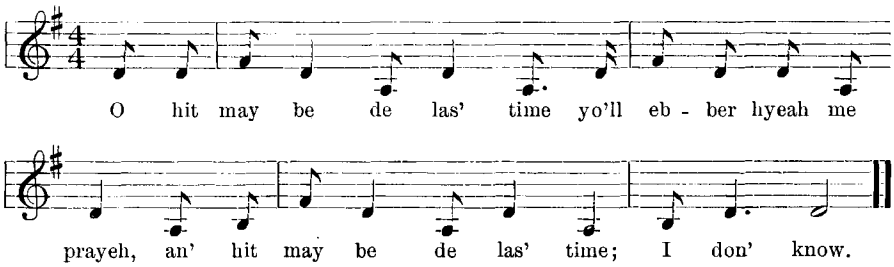
A REVIVAL SERMON AT LITTLE ST. JOHN'S

BY JOHN BENNETT



THE church of Little St. John's, Anderson County, stands in the hollow fork of the Foxford Ridge road, just this side Fink's Camp-Meeting Grove. The building, formerly a ginhouse, was bought by the black men of the settlement, and converted into a sanctuary, used also as a schoolhouse for the black children. The negroes bought also the plantation bell which once rang summons to the cotton-field gang, and erected it upon the roof of the church in a crude little belfry of boards. By day the church, beaten purple-gray and lichen-green by the weather, is spotted over with orange patches of sunlight, sifted through the thin-leaved branches of the oaks surrounding it. By night the whole crossroads huddle close together in the darkening brilliance of the moonlight, which is half mystery.

It was a quiet night in August. As we approached the church the passion-flowers lay in the vines by the roadside like fallen stars. The long-leaved pines sent out a hyacinthine sweetness, and the resinous perfume of rosemary pine drifted down the hill to us. In the hollow below the little church lay a little uncultivated cotton patch, idling its life away. Below the fallow cotton patch the tassels of a field of corn sent out a haunting fragrance through the night.

To the senses of primitive men these odors of the night are maddening things. The smells of the day and the perfumes of artifice belong to the cultivated races. The mist which crept along the hollow smelled of a thousand subtle things: fennel, marigold, fumitory, dogsbane, snakeroot, pipsissewa, stramonium, the Voudou conjurer's atropin. Strong on the wind came a whiff of another rankness, solanum, with its distortion and hopeless delirium, its promised satisfaction of revenge, reconciliation of lovers, and gratification of passion. The mist, heavy with odors, crept along the cotton patch, and entered the shadowy edge of the grove. The dim light of the church, faint and yellow, crept from the wide-open doors, shimmering among the pillared tree trunks, and faced the outer darkness, as the primitive church in the worn East faced the utter darkness and the void, and found there Oph and Jaldabaoth.

The little, struggling church on the hillside, the shadowy darkness in the hollow, made, to my mind, a strange picture of the conflict between the powers of good and ill, of the half-pagan, half-Christian, entirely Oriental religion which struggled with the early faith in Antioch, Ephesus, and Alexandria, and which has, to a greater or less extent, descended upon the American negro, like a Manichæism which rivals Christianity, a contest of the forces of good and evil; on one side light, life, law, order, and truth; on the

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other darkness, impurity, all that is evil, and death.

The full and rising moon shone brilliantly over the Carolina wood. One bright planet, silvery-green, hung high overhead. It was past nine o'clock. A network of wandering paths, foot-worn, water-worn, dew-wet, and shimmering, came gathering in at the crossroads. A dark figure, small groups of figures, came down the slope, following the pathways across the cottonfields, or up through the dale. The road, by noon as red as a bright, brick-colored geranium bloom, lay half-lost, with all its color, in the moonshine.

Along the road members of the congregation were coming, singing, not loudly, as wild airs as ever African twilight listened to. Through the faint light and the mist we could see them in the darkness and the shadow of the woods, seeming a part of it, their bodies swaying from side to side, hands upraised, with harsh, clapping sounds, their feet scarcely clearing the sandy ruts, shuffling, scuffling along, in time to the beat of their music.

Where the preacher came, by another path, with a one-armed deacon, hymn-book and Bible in their hands, there was decorous — it were not true to call it pompous — silence.

The women had not yet come. There had been a prayer meeting, led by lay brothers, exhorters, before the evangelist, preacher, and deacons came. As we paused at the edge of the little grove a man with a wonderfully soft, deep voice was praying. He seemed almost to be singing, his voice was so melodious and so evenly modulated in its tones; a bass, not of the rasping, guttural variety common among mountain whites, but deep and suave as an organ-pipe. His prayer, in its strange, sweet, half-chanted intonations, seemed a Laus Perennis, its melodious flow going steadily and musically on without a pause, like an old Ambrosian chant; old Antioch seemed to listen with us.

Suddenly, without a pause, and *where* I could not lay my finger, the chanted prayer turned into a song. The same deep bass voice led it. The others, with scarcely a moment's hesitation, joined in its quaint refrain. The grouped voices rolled heavily and compactly together, like distant, condensed thunder in a barrel; or, rather, like a dozen sleepy trombones making music under a window at night. The voices all were bass, or baritones, of a rather sombre cast, and all possessed the same searching, melancholy tone. The blending was close, the effect rich and full, the passionate, dramatic melody (with gradations of tone which sharps and flats are inadequate to express, — persistently minor) now and then rising in a rush of sound into the harmony of some strange, chromatic, accidental chord. Individual voices could be distinguished, modulating themselves to the greater body, some a little sharp, some a little flat; all feeling, as if without knowledge or intent, for that vibrating sense which attests perfect harmony, or for the unjarring flow of perfect unison; never quite attaining either, yet, nevertheless, going on in unbroken sweep. Some were singing antiphonally, at deeper octave, some magadizing, using indifferently and irrelevantly harmonies of the third, fifth, or sixth, producing odd accidental concords of sound, strange chromatic groups of semitones, and irregular intervals such as are found in Magyar music. Yet, as they sang, dissonance and harsh intervals seemed to weed themselves away; the melody sweetened, the discordant voices fell, or wrought themselves, into a complex, unusual harmony, and ended suddenly upon a diminished chord, startling both my companion and me.

There were figures now passing through the shadows among the oak trees; they swished through the little fern brake under the pines; a black bench under the trees was filled.

The preacher, the deacons, and the evangelist had gone up the church steps; the women of the congregation had come;

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the wooden flights creaked and rattled under their heavy tread. We stopped at the door to look in, not wishing to stare about the Lord's house, even if it were a shanty.

Three kitchen lamps with wrinkled tin reflectors were nailed against the wall. They shed a dim, uncertain light through the church, fading away into the darkness behind us. The doors were of unplaned, whip-sawed plank, warped and cracked. They had no locks; on one hung three rusted links of an old padlock chain. The windows were boarded up with rough plank, the congregation being too poor to purchase glass. Wide cracks in the walls everywhere let in pale streaks of the moonlight. Along the ridgepole the wind had stripped away two rows of shingles, and through the gap a line of stars peeped faintly down through the yellow lamplight. The ridgepole looked like a bare-boned spine. The lamplight, smoky at best, lost itself among the beams and shadows overhead, the room being unceiled. The wind whiffed up softly through wide cracks in the floor.

The benches were of plank and slabs, bored each with four holes into which peg-legs were driven; the seats of the benches shone, worn smooth by attrition. A small pulpit of boards with a little ledge held the dog-eared Bible; behind the pulpit, upon a rude bench, on a ruder platform, sat the preacher, the evangelist, and the one-armed deacon. In front of the pulpit and its little square platform was a small table on four uneven legs. The old cotton-bale door in the end of the building, behind the pulpit platform, was planked over: the people were poor indeed, and this was their highest chancel. The house was a mere shell of scantling and weather-boards, cheaply erected, ill-constructed, unpainted, unwhitewashed, cobwebbed, and gray. At the end opposite the pulpit the bell-rope dropped like a pendant vine through a hole in the roof, fully a yard across, and but scantly covered by the tottering belfry. A larger lamp, with a white porcelain shade, hung directly before the pulpit, above the little table, swaying slightly to and fro.

The church was well filled. The women were seated at one side, the men at the other. The congregation, both men and women, came in, sat down, arose, changed their seats, or went out again with perfect freedom, and with, apparently, no restraint whatever upon their movements.

The preacher leaned on the pulpit, one hand at either side. The worn Bible lay between them. He held in one hand a roll of "notes," to which he never referred. He was tall, and his face powerful, though grotesque, oddly akin to the grotesquery of the shopworn, shambling lions in the negro artist, Tanner's, picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den. His voice when he spoke was deep, and not unsuggestive also of power.

"Brederin," he said, in a tone so quiet that I had to fix my attention, "you will find my tex' in de sixt' chapteh er Rebelations."

The vision and the mystery of Revelation, and the dramatic darkness of the Minor Prophets, are a golden storehouse to the African.

"I hab foun' de chapteh, but I loss de vuss, an' I can't fin' hit; so I'll read yo' out'n de nex' chapteh. I t'ank de Lo'd I don' keep museff tuh one chapteh er de Scripcheh: I belieb ter read de whole er de Scripcheh an' try tuh ondehstan' hit. My tex' is in de sixteent' vuss an' de las' paht er de sebenteenth: 'An' dey shill hongry no mo', neider thusty any mo'.' Den agin hit say, 'Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes.'"

He stood for a moment silently looking at the faces of his auditors and leaning on his hands.

"Brederin: I wan' ter talk tuh you t'night 'bout de inneh man an' de inneh woman, an' I hope hit will suit yo'! Dis revibal bin er-goin' on 'bout twelve nights; some souls is bin save; but some er you hain't took de wohd er Go'd to yo' heaht; no, not by no manner o' means!

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But I'm goin' ter be gentle wid yuh, my brederin. Dere's a heap er t'ings I wants ter tell yuh, but you can't stan' 'em . . . no, suh; you can't stan' 'em.

"Now I ain' gwine have no laffin'! I'm in dat fix, ter-night, I won't stan' no fool-in'. Yo'-all keep on an' yo'-all 'll git blowed up! Sometimes you kin play wid me; but you can't play wid me to-night! Some er you, I reckon, is mighty tiuhd, 'cause you bin losin' yo' night's res'; but w'ich does you t'ink orter be de mores' tiuhd, you or me? I know you has bin in de fiel' all tru de heat an' de burding er de day; but 'peahs tuh me like I orter be de mores' tiuhd; 'cause you-all kin skip erbout in de service, an' you-all kin nod; an' you don't hab ter help all thu de meetin'; but *I* can't git no res' . . . I'm erbleeged tuh be up hyeah, talkin' an' preachin' an' stan'in' up. An' 'peahs ter me ef I kin keep on er-preachin', you-all orter could keep on er-listenin'."

He spoke a little more sharply, with something like a snap in his voice: —

"An' I don' wan' no sleepin'; but I want yuh all tuh wek up one ernutheh. An' ef yo' see yo' nabuh sleepin', I want yuh ter gib um er nudge; an' ef de man buh-hine yo' gone ter sleep, I don' want yuh ter say nuttin' . . . t'un an' wek um up, an' tell um say 'I's doin' a 'commodation ter de Lo'd!' . . . An' I don' wan' no noise; I want ebbryt'ing quite.

"Now, I wan' tuh tell yo' w'at hit is ter be a Christian. An' I want yo' all tuh help me . . . tuh knit up wid me in de meetin', tuh hol' me up, tuh tek hol' er de gospel plough, an' set hit down deep; not tuh set back an' nod, an' sleep, an' laff, an' talk. . . . I wan' chuh all ter tek hol' er de plough!"

"Yes, Lo'd!" said the one-armed deacon. "Yes, Lo'd! Dat's right!"

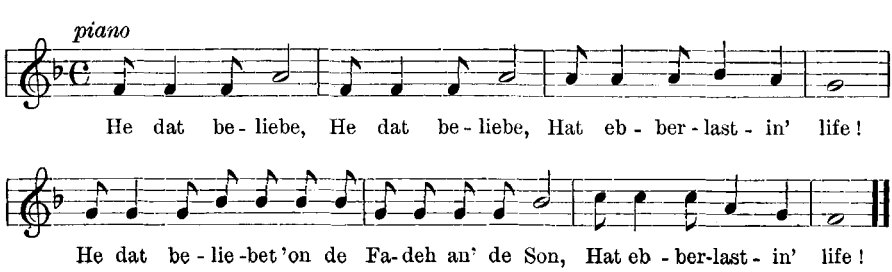
The preacher's voice seemed genuinely earnest: —

"Brederin', hit's a decent thing ter be a Christian; hit's a intelligent thing ter be a Christian; brederin, hit's de height, de very height an' de mounting-tops er deservation. Christianity have got poweh tuh sabe all de soul 'pon top-per dis yeth."

"Dat's mighty right! Yes, Lo'd!" said the one-armed deacon.

"An' dat ain't all; not by no manneh er means! Dere's vircheh in bein' er Christian: Christianity *is* vircheh. Dat's a fac'. . . . Christianity is vircheh, an' vircheh mek er good pussonal life; vir-cheh mek er good citizen; vircheh mek er country truly free; vircheh mek er gret nation; vircheh builds up a race. Dere's two kin's er vircheh, muh brederin, pus-sonal an' spiritual. . . . I hopes yo'll git 'em both! Christ, Christian, Chris-tianity . . . dat's hit: Christianity come fum Christ; Christianity is tuh bin lak Christ. Fo' ouah Fawtheh w'ich is in hebben so berry lub de worl' dat 'e gabe 'is only begotten Son, dat whosoebber belieb in Him might hab ebberlastin' life."

"Deah Lo'd!" "Amen!" "Yes, Lo'd!" came from the body of the church. "O-oh! O-oh!" agitated voices began to cry. Some one began to sing under his breath, with just enough tone to be audible, not enough to rise above a deep hum: "He dat belieb on de Fawdeh an' de Son, hat ebberlastin' life!"



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The preacher's voice rose loud and strong: —

"An' dey shill hongry no mo'; neider shill dey thusty any mo' . . . an' Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes!

An' dey shill hongry no mo';
Neider shill dey thusty any mo';
An' God gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes!

"Muh brederin, how yo'-all reckon John knowed all dese t'ing wut 'e wrote? How yo'-all reckon dis hyeah *man* foun' out all 'bout hebben an' de las' day, an' all? I don't ondehstan' hit; but hit's er fac', . . . de Lo'd showed all dese signs an' wondehs ter John.

"How yo' reckon de Lo'd let th'ee er fo' er fibe wicked mens tek John an' do 'im lak dey done um, . . . dem low-down, despitable an' desputable mens, wut bine John han' an' foot wid ropes an' fettahs an' chains an' bon's, an' tuk 'im aboa'd dat onfit ship, an' fotch 'im way down ter dat Lonesome Valley, down een de Isle er Patmos?"

His voice began to rise, and to quiver with a tense resonance exceedingly queer to hear; and his tongue had begun to drop into a faintly-marked rhythm.

"'An' 'e shill hongry no mo'!' . . . Brederin, dat ship wuz'n fit'n tuh ca'y passengehs, no-way; her timbuhs wuz all broke up, an' I reckon she wuz er-leakin' wawteh; yit de Lo'd let dem mens bine John, an' ca'y um way obeh ter dat oddeh sho', an' lan' um day on dat Islánt an' come back safe dis sider home! I dunno w'y de Lo'd leff um; but 'e leff um. Go'd done a good many t'ing I do'no w'y 'e done um; but 'e done um, — 'e hab er p'int ter make. So 'e leff 'em took John way obeh in dat Lonesome Valley, way dey wuz n't er man, ner a house, ner a village, ner a ma'shal tuh puhvent de imposination o' wicked peoples, an' dey chain um ter a tree.

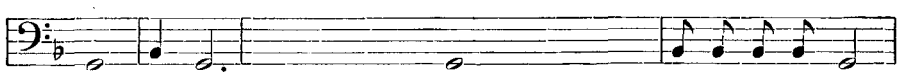
"But dough John's uthly pusson wuz chain ter a tree, er a stake, down in dat Valley, alone by 'isseff, de Lo'd leff 'is spirichil pusson mount ter hebben on er cloud. Dis wuz de Lo'd's day, min' yo', an' not jes' any week-day, dat 'e show dese t'ing tuh John; but on de Lo'd's day, muh dyin' brederin!

"Now w'ile John chain dey, dere come er voice er-callin', —

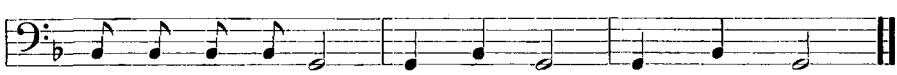
"'*John, O John! Come up hytheh; Come up hytheh, John!*'

"'Wha' d' yo' want, Lo'd? Wha' d' yo' want, now?'

"'*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'"



John, O John! Come up hytheh; come up hytheh, John! Wha' d' yo' want, Lo'd?



Wha' d' yo' want now? Come an' see! Come, an' see!

The preacher's dark eyes swept the congregation. He peered under the swinging lamp, leaning down across the pulpit, and quick as a flash his voice changed from the ecstatic to the ironic: —

"Sleep on . . . sleep on . . . tek yo' res'! Yo' done met yo' match dis night! Sleep on! Brederin; don't yo' remembah 'bout dat young man settin' in de windeh, hyeahin' Paul preach, an' 'e gone tuh sleep an' fall out'n de windeh an' kill 'eseff? Yes, suh; knocked de breff outen

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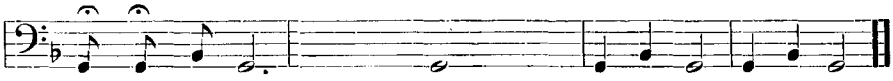
um. But de Lo'd mobe Paul conscien', an' 'e bring dat young man back out'n de daid agin, an' 'e breave inter um de breff er life once mo'. Now, dese yuh benches ain't so high as dat windeh; but ef yo' wuz tuh fall off'n one you might skin up yo' face, er mash yo' nose, er bruise yo' forehaid. So you jes' remembah de young man dat fall out'n de windeh! . . . I don't see how you-all kin come fum yo' home tuh dis yuh chu'ch, whuh bin all dis preachin' an' prayerin', an' dese brillian' lights, an' gone ter sleep! No, suh; I don't see how yo' done hit; but yo' do. Sleep on . . . tek yo' res'. . . . Yo' done met yo' match dis night!"

With an expression of righteous irony he turned back to his well-thumbed notes, which still remained, twisted up like a paper spill, in his hand: —

"John yeah er voice er-callin' 'im: —

"'*John, John, O John!*' . . . 'W'at yo' want now? W'at yo' want now, Lo'd?' An' de angel say '*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'



John, John, O John! { Wha' d' yo' want now? Wha' d' yo' want now, Lo'd? An' de angel say } 'Come an' see! Come an' see!'

"An' John gone wid de angel. An' eh ca'y um ter a spring er clean, sweet wawteh runnin' down. John 'e say 'Wut is de spring?' An' de angel 'e tell um say ''T is de spring er ettunal life, an' dem wut drink er dat spring er life dey ain' gwine thusty no mo' . . . an' dey shill be no mo' sorruh, ner death, ner mo'nin'; all dem t'ing is pass' away.' Den de angel say '*John, O John!*' . . . 'W'at yo' want now? W'at yo' want now?' . . . 'Come an' drink; come an' drink!' An' John 'e drink . . . an' 'e ain' gwine thusty no mo'! . . . Anhanh! brederin! you gwine sleep hyeah; but yuh ain' gwine sleep w'en I tu'n yo' loose. I knows well dat w'en yo' leaves dis hyeah meetin', yo' ain' gwine tek yo' res', but yo' gwine prowl-l, prowl-l, an' peruse dis whole settlement. An' brederin, I tell you now, you bettah tek yo' res'; 'case, brederin, ef'n we on'y could tell jes' how long we gwine lib, an' w'en Go'd gwine summons us, hit'd be a diffrun' matteh; but we do'no. Hit may be atter w'ile; hit may be now; yit we do'no. Sleep, an' tek yo' res'! Mebbe, w'ile you res' de Lo'd call yuh, an' yo' gwine wek no mo': yo' daid. Sleep, sleep; an' tek yo' res'! Yo' hab met yo' match dis night! . . . 'An' dey shill hongry no mo'!'

"Den de angel show John er gret crowd er people. An' de angel say ter John, 'How many in dat multitude?' An' John biggin fo' count um ter 'eseff . . . but de angel say 'No man can't count 'em! . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! . . . fo' de Lo'd gwine sen' 'em down dem hebbenly manniehs fum on high.'

"Now I gwine tell you erbout dese hebbenly manniehs. W'en de Chillen ob Isrum-m wuz een de Wildahness-um-m, dey had nuttin' ter eat an' tuh drink-m-m-m!" His voice now rose to an ecstatic shout, half a recitative and half a chanting song, in the midst of which a deep-throated humming sound took the place of words, like some stringed instrument playing, subordinate, through a chant; and at every humming pause, he bent, and kissed the Bible lying on the altar before him: "An' de brooks wuz gone dry-m-m-m, an' de springs wuz tu'n ter dus'-m-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'-m-m-m . . . an' de Lo'd-m-m-m 'e say tuh ol' Moseh-m-m-m-m, 'Mo-seh-m-m! Mo-seh-m-m!' 'W'at yo' want, Lo'd? W'at yo' want-m-m-m?' 'Go, Mo-seh-m-m-m-m, go, go; an' smote de rock-m-m-m-m!' . . . an' dey shill thusty no mo'-m-m! An' ol' Moseh-m-m, 'e gone, an' 'e smote-m-m-m

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de rock-m-m-m . . .an' dey shill thusty no mo'-m-m-m-m! An' de hebbenly manniehs fell lak fall de midnight dew-m-m-m-m! An' dese manniehs bin erbout de bigness er a w'ite bean, so long, an' so big-m-m-m-m . . . an' de Lo'd say ter de Chillen ob Izrum-m-m, 'Go, go; pick 'em up fo' yo' famblies; go, git yo' breakfusses, an' yo' dinnahs, an' yo' suppahs!' An' dey gone, an' dey pick 'em up, an' dey eat dey fill . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! An' de angel showed John a bushel medger er dem hebbenly manniehs . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo' . . . no mo'-m-m-m!"

There was a sound of scuffling feet through the church. The congregation swayed, forward and back, to and fro. They were making a moaning sound like a heavy wind in the distance. Their voices, on certain deep, harmonious tones, now sounded incessantly along the seekers' bench and through the room, tremulous, regularly vibrating, on not more than three tones or four, with a sound like the under-drone of a monstrous bagpipe. At times this droning rose almost to a chant; at times it died away to one or two deep, resonant men's voices, a bass and a baritone. A woman's voice, as if in obligato to the strange melody, rose steadily and softly through the voices of the entire chorus, like a clear, shrill little silver bell, ringing in a chime of bronze and copper; deep-toned and heavy bells, not rung, but set into a sonorous murmur and tremulous vibration by the wind through an old gray minster tower. I did not know the air she carried; she probably improvised it as she sang. It was like one clear violin string played in an orchestra of viols, the sleepy, murmuring, bumblebee sound of a dozen viols d'amour, and the grumble of a score of huskily whispering double-basses. With one finger playing a wandering aria, *pianissimo*, on the flat keys of an organ treble, with three tones of a strangely intervaled, mediæval tetrachord held down, unchanging, in the pedal-bass, some idea of this wild-throated, droning song might be conceived, but hardly otherwise. Steadily above it the preacher went on, chanting his Ambrosian measures, his impassioned flow of crudest eloquence, grotesque, yet impressive, rushing on unchecked: —

"An' torreckly de angel ca'y John ter a valley, a deep-down valley-m-m-m, an' een de valley wuz a multitude-m-m-m . . . dat no man could n't numbah-m-m-m-m! Hit wuz de Hos' er de Redeem'-m-m-m . . . wut wuz wash' een de blood er de Lamb . . . an' hit mek no diffeyunce erbout dey cullah-m-m-m-m . . . ner dey kin'-m-m-m-m, w'ite er black-m-m-m, er Caucassium-m-m-m, er Ethiopium-m-m-m, er Mungolium-m-m-m; dey shill all be dere-m-m-m! An' John biggin fo' count' em ter eseff, say 'De Tribe er Judah-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Daniem-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Jerico-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'; neider shill dey thusty any mo'; an' Go'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes! . . . an' de Tribe er Josephum-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m, an' de Tribe er Monassum-m-m-m, twelve thousan'-m-m-m; an' John 'e count ten thousan' time ten thousan' er thousan', — but de angel say ter um, 'No man can't numbah dat multitude' . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo' . . . neider shill dey thusty" . . .

At this juncture there was a heavy crash on the bare floor; the boards rattled. A boy, overcome with sleep, had plunged head-first from his bench to the aisle, and measured his length like a bag of sand. He was now only half awake; he did not know where he was; the mourners turned, staring. With a dazed expression on his still slumber-bound face, the boy crept back to his bench. His neighbors urged him, in hoarse whispers, to withdraw; he would not. The preacher went on without ceasing, —

"An' de angel say, —

"'*John, O John!*' . . . W'at d' yo' want now? W'at d' yo' want now?' . . . '*Come an' see! Come an' see!*'

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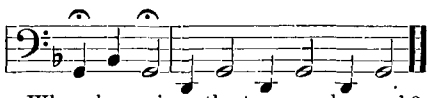
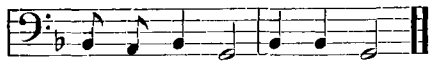
"An' de angel showed um er book boun' wid sebben seal, an' 'e tell um say 'e mus' fine somebuddy wuthy tuh brek dem seal-m-m-m, an' open de book-m-m-m, tuh read de salbation er man-ki'ng. An' de angel say 'Who, who-oo, is wuthy ter open dem seal?'



Who, who-oo, is wuthy ter open dem seal?

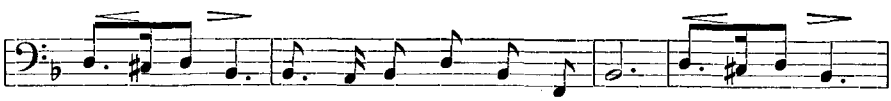
"Den he an' John dey gone such de yeth; but dey could n' fine nobuddy wuthy ter open de book, noway. An' John wuz erbout tuh weep, w'en de angel tell um say 'Don't yo' weep, John; don't yo' weep!



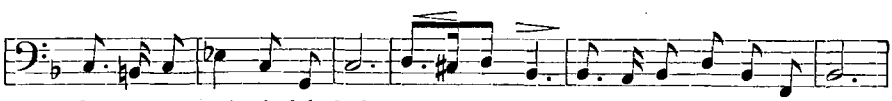
Don't yo' weep, John; don't yo' weep!

W'en de Lo'd sta'at out tuh fine somebuddy 'e don't jes' such de co'nehs; 'e such ebbrywuh!' An' den de angel gone, an' 'e such de hebbens, an' 'e such de sun, an' 'e look in de moon, an' 'e such de stahs . . . an', muh dyin' brederin, de stahs wuz er-shakin' een de element!"

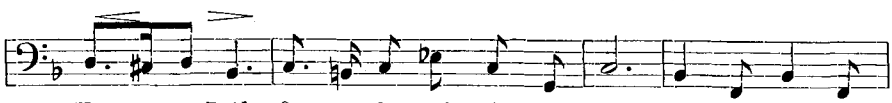
Like a strange litany the voice of the congregation rose: —



Ye - e - es, Lo'd! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God! Ye - e - es, Lo'd!

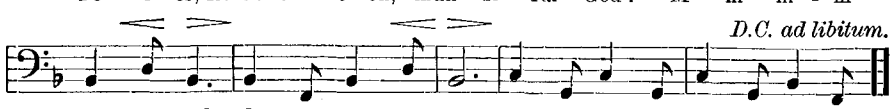


O - o - oh muh - si - ful God! Ye - e - es, Lo'd! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God!



Ye - e - es, Lo'd! O - o - oh, muh - si - ful God! M - m - m - m -

D.C. ad libitum.



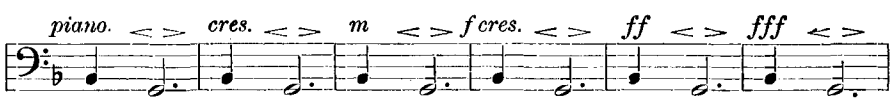
m, yes, Lo'd! O - o - oh, yes, Lo'd! m - m - m - m - m - m - m - m!

The preacher went on: —

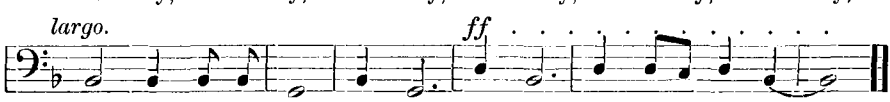
"Torreckly 'e come back, an' 'e tell John say 'e foun' somebuddy wuthy . . . eh bin de Lion er de Tribe er Judahm-m-m-m-m . . . an' 'e ain' gwine hongry no mo'!

"Den de Lamb 'e cut dem seal; 'e open de book, an' 'e biggin ter read de salbation er man-ki'ng! Hit thundeh an' hit lightnin', too . . . an' de beas'es an' de angels dem all biggin fo' sing: —

"'*Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy, Holy*, Lo'd Go'd A'mighty, w'ich wuz, an' is, an' is tuh come!'



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



Lo'd God A'migh - ty; w'ich wuz, an' is, an' is tuh come!

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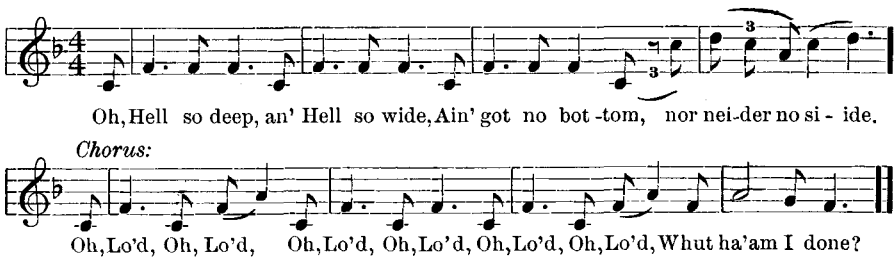
"An' muh dyin' brederin, dat ain't all! No, suh; not by no manner o' means . . . not by no manner o' means! John year a voice er-callin': 'John, O John!' . . . 'W'at yo' want, Lo'd? W'at yo' want now?' . . . 'Come an' see; come an' see!'

"Muh dyin' brederin-m-m-m-m, de bottomless pit wuz open! Deah wuz er lek er fiah . . . er lek er fiah, er-blazin' an' er-flamin' . . . an' deah wuz de akuh er de condemn' . . . O sinnah man! way yo' gwine tuh tek yo' stan'?"

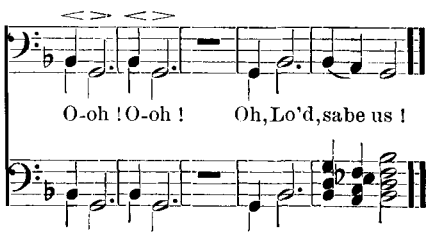
The house broke into inarticulate ejaculations: —

"Lo'd hab mussy erpon us! O-o-oh, muh-si-ful Go'd! Muh sweet Jesus, don't yuh fuhgit me! Sa-ave us, Lo'd!" And suddenly a heavy bass voice began to sing: —

"Oh, Hell so deep, an' Hell so wide, Hit gawt no bawtum, an' neideh no si-ide! Oh, Lo'd, O Lo'd! . . . O Lo'd! O Lo'd! . . . O Lo'd! O Lo'd! wut ha 'am I done?"



The voices of the congregation, forsaking almost instantly their individual groaning, grouped into a chanting, moaning harmony, ululating and crying,



The medley fell into an unusual swinging rhythm; the humming rose loud and louder, gathering and adding to itself accidental suggestions; one impromptu phrase of music, which fitted the passing words, was caught up instantly; the congregation was swept away by an hysterical, rhythmical, emotional tide: utterly strange and new, never before heard, an air sprang into being, — refrain first, then both refrain and line, one swift, bold, strong voice leading on. Their wild emotions strangely stirred, the primitive congregation swept, full tide, into such an air as one carries home with him, rolling for days afterward, in his ears.

"My dyin' brederin, way yo' gwine stan'?" shouted the preacher. "Way yo' gwine stan' w'en dey tek de cubbah off'n hell, an' no wawteh noway? Yo'-all gwine come er-runnin' an' er-cryin' 'Way is muh crown er glory? Way is muh long w'ite robe? Way is muh place?' But fuh dem wut ain't bin convuhted dey ain't gwine ter be no place! Oh, brederin, way will yo' stan' een dat day?

"Den de angel say ter John," shouted the preacher, "'John, O John!' 'W'at d' yo' want, Lo'd? W'at d' yo' want now?' 'Come an' see; come an' see! Dey gwine ter blow out de moon . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'!' An' den de las' trompet hit biggin fo' soun'; an' dey blow out de moon; an' de sun tu'n black, an' de moon run intuh blood, an' de stahs-m-m-m-m biggin er-dancin' een de element, an' er-shakin' an' er-fallin' 'pon dis yeth-m-m-m-m . . . an' de yeth biggin fo' bu'-m-m-m-m . . . an' de daid biggin fo' rise, all dem dat wuz slain by de beas'-m-m-m-m . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo'! An' de rich man, dat borruh

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money fum anuddah rich man, an' tell um rich lies so 'e would n't had tuh pay hit back . . . he gwine be deah; an' 'e gwine run back an' fo'th tuh de rocks an' de mountings, an' 'e gwine cry tuh de rocks an' de mountings, 'Rocks an' mountings, fall on me, an' hide me fum de face er an angry Go'd! . . . an' 'e gwine be on fiah; an' de money 'e borruh an' nebbah pay back, hit gwine be on fiah! Yes, suh, muh dyin' brederin; an' dat ain't all; not by no manner o' means! De sinnah man gwine be deah, an' 'e sins gwine be on fiah; an' de murdereh, 'e gwine be deah, wid 'e murdeh, an' wid all 'e murderin' inklements, an' 'e gwine be on fiah, too; an' 'e gwine run back an' fo'th, cryin' 'Rocks an' mountings, fall on me, an' hide me fum de face er an angry Go'd!' An' de blasphemeous man 'e gwine be deah, wid 'e blasphemin' tongue on fiah! An' de man wut cheat, 'e gwine be deah, wid all dat cheatin' money in 'is pocket-book; an' 'e gwine be on fiah, an' de pocket-book gwine be on fiah! An' dis pencil wut put down de wrong figgah, hit shill be day, an' hit gwine be on fiah; an' dem wrong accounts wut hit kep', an' dem lyin' figgah wut hit mek, dey gwine be on fiah, an de lyin' han' wut mek dem lyin' figgahs, hit gwine be on fiah, too!

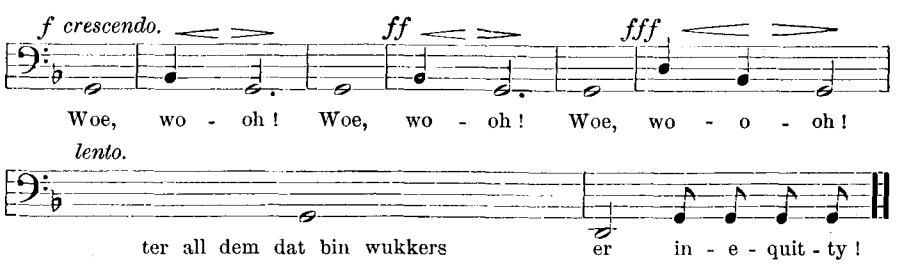
"An' de wicked mens wid dat race prejucidy dat mek de w'ite an' de black mens hate one ernurrer, dey gwine be day, an' dat wicked race prejucidy gwine be on fiah; dey all gwine be on fiah, an' er-bu'nin' an' er-poppin' on de face er dis yeth. An' de bush-whackeh 'e gwine be day, an' dem Ku-Klux dey gwine be day, an' dey shill all be on fiah!"

"Yes, Lo'd! Amen! Amen!" pealed from the congregation,

"An' de money dat you owed an' did n't pay gwine be day, an' dat money gwine be on fiah!

"An' dat ain't all, muh brederin . . . not by no manner o' means! De daid folks gwine come up out'n de sea, th'ee hunnud thousan' uv 'em, dat is bin drown' in de sea er t'ousan' yeahs, an' nobuddy knowed nuttin' 'tall erbout hit. An' dey all gwine say 'W'at's de matteh? W'at's de matteh?' An' dey gwine tell um say 'Dis yuh is de Great Day!' . . . an' dey shill hongry no mo', neider shill dey thusty no mo', an' de Lo'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes! An' er angel fly acrost de yeth; 'e blow er ho'n, an' 'e cry say: —

"'*Woe, wo-oh! Woe, wo-oh! Woe, wo-o-oh!* ter all dem dat bin wukkers er in-e-quitty!'



"An' de angel wid de sebben viles, 'e gwine tu'n um loose, an' de worl' gwine peh-ish up . . . an' dem wut dwells 'pon topper dis yeth dey gwine be mighty suhprise'; dey gwine holleh say, 'W'at dis mean? W'at dis mean?' An' dis yeth gwine up een er blaze!

"Den de son gwine say ter 'e fawtheh, 'Help me now!' An' 'e fawtheh say 'e no can't help um, 'e 'pen' intiuhly 'pon Go'd . . . an' dey open er do' . . . an' out come er w'ite hoss wid er man on um . . . 'e Death . . . *'e Death!* We all gwine ter daid! We all gwine ter daid!'"

"Oh, my Lo'd!" "Oh, my Go'd!" "Oh, my Lo'd A'mighty!" came from the congregation. The wild lamps flared in the wind.

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"Sleep on! Sleep on! Tek yo' res'! Muh brudder, yo'll not be er-sleepin' een dat day! Go on wid yo' sleepin'¡ A-a-a-a!" his voice arose to a sardonic, nasal cry. "Yo'll all be glad ter hab er Go'd den, een dat day, w'en de stahs een de element is er-fallin'! Sleep; an' go on er-sleepin'! Yo'll not be er-sleepin' much een dat day! Oh, wut er happy time fuh dem wut is bin redeem'! De fawtheh an' de son kin gone tuh de same prayeh-meetin' an' prayeh de same prayeh; de muddah an' her daughtah kin gone tuh de same chu'ch an' hyeah de same summon! Oh, muh dyin' brederin, wut er happy day dat gwine ter bin!

"Ol' Ezekium-m-m-m, 'e shill be deah; an' Jeremium-m-m; an' David, little Davy, twelve yeahs ol', whut stood up, erlone by 'isseff, wid er sling-stone, an' fit Goliah, champeen er de Phistillions, an' puhsuv de constitootionality er de Hebrews; little baby boy Davy, jes' twelve yeahs ol', 'e gwine be deah! Yes, suh; dey all gwine be deah! Oh, whut er blessed day! . . . An' dey shill hongry no mo'; dey shill thusty no mo' . . . an' de Lo'd gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes!"

His voice suddenly dropped to as quiet and unmoved a tone as if he were speaking only to the one-armed deacon who sat close behind him: "Muh dyin' brederin, we'll be led in prayeh. I meant tuh be gentle wid yuh ter-night; but yo'-all done got me stirred up. I want yo'-all tuh git down on yo' knees, tuh-night, flat on de flo'. Dis yuh's de las' night er dis revibal, an' none er you do'no w'en yo' call gwine come! Git down on yo' knees, ebbry one er yuh!"

To their knees dropped all, their heads buried deep in their folded arms upon the rude benches; a rustling went through the church.

"Ouah Fawtheh w'ich is in hebben; hyeah de prayeh w'at gone up to Thee fum dis yuh chu'ch! Out'n all de blessin' wut you hab in hebben sen' down one on Little Saint John's. Lo'd, write ouah name in de Lamb book o' life . . . we shill hongry no mo' . . . we is dem wut is bin in gret tribulation . . . God gwine wipe away all de teahs fum dey yeyes . . . dey gwine nebbah no mo' tuh sorruh, nebbah no mo' ter cry! De Lo'd Jesus say, w'en 'e preach een de mountings, 'Blessed is dem dat hongry, fo' dem shill be fill . . . dey shill hongry no mo'! De Sperrit tell um say 'Come! Yea, tell hit ter all de chu'ches: come runnin'! I know yo' labuh an' yo' bon's; I know dat yo' bin mean as grass wut pa'ach een de ubben; but come, an' come er-runnin', an' I gwine gib yo' a new name wut nobuddy ebbah yeah . . . 't is er name wut nobuddy knows. An' I gwine gib yo' de mo'nin' stah fo' er play-t'ing . . . ef'n yo' keep good watch."

"Watch! Oh, good Lo'd, watch!" rose the wailing moan of the congregation.

"Dey gwine feed us 'pon dem hebbenly manniehs!"

"Watch! Oh, good Lo'd, my Lo'd!"

"De Lion uv Judea." . . .

"Oh, my sweet Jesus! Lamb er God'!"

"'E got poweh tuh sabe all soul 'pon topper dis yer uth, er 'pon de sout' side er de globe . . . an' dey gwine hongry no mo'! An' we gwine be w'ite, my brederin, *w'ite*, wash'in de blood ub de Lamb! An' dey gwine show us de t'ings w'ich gwine ter be . . . an' de angel, an' de beas', an' de multitude er de Redeem' dey all gwine sing, 'Holy, holy, holy, holy, Lo'd Go'd A'mighty! To Thee gwine be glory an' honuh an' poweh!' An' dey gwine hongry no mo' . . . dey all gwine weah crowns er glory an' robes er salbation . . . an' dey gwine res' er season fum dey wuk . . . an' dey gwine thusty no mo' . . . an' no mo' sorruh, ner cryin'! . . . Oh, Lo'd, we is dem wut is come outer gret tribulation. . . . How long, Lo'd? How long?"

A murmur ran through the church, rising slowly, ceasing, slowly ebbing away like the sound of a wave along a beach:—

"Dis time unaddah yeah
I may be gone,
In some lonesome grabeyahd.
. . . Oh, Lo'd, how long?"

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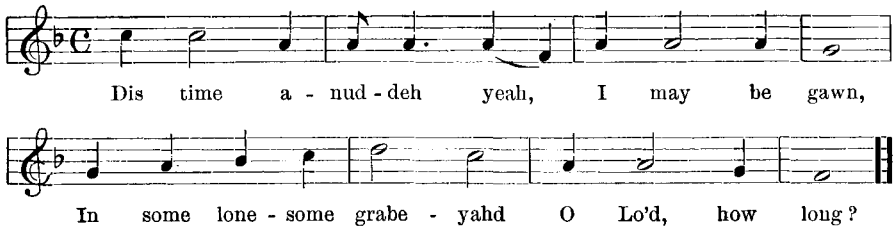

As quietly as if no previous great emotion had stirred him, the preacher ended:

"Lo'd, we know dat the Millemium ain't gwine ter come 'til dis yuth bin convuhted. De yuth not gwine convuhted till dis wicked race prejucidy cease . . . an' Lo'd, dis race prejucidy ain't gwine cease tell some one tek 'e courage in 'e han' an' gone ter de Naytional Gubberment wut bin in Washi'ton, an' tell de gret Administratuh: 'Dis yuh race prejucidy mus' cease! Yes, suh; hit mus' cease!' An' hit ain' gwine cease ontel de Naytional Gubberment an' de gret Administratuh bin convuhted an' do right. Lo'd, we know ebbry man gwine be jedge een dat las' day 'cordin' ter 'e lib, an' dem wut's name ain' writ een de Lamb book er life gwine ride dat w'ite hoss wid dem daid mens, an' gwine cas' een er lek er fiah wid dem wut bin two time daid . . . an' nobuddy ain' gwine hide um no mo' fum de face er an angry Go'd. But, oh, Lo'd Go'd, tek *we* inter de kingdom an' de patience; fo' *we* is de bruddeh er John een 'e hahd trial!"

"Dat's so, Lo'd!" huskily added the voice of the one-armed deacon.

"Lo'd, let dem wut yeah tell dey nabuh ter come . . . tell um say 'Come er-runnin' . . . tell um say 'Come quick!' . . . dat dey all gwine be convuhted!"

"Eben so, good Lo'd; eben so!" said the voice of the one-armed man.

"An' w'en de ol' shippy er zion come er-sailin' roun' de ben', an' de angel er de Lo'd come er-flyin' down tuh put on de wings er de mo'nin', Lo'd Jesus, put 'em on fawtheh an' motheh, sistuh an' bruddah, w'ite, black, an' yelluh mens alak. Amen, Lo'd, amen!"

The meeting went on, to what end I do not know. With no desire to laugh, with no desire to mock, my companion and I arose and went out from the place, thoughtfully; with patience wondering to what end, dear Lord, Lord of white man and black, — to what end, and to what far purpose, in Thy kingdom everlasting, and here upon earth? The faint yellow light of the two doorways shone down the steps and followed us into the darkness. We looked back once. The still pines were silhouetted before the church; the night wind sang a wild refrain to the song below; the trees moved gently in the wind; green leaves with a thousand countless edges rustled sharply in the white moonlight. The mountains seemed unreal, crystalline.

Postscript. Strange and grotesque as this sketch may seem, ridicule of any sort is utterly outside the writer's purpose. The body of the sermon is absolutely as preached at Little St. John's, with simply a few elisions to obviate the incessant repetition to which the negro preacher is prone. The writer feared to condense, lest only the strikingly grotesque phrases should be the ones retained, and the sermon's crude, childlike, emotional eloquence be misrepresented. The smile seems inevitable, but it is certainly coupled with pity and wondering thoughts. As to the music: no attempt is made in the scores to give harmonies, save in one slightest instance. No score written could convey the barbaric and stirring effect of a congregation of primitive negroes singing an old-time spiritual song. Some of the airs to these spiritual songs are in the pentatonic scale, some in the compass of a tetrachord, some

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correspond to various of the mediæval modes, while others are irreducible to European scales, containing, as they often do, such quarter-tones or other fractional intervals as are found in the Siamese system; their harmonies are correspondingly wild and irregular, being for the greater part accidental or instinctive, except under direct white influence. The personal reproofs directed at the congregation by the preacher were all in sharp, ironic, conversational tone; but the remainder of the sermon, after the opening passages, was chanted, from first to last, upon four tones, shown in the angel's cry of "Woe, wo-oh!" The tones employed were usually those of the address "John, O John!" used with infinite variation. To this intoning Sidney Lanier refers interestingly at the close of his *Science of English Verse*. The foregoing sermon and service may be taken as typical of the primitive negro churches of the South. In contact with the whites they are less, in remoter districts and in the low country of the coast much more, primitive and strange. Such services are always highly emotional, sometimes hysterical, almost madly corybantic, combining with a half-Christian service a half-pagan frenzy. A sermon more thoughtful, more logical, more ethical than the foregoing would be apt to receive some such discouraging reception as met "the educated nigger's" sermon on the Altamaha, in W. E. B. DuBois's sketch, "The Coming of John," in *The Souls of Black Folk*.

PAST THE DULL ROOFS — THE SKY

BY MILDRED I. McNEAL-SWEENEY

Low roofs and sordid,
And the same poor street
Climbing still
The well-known, weary hill!
But oh, the radiant gray,
The lovely, indescribable flush of day
Where hill and morning meet!

The same little beauty,
And Labor trudging by,
And the vain
Truckle to common gain:
But hour by hour,
Lovely with light — like a forgotten dower,
Past the dull roofs — the sky!

Color of hope,
Color of June and the rose,
Cool with the dew
Or great with storm — spread new
Hourly with promises
Of good days coming, — for the lonely heart it is
The unfailing book of joy that never shall close.

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THE HUMOR OF THE COLORED SUPPLEMENT

BY RALPH BERGENGREN

TEN or a dozen years ago, — the exact date is here immaterial, — an enterprising newspaper publisher conceived the idea of appealing to what is known as the American "sense of humor" by printing a so-called comic supplement in colors. He chose Sunday as of all days the most lacking in popular amusements, carefully restricted himself to pictures without humor and color without beauty, and presently inaugurated a new era in American journalism. The colored supplement became an institution. No Sunday is complete without it, — not because its pages invariably delight, but because, like flies in summer, there is no screen that will altogether exclude them. A newspaper without a color press hardly considers itself a newspaper, and the smaller journals are utterly unmindful of the kindness of Providence in putting the guardian angel, Poverty, outside their portals. Sometimes, indeed, they think to outwit this kindly interference by printing a syndicated comic page without color; and mercy is thus served in a half portion, for, uncolored, the pictures are inevitably about twice as attractive. Some print them without color, but on pink paper. Others rejoice, as best they may, in a press that will reproduce at least a fraction of the original discord. One and all they unite vigorously, as if driven by a perverse and cynical intention, to prove the American sense of humor a thing of national shame and degradation. Fortunately the public has so little to say about its reading matter that one may fairly suspend judgment.

For, after all, what is the sense of humor upon which every man prides himself, as belonging only to a gifted minority? Nothing more nor less than a certain mental quickness, alert to catch the point of an anecdote or to appreciate the surprise of a new and unexpected point of view toward an old and familiar phenomenon. Add together these gifted minorities, and each nation reaches what is fallaciously termed the national sense of humor, — an English word, incidentally, for which D'Israeli was unable to find an equivalent in any other language, and which is in itself simply a natural development of the critical faculty, born of a present need of describing what earlier ages had taken for granted. The jovial porter and his charming chance acquaintances, the three ladies of Bagdad, enlivened conversation with a kind of humor, carefully removed from the translation of commerce and the public libraries, for which they needed no descriptive noun, but which may nevertheless be fairly taken as typical of that city in the day of the Caliph Haroun.

The Middle Ages rejoiced in a similar form of persiflage, and the present day in France, Germany, England, or America, for example, inherits it, — minus its too juvenile indecency, — in the kind of pleasure afforded by these comic supplements. Their kinship with the lower publications of European countries is curiously evident to whoever has examined them. Vulgarity, in fact, speaks the same tongue in all countries, talks, even in art-ruled France, with the same crude draughtsmanship, and usurps universally a province that Emerson declared "far better than wit for a poet or writer." In its expression and enjoyment no country can fairly claim the dubious superiority. All are on the dead level of that surprising moment when the savage had ceased to be dignified and man had not yet become rational. Men, indeed, speak freely and vaingloriously of their national sense

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of humor; but they are usually unconscious idealists. For the comic cut that amuses the most stupid Englishman may be shifted entire into an American comic supplement; the "catastrophe joke" of the American comic weekly of the next higher grade is stolen in quantity to delight the readers of similar but more economical publications in Germany; the lower humor of France, barring the expurgations demanded by Anglo-Saxon prudery, is equally transferable; and the average American often examines on Sunday morning, without knowing it, an international loan-exhibit.

Humor, in other words, is cosmopolitan, reduced, since usage insists on reducing it, at this lowest imaginable level, to such obvious and universal elements that any intellect can grasp their combinations. And at its highest it is again cosmopolitan, like art; like art, a cultivated characteristic, no more spontaneously natural than a "love of nature." It is an insult to the whole line of English and American humorists — Sterne, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith, Twain, Holmes, Irving, and others of a distinguished company — to include as humor what is merely the crude brutality of human nature, mocking at grief and laughing boisterously at physical deformity. And in these Sunday comics Humor, stolen by vandals from her honest, if sometimes rough-and-ready, companionship, thrusts a woe-begone visage from the painted canvas of the national sideshow, and none too poor to "shy a brick" at her.

At no period in the world's history has there been a steadier output of so-called humor, — especially in this country. The simple idea of printing a page of comic pictures has produced families. The very element of variety has been obliterated by the creation of types, — a confusing medley of impossible countrymen, mules, goats, German-Americans and their irreverent progeny, specialized children with a genius for annoying their elders, white-whiskered elders with a genius for playing practical jokes on their grandchildren, policemen, Chinamen, Irishmen, negroes, inhuman conceptions of the genus tramp, boy inventors whose inventions invariably end in causing somebody to be mirthfully spattered with paint or joyously torn to pieces by machinery, bright boys with a talent for deceit, laziness, or cruelty, and even the beasts of the jungle dehumanized to the point of practical joking. *Mirabile dictu!* — some of these things have even been dramatized.

With each type the reader is expected to become personally acquainted, — to watch for its coming on Sunday mornings, happily wondering with what form of inhumanity the author will have been able to endow his brainless manikins. And the authors are often men of intelligence, capable here and there of a bit of adequate drawing and an idea that is honestly and self-respectingly provocative of laughter. Doubtless they are often ashamed of their product; but the demand of the hour is imperative. The presses are waiting. They, too, are both quick and heavy. And the cry of the publisher is for "fun" that no intellect in all his heterogeneous public shall be too dull to appreciate. We see, indeed, the outward manifestation of a curious paradox: humor prepared and printed for the extremely dull, and — what is still more remarkable — excused by grown men, capable of editing newspapers, on the ground that it gives pleasure to children.

Reduced to first principles, therefore, it is not humor, but simply a supply created in answer to a demand, hastily produced by machine methods and hastily accepted by editors too busy with other editorial duties to examine it intelligently. Under these conditions "humor" is naturally conceived as something preëminently quick; and so quickness predominates. Somebody is always hitting somebody else with a club; somebody is always falling downstairs, or out of a balloon, or over a cliff, or into a river, a barrel of paint, a basket of eggs, a convenient cistern, or a tub of hot water. The comic

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cartoonists have already exhausted every available substance into which one can fall, and are compelled to fall themselves into a veritable ocean of vain repetition. They have exhausted everything by which one can be blown up. They have exhausted everything by which one can be knocked down or run over. And if the victim is never actually killed in these mirthful experiments, it is obviously because he would then cease to be funny,—which is very much the point of view of the Spanish Inquisition, the cat with a mouse, or the American Indian with a captive. But respect for property, respect for parents, for law, for decency, for truth, for beauty, for kindliness, for dignity, or for honor, are killed, without mercy. Morality alone, in its restricted sense of sexual relations, is treated with courtesy, although we find throughout the accepted theory that marriage is a union of uncongenial spirits, and the chart of petty marital deceit is carefully laid out and marked for whoever is likely to respond to endless unconscious suggestions. Sadly must the American child sometimes be puzzled while comparing his own grandmother with the visiting mother-in law of the colored comic.

Lest this seem a harsh, even an unkind inquiry into the innocent amusements of other people, a few instances may be mentioned, drawn from the Easter Sunday output of papers otherwise both respectable and unrespectable; papers, moreover, depending largely on syndicated humor that may fairly be said to have reached a total circulation of several million readers. We have, to begin with, two rival versions of a creation that made the originator famous, and that chronicle the adventures of a small boy whose name and features are everywhere familiar. Often these adventures, in the original youngster, have been amusing, and amusingly seasoned with the salt of legitimately absurd phraseology. But the pace is too fast, even for the originator. The imitator fails invariably to catch the spirit of them, and in this instance is driven to an ancient subterfuge. To come briefly to an unpleasant point, an entire page is devoted to showing the reader how the boy was made ill by smoking his father's cigars. Incidentally he falls down stairs. Meantime, his twin is rejoicing the readers of another comic supplement by spoiling a wedding party; it is the minister who first comes to grief, and is stood on his head, the boy who later is quite properly thrashed by an angry mother,—and it is all presumably very delightful and a fine example for the imitative genius of other children. Further, we meet a mule who kicks a policeman and whose owner is led away to the lockup; a manicured vacuum who slips on a banana peel, crushes the box containing his fiancée's Easter bonnet, and is assaulted by her father (he, after the manner of comic fathers, having just paid one hundred dollars for the bonnet out of a plethoric pocketbook); a nondescript creature, presumably human, who slips on another banana peel and knocks over a citizen, who in turn knocks over a policeman, and is also marched off to undeserved punishment. We see the German-American child covering his father with water from a street gutter, another child deluging his parent with water from a hose; another teasing his younger brother and sister. To keep the humor of the banana peel in countenance we find the picture of a fat man accidentally sitting down on a tack; he exclaims, "ouch," throws a basket of eggs into the air, and they come down on the head of the boy who arranged the tacks. We see two white boys beating a little negro over the head with a plank (the hardness of the negro's skull here affording the humorous *motif*), and we see an idiot blowing up a mule with dynamite. Lunacy, in short, could go no farther than this pandemonium of undisguised coarseness and brutality,—the humor offered on Easter Sunday morning by leading American newspapers for the edification of American readers.

And every one of the countless creatures, even to the poor, maligned dumb animals,

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is saying something. To the woeful extravagance of foolish acts must be added an equal extravagance of foolish words: "Out with you, intoxicated rowdy," "Shut up," "Skidoo," "They've set the dog on me," "Hee-haw," "My uncle had it tooken in Hamburg," "Dat old gentleman will slip on dem banana skins," "Little Buster got all that was coming to him," "Aw, shut up," "Y-e-e-e G-o-d-s," "Ouch," "Golly, dynamite am powerful stuff," "I am listening to vat der vild vaves is sedding," "I don't think Pa and I will ever get along together until he gets rid of his conceit," "phew." The brightness of this repartee could be continued indefinitely; profanity, of course, is indicated by dashes and exclamation points; a person who has fallen overboard says "blub;" concussion is visibly represented by stars; "biff" and "bang" are used according to taste to accompany a blow on the nose or an explosion of dynamite.

From this brief summary it may be seen how few are the fundamental conceptions that supply the bulk of almost the entire output, and in these days of syndicated ideas a comparatively small body of men produce the greater part of it. Physical pain is the most glaringly omnipresent of these *motifs;* it is counted upon invariably to amuse the average humanity of our so-called Christian civilization. The entire group of Easter Sunday pictures constitutes a saturnalia of prearranged accidents in which the artist is never hampered by the exigencies of logic; machinery in which even the presupposed poorest intellect might be expected to detect the obvious flaw accomplishes its evil purpose with inevitable accuracy; jails and lunatic asylums are crowded with new inmates; the policeman always uses his club or revolver; the parents usually thrash their offspring at the end of the performance; household furniture is demolished, clothes ruined, and unsalable eggs broken by the dozen. Deceit is another universal concept of humor, that combines easily with the physical pain *motif;* and mistaken identity, in which the juvenile idiot disguises himself and deceives his parents in various ways, is another favorite resort of the humorists. The paucity of invention is hardly less remarkable than the willingness of the inventors to sign their products, or the willingness of editors to publish them. But the age is notoriously one in which editors underrate and insult the public intelligence.

Doubtless there are some to applaud the spectacle,—the imitative spirits, for example, who recently compelled a woman to seek the protection of a police department because of the persecution of a gang of boys and young men shouting "hee-haw" whenever she appeared on the street; the rowdies whose exploits figure so frequently in metropolitan newspapers; or that class of adults who tell indecent stories at the dinner table and laugh joyously at their wives' efforts to turn the conversation. But the Sunday comic goes into other homes than these, and is handed to their children by parents whose souls would shudder at the thought of a dime novel. Alas, poor parents! That very dime novel as a rule holds up ideals of bravery and chivalry, rewards good and punishes evil, offers at the worst a temptation to golden adventuring, for which not one child in a million will ever attempt to surmount the obvious obstacles. It is no easy matter to become an Indian fighter, pirate, or detective; the dream is, after all, a daydream, tinctured with the beautiful color of old romance, and built on eternal qualities that the world has rightfully esteemed worthy of emulation. And in place of it the comic supplement, like that other brutal horror, the juvenile comic story, that goes on its immoral way unnoticed, raises no high ambition, but devotes itself to "mischief made easy." Hard as it is to become an Indian fighter, any boy has plenty of opportunity to throw stones at his neighbor's windows. And on any special occasion, such, for example, as Christmas or Washington's Birthday, almost the entire ponderous machine is set in motion to make

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reverence and ideals ridiculous. Evil example is strong in proportion as it is easy to imitate. The state of mind that accepts the humor of the comic weekly is the same as that which shudders at Ibsen, and smiles complacently at the musical comedy, with its open acceptance of the wild oats theory, and its humorous exposition of a kind of wild oats that youth may harvest without going out of its own neighborhood.

In all this noisy, explosive, garrulous pandemonium one finds here and there a moment of rest and refreshment, — the work of the few pioneers of decency and decorum brave enough to bring their wares to the noisome market and lucky enough to infuse their spirit of refinement, art, and genuine humor into its otherwise hopeless atmosphere. Preëminent among them stands the inventor of "Little Nemo in Slumberland," a man of genuine pantomimic humor, charming draughtsmanship, and an excellent decorative sense of color, who has apparently studied his medium and makes the best of it. And with him come Peter Newell, Grace G. Weiderseim, and Condé, — now illustrating *Uncle Remus* for a Sunday audience, — whose pictures in some of the Sunday papers are a delightful and self-respecting proof of the possibilities of this type of journalism. Out of the noisy streets, the cheap restaurants with their unsteady-footed waiters and avalanches of soup and crockery, out of the slums, the quarreling families, the prisons and the lunatic asylums, we step for a moment into the world of childish fantasy, closing the iron door behind us and trying to shut out the clamor of hooting mobs, the laughter of imbeciles, and the crash of explosives. After all, there is no reason why children should not have their innocent amusement on Sunday morning; but there seems to be every reason why the average editor of the weekly comic supplement should be given a course in art, literature, common sense, and Christianity.

THE FORERUNNER

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

Mrs. Vane laid down her pen and leaned back in her chair with a little sigh of weariness. A restful look dawned into her eyes, — blue and tender still, though there were many lines, fine-etched, about their corners, — as they sought the vine-hung gallery which overlooked the inner courts; the glass doors giving upon it were swung wide, a breath of perfume from the climbing jessamine floated into the high-ceilinged study; the sound of a child's voice, shrill, infantine, came with it; and now and again a tiny white-clad figure fluttered into view, pursued by a turbaned *bonne*. The windows at the other end of the study were also open, and the multitudinous noises of the street — the clang of car-bells, the rattle of wagon-wheels, the cries of fruit and street venders — mounted to the accustomed ears of the chatelaine. For the Vane mansion stood in the very heart of the Old Town, — a witness to the departed grandeur of the sometime Quarter of the Aristocrats. Its fellows along the narrow street were turned into shops, or replaced by staring structures in keeping with a Progressive Age. It looked — the Vane house, with its steep roof, its balconied windows, its massive street door and marble steps — like the embodied spirit of a half-forgotten past. But "a Tom Vane never sells his birthright," said the Vanes; "a Tom Vane could neither live nor die in any

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other house." And the present Vane held to the family tradition.

Mrs. Vane resumed her pen and bent again to the closely written leaf. She glanced rapidly over the unfinished paragraph. "Yes," it asserted, in small but bold chirography, "I had, as you suggest, thought — really, this time! — of slipping out of the seething whirlpool in which I have lived so long, and of dropping my wearied body down upon some grass-grown slope; there to lie, steeping soul and mind in tranquil do-nothing ease. But, somehow, I find my hands and my heart fuller than ever this summer. First and foremost — after Tom, of course — there is Ned's little boy, my grandson (he is going, 'lame and lovely,' like the child in Elia's Dream, on the inner gallery, as I write!). He is a bonnie wee thing, but he looms large in the picture of my future. I have let myself — again, somehow! — be thrust into the chairmanship of the Church Guild, — which means, to say the least, activity. I have my old pensioners, whose ranks, instead of thinning with the passing years, seem to multiply; then, there are the girls, my nieces, Lucie and 'Toinette, — you remember them? — with whose education and life-equipment I have charged myself. I have promised" — here the writer had paused; now she added, "But I will not weary you with the tale of things — duties and pleasures — which lie before me. Tom and I have planned, besides, a flying trip abroad in the early fall; and this means crowding in many things" —

The clang of the iron knocker on the street-door, echoing insistent through the house, arrested the nervous movement of the pen, and gave it a quiver which resulted in a heavy ink-blot on the white page.

The footfalls which had sounded, even and firm, along the hall, were softened suddenly by the thick rug at the study door; the colored maid, with a deprecatory glance at her mistress, was ushering in a visitor. It was an unheard-of hour for a visitor! barely seven of the clock on a July morning, when the domestic machinery of the *vieux carré* had hardly yet been put in motion.

Mrs. Vane arose. She was a tall woman, past middle age; her erect form had an emaciated look in the flowing white robe. There was a plentiful sprinkling of gray in the soft brown hair loosely coiled on her shapely head. But her face retained that curiously youthful look which women of a certain temperament keep to extreme age.

The visitor, a young man, advanced, meeting the involuntary question in her eyes with an engaging smile. "Mrs. Vane," he affirmed rather than asked. She bowed silently.

"I am the bearer of a message" —

"Pray be seated," interrupted Mrs. Vane, indicating a chair and resuming her own. He sat down, facing her with boyish confidence, one hand resting on his knee; the other, which held his straw hat, dropped to his side.

Mrs. Vane regarded him curiously — and pleasantly. He was very young, — a slender, well-knit, graceful figure, which, she told herself whimsically, fitted well into the early morning. His fine face was open and ingenuous; the limpid gray eyes, set wide apart, had an expression of buoyant frankness; the broad white brow was shaded by wavy bronze-gold locks.

"In the beginning," he began abruptly, — the tones of his voice were round and full, — "it was always thus. We who are entrusted were sent forth; and it was so that no one was called who had not first been forewarned. After a time — why, I know not, for the Wisdom sees not fit to disclose His reasons — the order was changed, and we were set to other service. Now — and again I know not wherefore — the old order is restored" —

Mrs. Vane smiled, wondering whither this garrulous flow of words was leading. But her smile was indulgent, — the rare sweetness of that tolerant smile was one of the things which had made her blessed among women! — for she loved all young

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things, and the face before her was so heartsomely young. And —

What was it, this teasing half-memory which began to stir in her mind as she gazed on the boyish face? She leaned forward unconsciously, vaguely troubled, and searching her brain for the clue to a fleeting resemblance which eluded her grasp. Suddenly she knew! and the knowledge, she could not have said why, caught at her heart like an ice-cold hand. The Mercury in that little Tanagra group which she had seen but lately in a great museum, — that Messenger who has brought to Charon, standing unmoved by his bark, the young girl who hangs so pathetically limp on his arm, and upon whom he looks with a compassion so unmortal! This boy, this fair-haired stranger, was like that Mercury! It seemed to her, now, that he was regarding herself with the same compassionate unmortal eyes; and that his rambling talk was a kindly impulse to give her time — for what?

She breathed a little heavily, and pushed her chair back, as if she sought to escape. But the smile on those young lips reassured her; her own smile came back.

"And so, I come," he was saying, when she forced herself to listen once more. "If it were mine to judge, I should think it were best, thus. For there must always be somewhat which one would wish to set in order, before departing. One at least might desire a little time for" —

A light leaped into her brain; for an instant it blinded her, blotting out the Messenger, the familiar objects in the room; even the little white figure flitting past the open door on the sunlit gallery. The visitor continued to speak, but his words seemed to come from an immeasurable distance, and conveyed no meaning to her ears.

Slowly she regained possession of her faculties. "Then," she faltered, "you are —?"

"Yes," he returned gently; and now she saw that his face was not a boy's face; it had but the calm youth of immortality; "yes, I am one of the Messengers of Death."

She gazed at him with widening, incredulous eyes. He laughed, — a low, musical laugh, which steadied rather than jarred her tense nerves. "You imagined that such a messenger must needs be a fleshless horror? With grisly wings and lidless eyes? Nay, but why? Since Death himself is noble, and lovely of aspect, — one of the foremost Angels of the Highest, for love and tenderness."

She scarcely heard. "And am I to go — now?" she asked, her lips trembling, her hand vainly striving to quell the terrified beating of her heart.

"No. Oh, no," he said. "I am but a Messenger, a Forerunner. We come — like this," — he indicated by a glance the garments he wore, which differed in no wise from those familiar to the everyday life about, — "always in the guise and seeming of the time or the country whither we are sent, that our coming may excite no curiosity, or alarm. We bring the warning, — that a Mightier One has set a seal upon you, or another; and then we go on our appointed way."

"But — will it be soon — the call of that — Other?" she whispered.

"That, dear lady, is not given us to know. It may be to-morrow, to-day; or you may have time in which to come to believe that this visit of mine — and my message — were but dreams; the fancy of a summer's morning."

Again she interrupted. "I — I wonder what it will be like — my going" she murmured wistfully; "peaceful? sudden? terrible, perhaps!"

He stood up. "Nay, I know not," he declared again. "But of this I feel assured; however it be, peaceful or terrible, prolonged or sudden, you will be brave to meet it."

She covered her face with her hands, and sat for a moment, shivering like one exposed, naked, to sudden cold. When she looked up the Forerunner was gone.

"Oh, stay!" she called, stretching out impotent arms. "Do not leave me. There

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is so much I would know! Oh, why did I not ask him if I might speak of it — this warning!" Even as the words left her lips the conviction came that, if she might, she would not share this secret, — not even with that dear Heart which for thirty years had beat in unison with her own, — "not even with Tom," she breathed, dreamily. She sat with hands folded in her lap, weak, as if spent with fatigue; while confused thoughts drifted in and out of her consciousness. The thought that Tom might also have received the warning startled her; but instantly and intuitively she knew that this was a vain fear — or hope. She wondered idly whether anything in the faces of those summoned, like herself, would give them understanding each of each; she pictured to herself the bright-faced Forerunner passing — perhaps even now — along the crowded street below, touching this one, or that, with a light finger, and pausing to deliver his message, in that low clear voice of his. . . . She came back, with an inarticulate cry, to herself. To leave — everything! To cease from — everything! To go away forever! Forever! Suppose it should be to-morrow, to-day! Oh, for time to do, and to undo; above all, to undo! She sprang up and stumbled blindly towards the inner gallery; then turned and fled back to the place she had quitted, and fell on her knees beside the chair. . . . When she arose, her blue eyes were wet, but tranquil; a baptism of comfort had descended upon her soul.

Her glance fell upon the letter — all but finished — lying on her desk. She took up her pen, hesitated, then wrote with a firm hand at the end of the uncompleted paragraph: "— many things which I may not be able to accomplish. But I shall keep my hand to the plough as long as God grants me the blessing of life.

"With increased love, dear Amélie,

"Yours,

"MARY VANE."

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE steady decrease during the past few seasons in the ratio of novels published is reassuring. One may even take courage to reflect that if the novel *is* the one literary form to reach a high development in our day, it has yet to prove itself the peer of the great established forms: we have, be it remembered, produced also the graphophone and the pianola. An unusual number of good reprints are now being made in those departments of *belles-lettres* which were least popular during the latter half of the Victorian period.

A reprint of special importance is the posthumous Birkbeck Hill edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.[1] It is a pleasure to place these three stately volumes on the shelf beside the cherished Birkbeck Hill Boswell. Here are nine books, at least, which are safe from being displaced by later acquisitions: a phalanx complete in itself, a monument to the greatest achievement of Johnsonian scholarship. Birkbeck Hill did not live to see his last work through the press; but left his material in such order as to enable his nephew to complete and present it with-

[1] *Lives of the English Poets.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. With brief Memoir of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, by his nephew, HAROLD SPENCER SCOTT. Three volumes. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1905.

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out recognizable breaks of workmanship. There may be persons who would say that Birkbeck Hill is overliberal with his notes and his appendixes. In these three volumes the editorial matter quite equals the text in bulk. So much the better: for there is a storehouse of lore and comment in these fine printed columns. Here is, in truth, a reference library pretty well covering two centuries of literary life and endeavor. With a knowledge of Birkbeck Hill's notes, and no other knowledge, one might engage to pass examination in the *belles-lettres* and the literary biography of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As for the *Lives of the Poets* themselves, an assiduous rereading of them after many years does not, on the whole, reassure me as to their quality. The situation, indeed, seems to reduce itself to bald terms: a strong masculine intellect, incapable of concerning itself altogether idly with any aspect of human life or letters, undertaking to deal with that aspect in dealing with which it ran most risk of idling. With a dull eye for poetry, sand-blind for Shakespeare, and high-gravel-blind for Milton, with a grotesquely artificial style and a horrid front of prejudices, Johnson says things that are obliquely suggestive of truth more often than things that are true. In the large, his critical judgments are rather more likely to be wrong than right, as in the famous instance of his treatment of Milton. What credit could be given by a good Tory to a poet who was a democrat, even a Cromwellian? If Milton had been a royalist, his Latin verses might have been acknowledged as good as Cowley's; his attitude toward divorce might have seemed less heinous,—and our critic's hearty commendations would not have been postponed till the final sentences of his sketch. But Johnson was clearly incapable of appreciating pure poetry like Milton's under any circumstances. It was a poor sort of ear which could find the songs in *Comus* "harsh in their diction, and not very musical in their numbers;" and a false taste that could pronounce of the sonnets: "They deserve not any particular criticism; for of the best it can only be said that they are not bad, and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty-first are truly entitled to this slender commendation." A good example of his casual generalization is the following comment on the teaching of science, marked by the characteristic union of acuteness and perversity, bald common sense and orotund phraseology. Milton, it seems, was guilty of the attempt to teach the elements of physical science to certain youths. His attempt does not appear to have been of a very radical nature, as his texts were of respectable age, "such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients." But the Cham is pretty severe about it: "The truth is that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellences of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostaticks or astronomy, but his moral and prudential character immediately appears. . . . Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians."

The final sentence, for stiffness and

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propriety, might have been written by Johnson's great disciple, Miss Pinkerton. The substance of his contention we find apparently echoed a century later by Temple, Headmaster of Rugby: "The real defect of mathematics and physical science is that they have not any tendency to humanize. . . . That which supplies the perpetual spur to the whole human race to continue incessantly adding to our stores of knowledge, that which refines and elevates and does not educate merely the moral, nor merely the intellectual faculties, but the whole man, is our communion with each other. . . . That study will do most which most familiarizes a boy's mind with noble thoughts, with beautiful images, with the deeds and words which great men have done and said, and all others have admired and loved."

But Dr. Temple is, as the context shows, contending against the *substitution* of the sciences for literature; himself a mathematician and a student of physical science, he was incapable of the narrow contemptuousness which we can no more than tolerate in Johnson.

"I hate to meet John Wesley,"[1] said Johnson to Boswell. "The dog enchants me with his conversation, and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." It is of this Wesley, this human and companionable being, with an open and genial nature, with only not time to make a business of social enchantment, that we get the most grateful impression in studying Professor Winchester's portrait. "He is surely to be remembered not merely as the Methodist, but as the man, — a marked and striking personality, energetic, scholarly, alive to all moral, social, and political questions, and for thirty years probably exerting a greater influence than any other man in England." In pursuit of his aim to portray the man, the biographer has given brief space to the discussion of doctrinal matters. At the same time, the larger questions at issue are made very clear. Wesley was not a schismatic, or even, in the doctrinal sense, a dissenter. He desired, not to secede from the Established Church, but to fill it with new life, to restore to it something of the spiritual earnestness and practical efficiency which he felt to be inherent in it, but now, through the rationalism and spiritual lethargy of the age in which he found himself, fallen into almost complete abeyance. The development of that great body of which he was head seems to have been quite casual, or determined by unforeseen needs, and by the expedients adopted without special forethought to meet those needs. The very name Methodist was a chance nickname bestowed by an Oxford undergraduate upon the little group of serious-minded dons of which Wesley was the central figure. At first these young men were brought together rather by kindred tastes and sympathies than by any settled purpose. Gradually they began to recognize certain principles of belief and conduct which they could hold in common, and which somewhat clearly separated them from their fellows. They began to practice charity among the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned, and to deny themselves that their charity might be enlarged. Naturally they were laughed at; whereupon Wesley drew up a set of queries which his worldly critics found it hard to answer: "Whether we may not try to do good to those that are hungry, naked, or sick? . . . Whether we may not contribute what little we are able toward having the children clothed and taught to read? . . . Whether we may not try to do good to those that are in prison?" And so on. Uncomfortably direct inquiries these, when addressed to professing Christians; upon such inquiries the whole Methodist movement was founded. But in these Oxford days the tendency was "monastic rather than evangelical." It was to be years before Wesley succeeded in withdrawing his attention sufficiently from the question of

[1] *The Life of John Wesley.* With Portraits. By C. T. WINCHESTER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

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his own spiritual welfare to begin his real lifework. "The Oxford Methodist, self-denying, devout, scrupulously observant of every outward religious requirement, certainly was a Christian, and of a noble sort; but he was not yet the preacher and reformer who could renew the religious life of a nation." Nor did his experience as a missionary and pastor in Georgia give marked promise of his later success. In the New World he still took himself and his personal work too seriously. He abandons the attempt to convert the Indians because after some search he has "not found or heard of any Indian on the Continent of America who had the least desire of being instructed." He takes a parish, and is not long in getting into hopeless difficulties with his parishioners by attempting to force his own rigid methods upon them. But in truth he had gone to America with a wrong motive, — for the purpose, as he specifically put it, of saving his own soul. It was with the beginning of his practical open-air work in England, — a work begun by Whitefield, which Wesley took up with no little reluctance, — that he at last shook off his spiritual self-consciousness and became a great spiritual force. During the rest of his life, with all of its responsibilities and hard labor, he seems to have maintained a singularly even and calm temper, — not that of a saint, but of a very great human figure.

The new life of Scott[1] by that indefatigable veteran at bookmaking, Mr. Lang, is confessedly a small book written for a series. Its only excuse for being, says the author, lies in the need of an abridged Lockhart for the impatient modern reader. But of course Mr. Lang, as a Scot, familiar with Scott's own country, has had certain qualifications which the English writers of the preceding brief biographies lacked. He has had access, moreover, to Lockhart's original manuscript sources; so that the lack of fresh material here is due, not to the biographer's negligence, but to Lockhart's skill in appropriating from the Abbotsford manuscript everything of real significance.

But after all, the best excuse Mr. Lang can have for his work, if he needs any, is his love and reverence for Scott. This is not a question of race. As Pepys would have said, it is mighty pleasant to see how Mr. Lang disposes of Carlyle (who, we presently recall, attempted to dispose of Scott as a "mere Restaurateur") as a writer of "splenetic nonsense." To this critic the novels are not mere pageants, casual though brilliant entertainments; their glory is in their "crowd of characters." "The novels are *véçus*: the author has, in imagination, lived closely and long with his people, whether of his own day, or of the past, before he laid brush to canvas to execute their portraits. It is in this capacity, as a creator of a vast throng of living people of every grade, and every variety of nature, humour, and temperament, that Scott, among British writers, is least remote from Shakespeare. No changes in taste and fashion as regards matters unessential, no laxities and indolence of his own, no feather-headed folly, or leaden stupidity of new generations, can deprive Scott of these unfading laurels." Does such enthusiasm a little rouse in us the skepticism with which we hearken to the special pleader? It is, at least, an enthusiasm of which, as applied to what has proved itself stable and is not merely new, we stand just now in need.

Alfred Russel Wallace's *My Life*[2] may, in one sense, be called The Autobiography of a Crank. The writer's contributions to modern science have been of a solid kind; and it is noticeable that those parts of the present narrative which have to do with this serious achievement take on a

[1] *Sir Walter Scott.* By ANDREW LANG. Literary Lives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

[2] *My Life: A Record of Events and Opinions.* By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1905.

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simple dignity of phrase which is elsewhere lacking. The present commentator is not qualified to speak of the points in controversy between Wallace and Darwin and others, but supposes that Wallace is right in asserting that time has thrown the weight of evidence, with regard to many points so disputed, upon his side. But a comparatively small part of the book has to do with the work for which the writer will be remembered. Much of it is a record rather of his avocations and secondary enthusiasms; and here he becomes now and then a little truculent, even strident. The most striking quality of the narrative as a whole is that *naïveté*, that innocent ingenuousness of attitude toward himself and the world, which so often belongs to the philosopher and the scientist. It was marked in Darwin, as his published correspondence not long ago showed; it is even more marked in Dr. Wallace. The earlier chapters are especially amusing reading, because our scientist, in his mood of detached concentration upon the past, is content with such *trivia* as may chance to come to him out of that dark backward and abysm. Never was a remembrancer less solicitous as to the appositeness of events; never one with less imaginative power to rehabilitate and glorify, to hit upon the salient and picturesque incidents of a sufficiently varied life. Yet the narrative is not dull; the speaker is himself too sincerely interested in his tale for that; his eye does not glitter, but he holds us with it. What robs the narrative of dullness is, we have suggested, the cheerful preoccupation of the narrator: a zest which, however irrelevant, may be counted on to carry the reader over a thousand places which would otherwise have been heavy going.

But in truth the narrative has very little literary charm, ingenuous or other. The annalist's expression is often incorrect, and invariably clumsy. He has no organic mode of speech, and words are but rough counters with him. He is rather complacent over the fact that he is less crabbed and tongue-tied than Darwin, but it would not occur to him that for simplicity and strength, as well as for finish, he is infinitely inferior to Spencer and Huxley. As for his recorded taste in literary matters, his favorite author was Hood, and, failing him, he was able to put up with strange poetical bedfellows. He quotes, with an altogether innocent air of scientific scrutiny, some early doggerel of his own, containing one good line, which he evidently does not know is lifted bodily from Gray's *Elegy*. His brother, however, he tells us later, was "the only one of our family who had some natural capacity as a verse-writer." This statement we might be inclined to take on faith; but evidence is given to the contrary in the form of a considerable number of alleged poems, from one of which we quote the opening lines:—

> Well, we are here at anchor
> In the river of Para;
> We have left the rolling ocean
> Behind us and afar;
> Our weary voyage is over,
> Seasickness is no more,
> The boat has come to fetch us,
> So let us go on shore.

Apart from his services to science in the interpretation and development of the Darwinian theory, Dr. Wallace's most dignified work seems to have lain in his advocacy of socialism. In concluding his account of experiences in America, he takes occasion to point a moral in connection with a matter to which the attention of the American people has just been called very forcibly: "Not only equality before the law, but equality of opportunity, is the great fundamental principle of social justice. This is the teaching of Herbert Spencer, but he did not carry it out to its logical consequence, — the inequity, and therefore the social immorality, of wealth-inheritance. To secure equality of opportunity there must be no inequality of initial wealth. To allow one child to be born a millionaire and another a pauper is a crime against humanity and, for those who believe in a deity, a crime

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against God." Dr. Wallace is not one of those who believe in a deity; he believes, however, in astrology, phrenology, and spiritualism.

In connection with spiritualism his character of crank is most fully developed. He is not, be it noted, especially interested in the scientific investigation of occult phenomena, and rather sniffs at the Society for Psychical Research as unnecessarily reluctant and skeptical. "They have worked . . . for a quarter of a century," he says, "and yet they are only now beginning to approach very carefully and skeptically even the simpler physical phenomena which hundreds of spiritualists, including Sir William Crookes and Professor Zollner, demonstrated more than thirty years ago." But what are these "physical phenomena," in detailing which our truant scientist occupies several chapters? Nothing more nor less than the usual paltry affairs of the table-rapping, the bell-ringing, the slate-writing, the apparition of Indian chiefs and other ghostly persons: all of them, let us hastily admit, sufficiently unaccountable, but none of them marvelous, because they effect nothing. If we are going to be so vapid and trifling in the Beyond, so fond of silly games, so prone to the dialect of servant girls, as these spooks of Dr. Wallace's, let us by all means pray for annihilation.

If we were seeking contrast, we could hardly name among his own generation a man of prominent achievement more opposed to Wallace in training and quality than the late Archbishop Temple.[1] Dr. Temple possessed (like Wesley in his prime) a rare union of spiritual power and common sense. He was not a mystic, but a man of unusual ability and the best learning and wisdom that England could give, applying to churchcraft (to use the word in no invidious sense) powers which, in statecraft or any more generally recognized department of affairs, would, by the testimony of all his contemporaries, have been equally effective. It is reassuring evidence against the always popular theory that it is necessary for a man to go to the dogs before he can become useful among men, that Temple in youth, again like Wesley, showed signs of a somewhat exacting seriousness. Just as Wesley while at Oxford "resolved to have only such acquaintances as could help him on the way to heaven," so Temple, a century later, deplored the Oxford Tutor's party, "for they are generally made up purposely with a view to mixing the College and preventing the formation of exclusive sets; a good object, no doubt, but the result is very disagreeable; it is by no means agreeable to find yourself in contact with men whose habits you are eager to avoid, and they on the other hand despise all those who are not like themselves. However, yesterday we were all reading men, and our conversation was not about dogs nor horses nor cock-fighting. I got involved in a conversation with Mr. Tait about the National Debt." . . . Exhilarating theme! Temple was always preoccupied with what seemed to him at the moment the more important matter; but it is a pity there was ever a time when he could not listen with patience to what seemed more important to other people. It is to be observed that the National Debt is a subject of varying significance, — sometimes even its capitals desert it, — but dogs and horses always have been, and we trust always will be, with us as subjects of imperishable moment. Temple was a prodigy in school and university; yet he actually became, as nine out of ten of your academic prodigies signally fail to become, one of the most useful men of his day. The writers who have collaborated in producing the present memoirs are, it seems to that most strayed of strayed sheep, an American "dissenter," rather overpreoccupied with the this-and-other-worldly advancement involved in the attainment of the headship of the English Establishment. No doubt it is a

[1] *Memoirs of Archbishop Temple.* By SEVEN FRIENDS. Edited by E. G. SANDFORD. In two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906.

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great thing to be an Archbishop of Canterbury; but the interesting fact is that Temple would have been worth knowing if he had never become "F. Cantuar," or even Dr. Arnold's successor at Rugby. He was a man of such liberal mind that his attainment of his first bishopric was "a near squeak;" and, a still more endearing trait, of such independence that he occasionally forgot to be merely civil.

An incumbent once applied for leave of non-residence: —

"The house in which I propose to live, my Lord, is only a mile from the boundary of the parish as the crow flies."

"You are not a crow," remarked the Bishop; "and you can't fly."

At a public luncheon: —

"May I give your Grace some of this cold chicken?"

"No, you may not; wherever I go they give me cold chicken and the 'Church's one foundation,' and I hate them both."

"Do you believe in Providential interference, my Lord?" asked another unwary one.

"That depends on what you mean by it."

"Well, my aunt was suddenly prevented from going a voyage on a ship that went down, — would you call that a case of Providential interference?"

"Can't tell; did n't know your aunt."

A fine old crusted parson he seems to have become, so far as manners are concerned; but of a character the mellowest and a service the most devoted. The difference between his religious attitude and that of a Newman is well suggested by a letter written to his mother during his young Oxford days: "There are two courses: to obey the Church as if she had final authority, as if in short she were infallible or nearly so; or carefully to cultivate all those principles in which under her guidance I have been trained, affectionately embracing her commands, but at the same time never pretending to profess on her authority what I did not believe, nay, even leaving her if I felt her commands irreconcilable with conscience."

William Henry Brookfield[1] was somewhat Temple's senior. He was a Cambridge man, of that remarkable group which included Thackeray, the Tennysons, Venables, Milnes, Spedding, and Hallam. Brookfield became a Church of England parson, and was a man of earnest purpose as well as a fashionable preacher. He had, however, nothing of the ecclesiastic about him. The impression one gets from the numerous letters now published is that he must have been, above all, a good fellow. He has the highest spirits and the readiest wit, — a fit correspondent for the merry lady who became Mrs. Brookfield. It is not to be denied that the reverend gentleman is inclined to be a little flippant in reporting himself to his lady: "My sermon was about the ups and downs of Joseph's life. . . . Knowing that they all had a double supply of Cambric, I thought it necessary to be pathetic about the Hebrew Prime Minister of Egypt yearning after the scenes of boyhood in Canaan, which called forth abundant blowing of noses." This cheerful cleric has one habit which must have greatly endeared him to his spouse, — of retailing at length his current bills of fare. His letters are full of such passages as this: "We dined together very comfortably at the Inn, 'Jack Straw's Castle,' where we dined once before: stewed eels, beefsteak, sparrow grass, potatoes, cheeses, salad, beer, and 'a comfortable glass,' five shillings each." Mrs. Brookfield's circle is on the whole a distinctly this-worldly one: a circle in which Thackeray felt himself delightfully at home, but in which Miss Brontë was altogether at a loss. Curiously enough, Carlyle was able to get on with it in his crabbed way. There is an amusing story here of Carlyle at a house party, Tennyson being booked to read *Maud* after breakfast to the company, and the Scot

[1] *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle.* By CHARLES and FRANCIS BROOKFIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

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dourly obstructing the ceremony, till Mr. Brookfield is detailed to go with him upon his usual morning walk. Of course Mrs. Carlyle appears frequently, and the Lady Ashburton of whom in connection with Mrs. Carlyle we have heard something too much. The work of the editors is well done, and the book is sure to take its place among remembered annals of the Victorian period.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

TRAVELING ON THE BRANCH

It is only the same journey we have all taken, from country to city, but to-day I have resolved to have new eyes and to discover things. Just a commonplace day, and I am all alone, — will you come along?

We all know the increased family tenderness incident to departure. The demonstration begins on the evening before, indeed, sometimes as early as noon. Up to that hour I am jeered and flouted like the rest, but when evening sets in, when my trunk is packed and perhaps already trundled out to the express wagon, then I begin to enjoy a specious self-importance. Even the brothers become gruffly tender, and the father and the females pleasantly solicitous. On that last night I have my favorite dishes, and eat of them with a relish of complacency; doubtless I am the favorite child, when I am going away.

But the next morning, — the impossibly early start, the family sleepy-eyed, the breakfast under-done, a key forgotten, the carriage late, everybody trying to remember not to be cross on the last morning, — for irritation is a luxury belonging only to long companionship, — a sudden great wave of homesickness engulfing me, — I won't go after all, why should I? Then a furious onslaught of embrace upon each, to have it all over as soon as possible. After all, I arrive at the station fifteen minutes too soon, and might better have been back at the house with them, — that is, with those of them who have n't come to see me off. Those who have come, after some manful pacing of the platform, put me on the car, not knowing what else to do with me. Above the rattle of the milk cans we shout to one another smiling inanities such as at any other time we could not believe ourselves capable of conceiving. When we cannot hear ourselves speak, we bob and beam brightly at one another, — will the car never start? At last it does, only to draw back with a jerk. It is the little pompadoured girl from the post-office who runs up, calling for the mailbag. We obligingly drop it out upon her, and she fishes for a letter which has changed its mind and will not go to-day. Meanwhile train and trainfull watch and wait, wondering whose the letter and what was the matter with it.

My car is divided by a partition in the middle, half a car for people, half a car for baggage, reminding us what an impersonal matter we persons are to a railroad thrusting upon us rudely man's equality with his luggage. They will treat us better when we come nearer to civilization. This is but a branch, with fewer miles than letters in its pleasant-sounding name. When we get to the Junction and swing on to the Main Line things will be different.

Out of window it is a dull, rainy day, day of days to enjoy the subtleties of green: green of bush, green of tree, green of field, green of far-away hill. Keeping close to our course, low trees mark the meandering line of a river too small to see. Thrifty farms slide one after one past my window. The farmhouses are but so-so, but the barns are proud piles, and they stand, tall and impudent, always between the farm-

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house and the view. From the farm windows eyes of tired women look out at us rushing by to unknown cities. It is never work, but loneliness, that brings that dull hunger to the eyes. Do I wonder that the country throngs to the city? No, I myself should prefer the tenement, with its color and life and stir,—above all, its absorbing domestic drama playing every minute before one's eyes.

Everywhere that I look out over field and hill, there are cows, cows, cows,—black and mottled, Holsteins and brown Jerseys. At every crossroad we stop and take on milkcans. A slow progress we make, but in this region it is my Lady Cow that rules the road, her times and seasons that regulate the timetable.

Across my vision slips by one field that arrests my attention. It is of corn, and it is weeded of all but buttercups. What æsthetic vagary on the part of the farmer, I wonder? Now I turn from without the car to those within. Half the thirty passengers I know by sight and name, and have already greeted. They all know one another, and their voices, with their harsh nasal *aow*-ing, are heard in chat above the rattle of the car-wheels. As always on the Branch, one corner of the car is occupied by drummers. Why are drummers always fat? I never saw a thin one. I never observed the fare of the country hotel to be noticeably nutritious, yet these men, though spending their days among these hostelries, would appear to be the best-fed men in America.

Passengers on the Branch wear their best clothes on their backs, and carry the rest in telescopes. The women are overdressed, but they are betrayed by their finger-ends and their carriage and their belts. On other days they belong to pot and kettle, mop and broom. Whatever illusions may be preached, domestic labor is rarely becoming. Observe in noting costume that here on the Branch the belt line of ladies tips up in the front and down in the back. When we reach the Junction it will run around on the level, and when we touch the city it will have changed about, up in the back, down in the front. The women before me have hair that hangs in a straight fringe over their collars, being too straightly jerked up under their hats.

There are children aboard, of course, and babies in arms, and the children lop and flop about the seats, chew gum, and eat candy and large pale cookies. They torment their mothers as if such were their constant habit. How spoiled are the children of the rural! The babies are pudgy, dingy mites, strictly home-made from tip to toe, cap, coat, and bootlet. In cities, the babies of the poor are always ready-made.

On we rumble and rattle, slowly ever. Once we stop, so it appears, merely to allow a thirsty trainman to get out and pump himself a drink. There is no flashing by of scenery we would fain arrest; we have plenty of time to see it all. Though it is not yet August, the goldenrod is beginning to dust the fencerows with yellow, presaging September and what we country folk aptly call "the fall of the year." Sometimes a hopyard fills all my window; and I never see one without a shiver at Kipling's metaphor, where the vision of the swaths of men suddenly shot down in the ranks is compared with the opening and closing of these leafy vistas as a train passes them by.

From time to time, on far hill farms, one sees wee plots enclosed, sentinel grave-stones keeping watch. Family burial plots belong to generations before ours, when the living and the dead seemed to desire to dwell close together. In these days, when farms change hands so often, a farmer may know nothing of the dead he shelters, and in alien hands the little place of quiet falls to rapid decay. They do not care, these men and women foredone with farm toil, asleep now this long, long while in the only rest the farm has ever allowed them.

At last, after much inexplicable backing and shifting and snorting of our engine, many false stops, false starts, we come puffing into the Junction, and the car,

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passengers and baggage, empties itself out on the platform. A junction is a place where you always wait, whether you expect to or not; your train and your hopes always deferred without any explanation. At the Junction it is hot and crowded and dirty and dull. Through the sultry July morning, insistent as the shrilling of a locust, tick-ticks the telegraph wire. At the Junction a curious self-consciousness has attacked my fellow-travelers. Jovial and at ease before, they now talk not at all, or in low tones, suspicious of strange listeners. Their manner has assumed that studied indifference, overlying intensity of observation, which always betrays the stay-at-home when abroad. Your much-traveled man or woman is not afraid of looking keen and curious. Among our provincial throng I note one exception, —one man actually in gloves, seated in a corner by himself, lost in a book.

Our country stations afford a good exhibition of one-man power. Anxious, perspiring, efficient, but none too civil, the porter, baggage agent, ticket agent, telegraph operator, and general dictator, five men in one, bustles about his several callings. Inevitably, if the traveler desires his services in one capacity, he is employed about some one of the other four; inevitably your particular demand will be number five on the list. You get nervous while you wait, and so does he; but somehow he always gets done in time. As my train draws out from the Junction, my last sight is the station-master shouting final directions as to freight, while he mops the brow of a mind relieved.

THE TYRANNY OF TIMELINESS

It began, as most tyrannies do, in a small and humble way; it pretended, like other tyrants, that it was working for the good of the public.

The editors did n't dream it would ever get away from them when they first began their zealous work of keeping their public what they called "abreast of the times;" and all they did to that end was very praiseworthy as long as Timeliness was secondary and the interest of the subject of first importance. But naturally, when Timeliness saw writers turn rag-pickers (for timely paragraphs can be made from cast-off shoes), it saw it had gotten the upper hand, and arrogated to itself a fictitious importance, until timeliness or nothing has become the cry of almost every magazine, —and if the public won't read, let it run. And now, when any man, great or small, becomes, through the working of a mysterious law, timely, every magazine feels it its duty to "feature" him.

His portrait "comes out" as multitudinously as the measles, until one would suppose it was catching, like a contagious disease. It makes no difference whether the public is interested or not. The clock of timeliness has struck, and Mr. This or That is haled forth from his dust, and not a detail concerning him is too humble for the scavengers of the fetich timeliness.

Take the recent case of John Paul Jones; for months there was no escaping the gallant gentleman. One met him not only in those magazines whose custom it is to take a kindly interest in historical matters, but also in the so-called popular magazines, which three years ago would n't have touched the choicest bit of Jonesiana at any price.

Three years ago this admirable sailor was not timely. He is now, and so became from the moment the cellars of Paris yielded up his cinders, — one hopes that they really are his cinders, for if they are not we may have it all to do over again.

So when he was started forth on the journey of state to the shores of the country he so nobly defended, the editorial heart of the country gave a great timely throb of patriotism, and the writers who had their fingers on the editorial pulse sped hastily to the libraries, that they might improve the golden moment by recounting every detail of the patriot's life, death, burial, and resurrection. While those who had been fortunate enough to

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"view the remains" had information to give which went straight to the public heart, — details of far greater interest than accounts of historical sea fights.

Paul Jones, it seems, was a triumph of the embalmer's art; his grateful grave yielded up, not a mere handful of bones, but a perfectly good corpse, as good as, even better than, if it had been interred last week. Indeed, had not the deceased's nose unfortunately been crushed by the coffin lid, the great officer would have awaited his resurrection and ascension into public interest as "natural as life."

As to just how and why and in what way the nose came to grief no one need remain ignorant. There are even photographs to be seen of the damaged member. Into such narrow paths does timeliness lead us.

It is interesting to inquire into what makes a man timely. Even a little great man becomes timely when he dies, even though he may have passed his declining years in obscurity. When a great man has been dead a hundred years, he becomes timely; but when he has been dead only ninety years he is n't to be spoken of. We don't write about him, — he must wait his turn, which will be his centennial.

A writer of some reputation happened while abroad to come across some unedited material concerning one of the great authors of France. This material brought out the author's character from a somewhat new point of view, and shed light on the conditions under which some of his best work had been accomplished. When the article was sent to a well-known magazine its writer received answer that his work was not timely.

In eight years, wrote the editor, the author's centenary would occur. If, however, the writer did n't mind waiting eight years for the publication of his article, the magazine would be glad to accept it. The editor further pointed out that it would be an advantage to the writer to wait, as the timeliness of his article would cause it to receive much more attention than it could when the great man was dead only ninety-two years and the public consequently had no interest in him.

But no man in view needs to wait for his death, to become timely. There are other methods to accomplish this end: a scandal, for instance, or an accident, will do almost as much for him as death. Then, great public events have their anniversaries, and battles their centennials, along with the men who made them. It is rather cheerless to reflect that by consulting a history and a biographical dictionary one may foresee a certain part of one's magazine reading for the next several years.

But this is not the only way that the fetich of timeliness decides for us what we are to read. The tyranny of the calendar is even worse than the anniversary mania, which after all has its root in one of the passions of mankind.

The time of year is permitted to dictate what sort of fiction we must read, for magazines change the backgrounds of their stories to suit the seasons, with the same regularity with which their editors put on or take off their winter flannels; while the magazine covers mark the month as punctiliously as any pictorial calendar.

Take the month of July, for instance: punctually in the middle of the peaceful, temperate month of June a large proportion of the popular magazines appear ornamented with covers in which fire-crackers, rockets, and Roman candles play their part, while everywhere the country's flag unfurls itself. Now there is no intelligent man who does not dread the most unspeakable of holidays, and if he has children he fears it. It is a hideous day at its best, a day of noise and heat preceded by a night of sleeplessness and profanity; it is the day when our children blow off their fingers, get gunpowder in their eyes; the day when the eyebrows and hair of half the youth of our country are laid on the altar of a noisy patriotism. Who wants to have it rubbed in that Frankie has a bureau drawer full of cannon crackers,

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and is presently going to run the danger of tetanus from his toy pistol? And yet every news-stand is a reminder of what we are soon to go through, and the irritating part of it is that the magazines act as if the country rejoiced in its day of torment. Nor does this editorial jubilation end here. Inside those firecracker-sprinkled covers we know what is waiting for us; sonnets on Our Country, ballads of Independence. Come, get ready to drop a timely tear over the old boys of the blue and the gray, for there must be in the July number patriotic fiction of all sorts.

But if we have our noses rubbed in Fourth of July, the way Christmas is flung at us is enough to make a Mahometan of Everyman.

There are few grown-ups so insincere as not to admit frankly that there are troubles enough in the world without Christmas. But the magazines, with smug jollity, remind us about Thanksgiving time that the day is coming when we again will have to face the problem of what to give Uncle William this year; and lest we forget, on every cover the Christmas chimes ring, holly and mistletoe bristle, children prance around Christmas trees, while in countless Christmas tales the progeny of Scrooge again punctually on Christmas eve open the doors of their hearts and the clasps of their purses.

We can be perfectly sure that in the next January number we shall read again about *Van Sniggin's Good Resolution.* We know there will be stories in February appropriate for Saint Valentine's day, that the same things that were said about last Decoration Day will be said this Decoration Day also, and that "fiction numbers" and "vacation numbers" — timely summer reading — will be as inevitable and as plentiful as pumpkins in October.

So let us look forward with patience to what is inevitably before us. Let us resign ourselves, remembering that the avoidance of the unexpected saves trouble, and let us plod through the eighteenth article on John Paul, — remembering that there will be a Jean Paul to follow him.

THE PERNICIOUS PICTURE POST CARD

A WHILE ago, an old friend of mine set out for a year in southern Europe; and as he is a merry old fellow, bubbling over with genial scholarship and rich experience, I felicitated myself on the juicy letters which he would send me. "Now," thought I, as the days of his absence lengthened into weeks, "now, he will be getting to Rome, — *Roma beata*, whither I am ever borne in thought, alas, how unavailingly! — now he will be getting to Rome, and now he will be pouring out his riches in fluent script for me — for me! Through his eyes, I shall see. For me too the seven hills shall rise. For me too, — bitter though this iron winter round me be, — for me too the Italian sun shall kiss the Campagna. For me too the moon shall flood the Coliseum with her mellow light." Verily, you see, I was in a proper mood.

Nor did the mood lapse as the days began again to grow to weeks. In my mind's eye I saw that letter finished, enveloped, sealed, and addressed. With it I entered the carrier's pouch. I hid with it in mail-bags; I followed its course by land and sea; I was flung forth with it from a Cunarder in New York harbor; I shared its cramped quarters over endless miles in a railway mail car; with it I reached my little wayside station and was tucked into the glass-doored post-office box, — that little orifice where, as through a magic telescope, I am wont to see my visions of the great world far away. And as I pictured the successive stages of its journey, I kept myself in a fine frenzy of receptive imagination, to which the letter was to add the reality of the experiences of my *alter ego*. Nor had I failed to calculate its progress to a nicety; for on the appointed day, I glimpsed through the glass door of the little box a bit of my address in my

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old friend's familiar chirography. With itching fingers I turned the lock; and there, displayed to my disappointed gaze, was — a picture post card! Yes, a printed picture of the Acropolis — did not I have such tame *simulacra* already by the score? — and underneath, in the narrow margin left by the egregious print, my friend's "Greetings" and his signature.

"Ah," thought I, when I had recovered sufficiently to think at all; "time was when this thing could not have been. Time was, before this futile complexity of life which we call Progress had got hold upon us, when my friend could not have so neglected me, even if he would. Time was, when a journey was an epoch and a letter an experience. Time was, when no flying picture post cards ticked off the successive stops of a hasty 'run' abroad. No five-day turbines hurtled across the Atlantic, providing your traveler with the excuse that if he had no time to write more than a word to-day, he had always to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. No, in those good old days my friend would have journaled his impressions day by day, and then on some fine morning he would have sat him down to a quill pen and innumerable sheets of impalpable paper, and the world could go hang while he wrote to me."

But it is not only to the traveler that the post card has come as an insidious temptation. It has invaded the courts of love as well. The time is past when one could find the lover

> "Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
> Made to his mistress's eyebrow."

No longer does he

> ". . . carve on every tree
> The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

If he does not propose by telephone, — Query, "Will you have me?" Answer — "Yes, who is it?" — he sends a post card bearing two hearts pierced by Cupid's arrow, — and the deed is done. Blighted by the pernicious postal, how shall we renew to posterity those fragrant traditions which all the world loves best? What have we in this degenerate age to compare with that gem of love-letters which sentimental Dick Steele wrote to Mistress Scurlock?

MADAM, — It is the hardest thing to be in love, and yet attend to business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know, "When I had been last at Hampton-court?" I replied, "It will be Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. Oh Love!

> "A thousand torments dwell about thee
> Yet who would live, to live without thee?"

Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much and with what disinterested passion,

I am ever yours,
RICH. STEELE.

Nay, 't was only the other day that I culled this item from the "personal" column of a Chicago newspaper: "It is said that Princess Ena, who is betrothed to the King of Spain, writes daily to her ruler sweetheart on a picture post card in Spanish, and with similar regularity King Alfonso writes a few words in English upon a similar card to the princess." I used to be fond of repeating to sentimental youths a bit of cynic's doggerel:

> "Love, love, you 're such a dizziness,
> Won't let a young man 'tend to his business,"

and warning them that some day the order of things would have to be reversed; but in my most cynical moments I never dreamed that we should come to *this!*

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